RAW PIX

PARIS HILTON CROTCH SHOT

HUSTLER®

JUNE 2006

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

Robert Bryce Exposé

THE BUSH MEGASWINDLE

How He Stole Millions

MICHAEL FRANTI IN IRAQ

WOMEN WHO KILL

Bambi Bembenek Revisited

Larry Beinhart

HOW THE MEDIA LIES

UCLA

Cadaver Scandal

SF EROTIC BALL SEX PARTY PIX

THE BLOODHOUND GANG

OUR MOST DISGUSTING INTERVIEW EVER

THE BREASTS OF

ASHLEY OLSEN | RACHEL McADAMS | NAOMI WATTS

PLUS! JANICE DICKINSON'S ASS

KAYAKING PORN STAR

White-Water Stunts and XXX Sex

JUNE 2006 $8.99

0 74666 5 6 71

www.hustler.com

PERFECT DREAMGIRL

BRITTNEY SKYE

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

1-800 JACK-OFF
1-800 5225633 sm

POUND THIS a couple of times

...fuck my HOT mouth

1-800 800FUCK
3825

feeling a little **kinky?...**

okay then.... **really kinky!!**

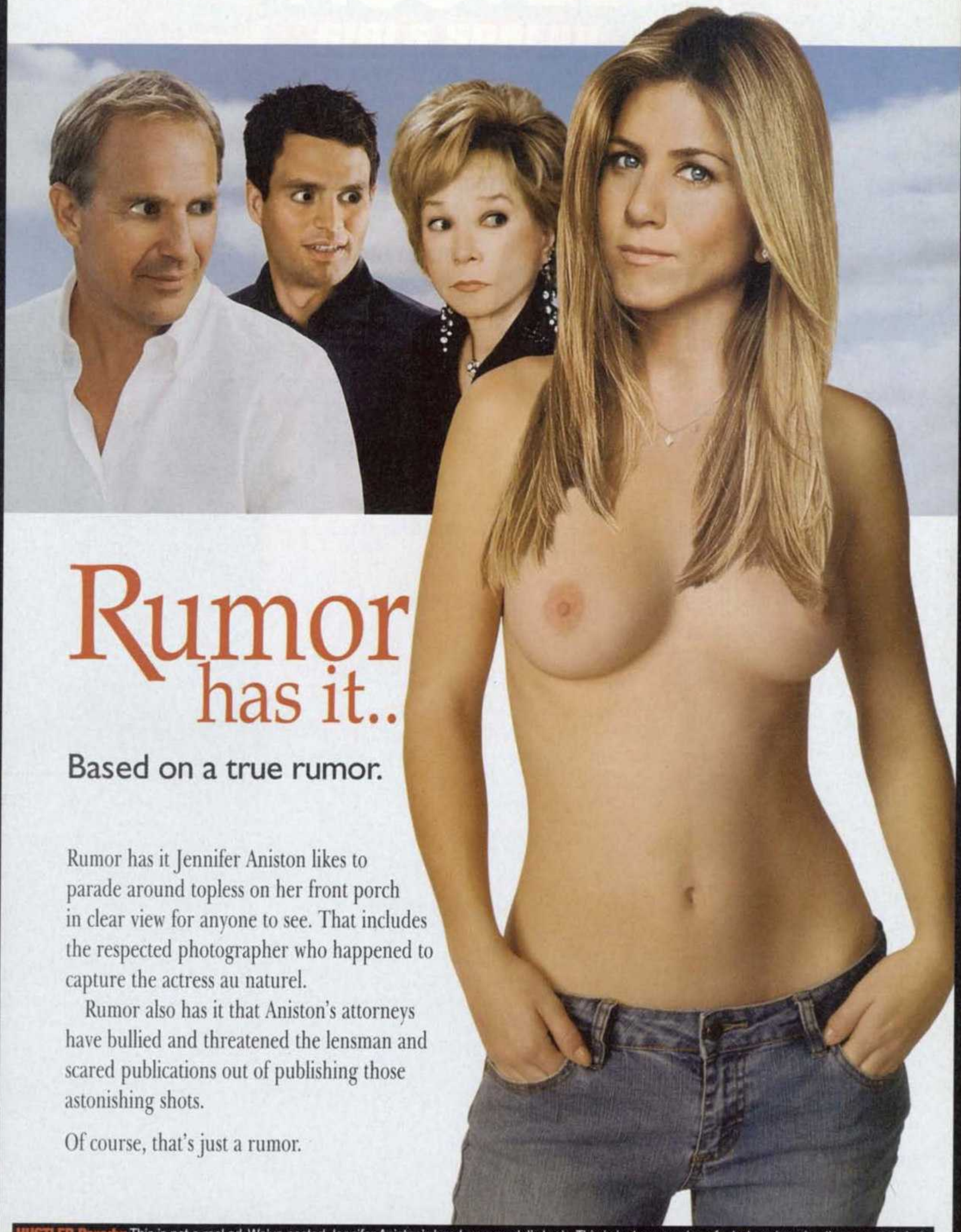
then try...

1-800
400-TINA
8462

Most major credit cards accepted, $1.98 to $3.98 per/min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee.

ADULTS ONLY

Jennifer ANISTON *Kevin* COSTNER *Shirley* MACLAINE *Mark* RUFFALO



Rumor has it..

Based on a true rumor.

Rumor has it Jennifer Aniston likes to parade around topless on her front porch in clear view for anyone to see. That includes the respected photographer who happened to capture the actress au naturel.

Rumor also has it that Aniston's attorneys have bullied and threatened the lensman and scared publications out of publishing those astonishing shots.

Of course, that's just a rumor.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. We've pasted Jennifer Aniston's head on a model's body. This is just our version of what we imagine the rumored shots may have looked like because we haven't seen them. Oh, and to those aforementioned lawyers, this is just a parody meant to make people laugh. So relax.

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.

theeroticreview.com

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

JUNE 2006 VOLUME 32 NUMBER 13
WWW.HUSTLER.COM

GIRLS SPREAD

24 **TIFFANY TAYLOR:** She Gets Wet
Photography by John Brant

46 **JO & EVE ANGEL:** Sex on the Beach
Photography by Matti Klatt

66 **KELLY KLINE & SCOTT NAILS:** How to Be a Good Wife
Photography by Laurent Sky

90 **BRITTNEY SKYE:** Body Chemistry
Photography by Laurent Sky

112 **JEANIE MARIE, ASHLEY GRACIE & T. GUNN:** Take One for the Team
Photography by T. Rifter

150 **MELISSA MIDWEST:** Making a Splash
Photography by Matti Klatt

192 **LEXI SWEET:** Raw Deal
Photography by Michael Bisco

MONTHLY FEATURES

3 **RUMOR HAS IT...**
Jennifer Aniston Parody

14 **GUESS**
Parody Ad

36 **KILLER BUNNY BIMBETTE**
Lawrencia "Bambi" Bembenek Chronicle
by Larry Wichman

40 **TAKING THE PLUNGE**
Hard-core Kayaker Corey Boux
by Burt Walker

42 **SMOKESCREEN DOCTRINE**
Searching for Truth in the Land of Spin
Analysis by Larry Beinhart

56 **BUSH'S BALLPARK SWINDLE**
Nefarious Texas Landgrab
Exposé by Robert Bryce

60 **FAMOUS FLESH**
Janice Dickinson, Rachel McAdams, Ashley Olsen, Paris Hilton Sneak Peeks
Plus Naomi Watts Cinema Titillation

76 **MICHAEL FRANTI**
Hip-hop's Antiwar Globe-trotter
Q&A by Carolyn Sinclair

78 **EYES WIDE OPEN**
San Francisco's Fetish Sextravaganza
by Ethan Ospovat

82 **HOLLYWOOD BANK ROBBER PART 2**
Eddie Dodson's Highs & Lows
by Timothy Ford

86 **RETRO RAUNCH: THE '50S**
Vintage Smut

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

7 **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
by Larry Flynt

13 **FEEDBACK**
Readers' Soapbox

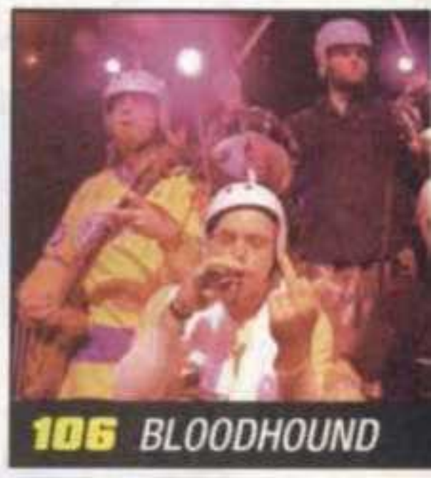
17 **ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**

19 **BITS & PIECES**
Chummy Cheerleaders, J.C.'s Banking Tip, B.J. Celeb & More Fun

32 **HOT LETTERS**
Rosebud Caper

104 **HUSTLER HUMOR**

106 **AURAL PLEASURES**
Bloodhound Gang's Revolting Shenanigans; Spicy Anecdotes From The Doors' Ray Manzarek; Fresh Music Discs



110 **GAME ON**
Latest Levels of Ultrachallenge; Horror Film Maestro John Carpenter's Fascination With *F.E.A.R.*

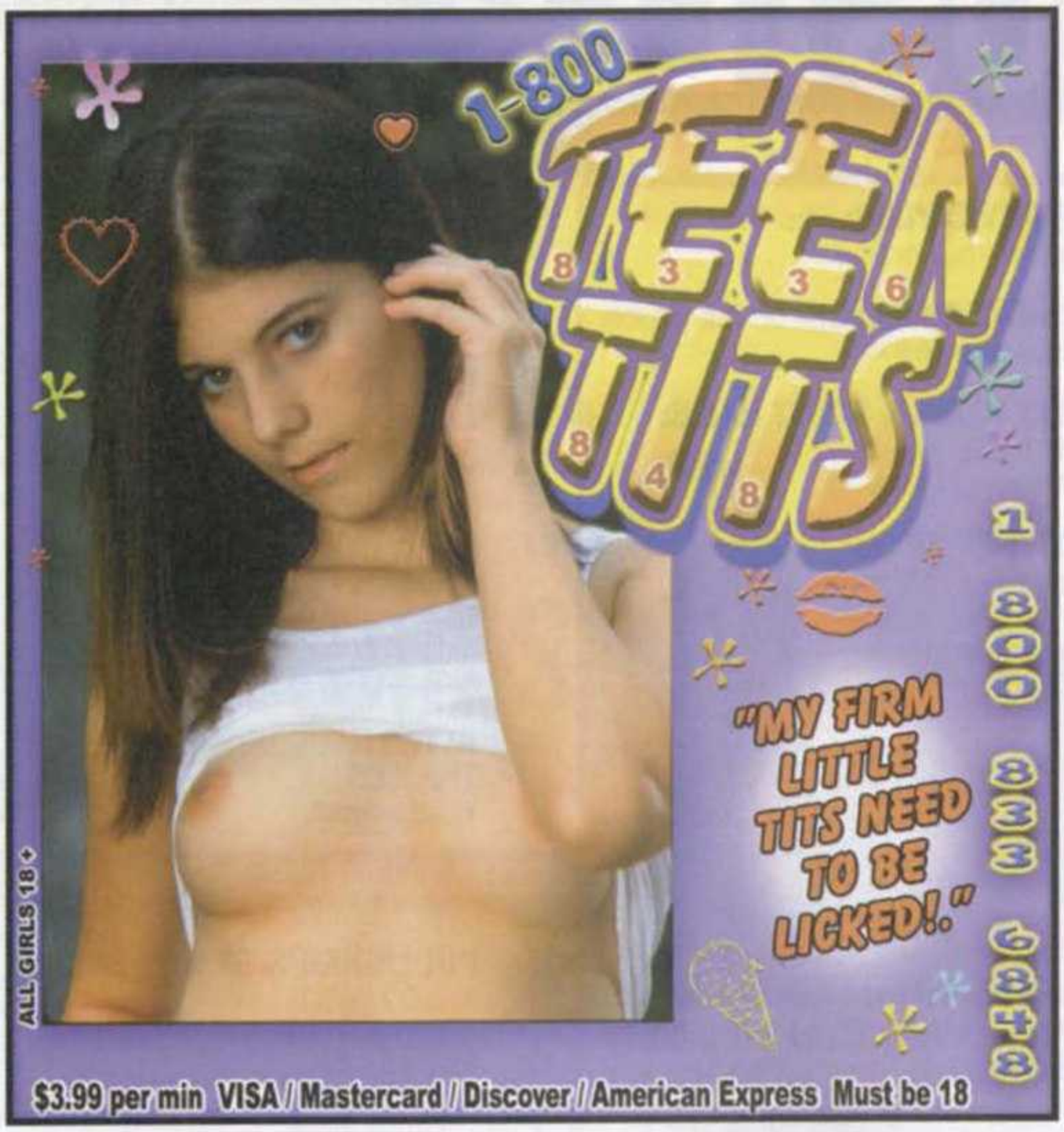
124 **TECH KNOW**
Gratifying Gizmos

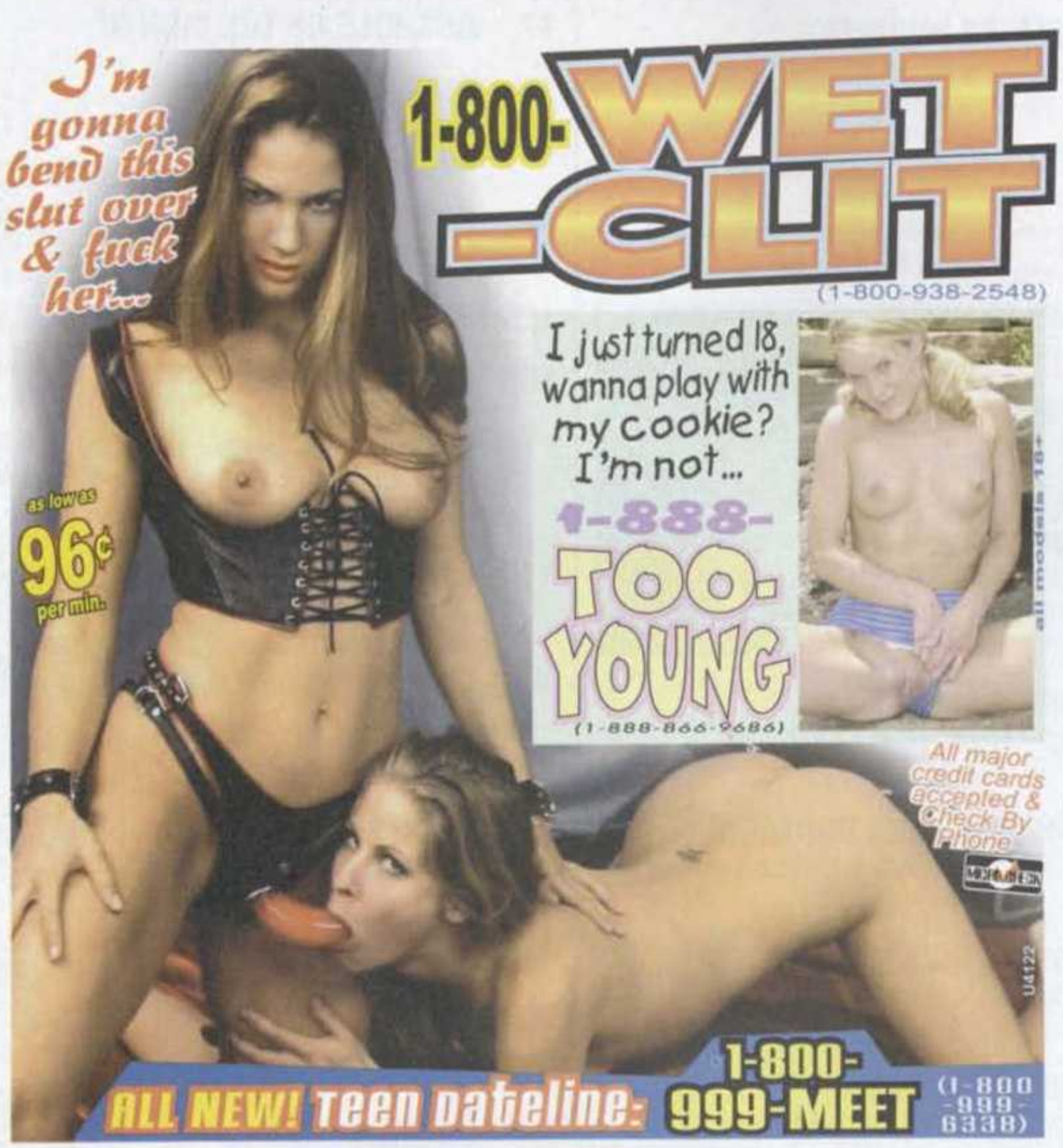
125 **HUSTLER ON CAMPUS**
UCLA Body Snatcher Nabbed

126 **REAL COLLEGE GIRLS**
Brainy Show-It-Alls

129 **BEAVER HUNT**
Think-Pink Battalion

134 **EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT**
XXX Reviews; DD Majesty Taylor Wane's Wares


1-800
TEEN TITS
8 3 3 6
8 4 8 1
8 0 0 8 3 3 6 8 4 8
"MY FIRM LITTLE TITS NEED TO BE LICKED!"
ALL GIRLS 18+
$3.99 per min VISA / Mastercard / Discover / American Express Must be 18


I'm gonna bend this slut over & fuck her...
1-800-WET-CLIT
(1-800-938-2548)
as low as 96¢ per min.
I just turned 18, wanna play with my cookie? I'm not...
1-888-TOO-YOUNG
(1-888-866-9686)
all models 18+
All major credit cards accepted & Check By Phone
U4122
ALL NEW! Teen Dateline: 1-800-999-MEET
(1-800-999-6338)

HUSTLER

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Jim Chamberlain *Chief Financial Officer*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
N. Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Hans Feuersinger *Features Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces Editor*
Tom Farrell *Entertainment Editor*
Kevin Wright *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Michelle McCarthy *Copy Editor*

Art & Design
Nadeen Torio *Art Director*

Talent
Angel De Fina *Talent Coordinator*
Vivian Fontenelle *Talent Assistant*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@lfp.com.

Photography
Rick Brenes *Director of Photography*
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*
Marlene Turrietta *Studio Administrator*
Kenneth DeMartines *Production Designer*
Ramon Avelar *Studio Driver/Assistant*
Scott Feek *Construction Coordinator*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production
Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Alan Bell *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Allen Maine *National Advertising Director (323-951-7907)*
David Thorn *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Advertising Production Director*
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions
Subscriptions Customer Service: 323-651-2348

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Lyn Heller *Vice-President, Human Resources*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 32, No. 13, June 2006. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Copyright © 2006 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.
SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (12 issues). Foreign subscriptions, add $10 U.S. funds. Back issues are $12 to $20 each, postage and taxes included. These prices represent **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is March 7, 2006.

Cover photo by Laurent Sky

Visit HUSTLER Online at ***HUSTLER.com***

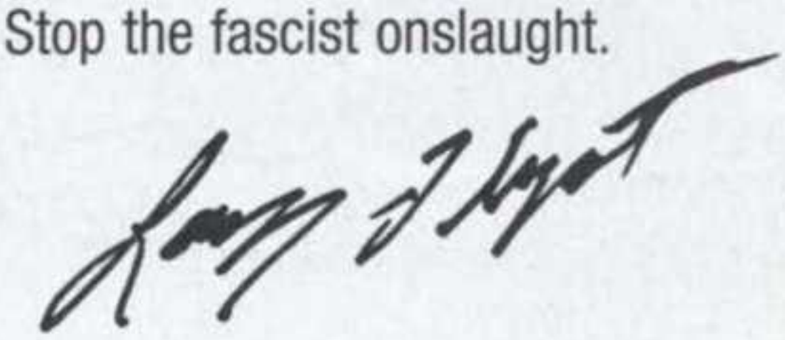
TO THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL MAJORITY

This message is to those Republican politicians in the House and Senate who are not part of the neocon cabal, those of you who have not yet sold your soul to the Republican Party at the expense of the country. The time has come—indeed, it has long passed—for you to speak out. The time has come for you to act.

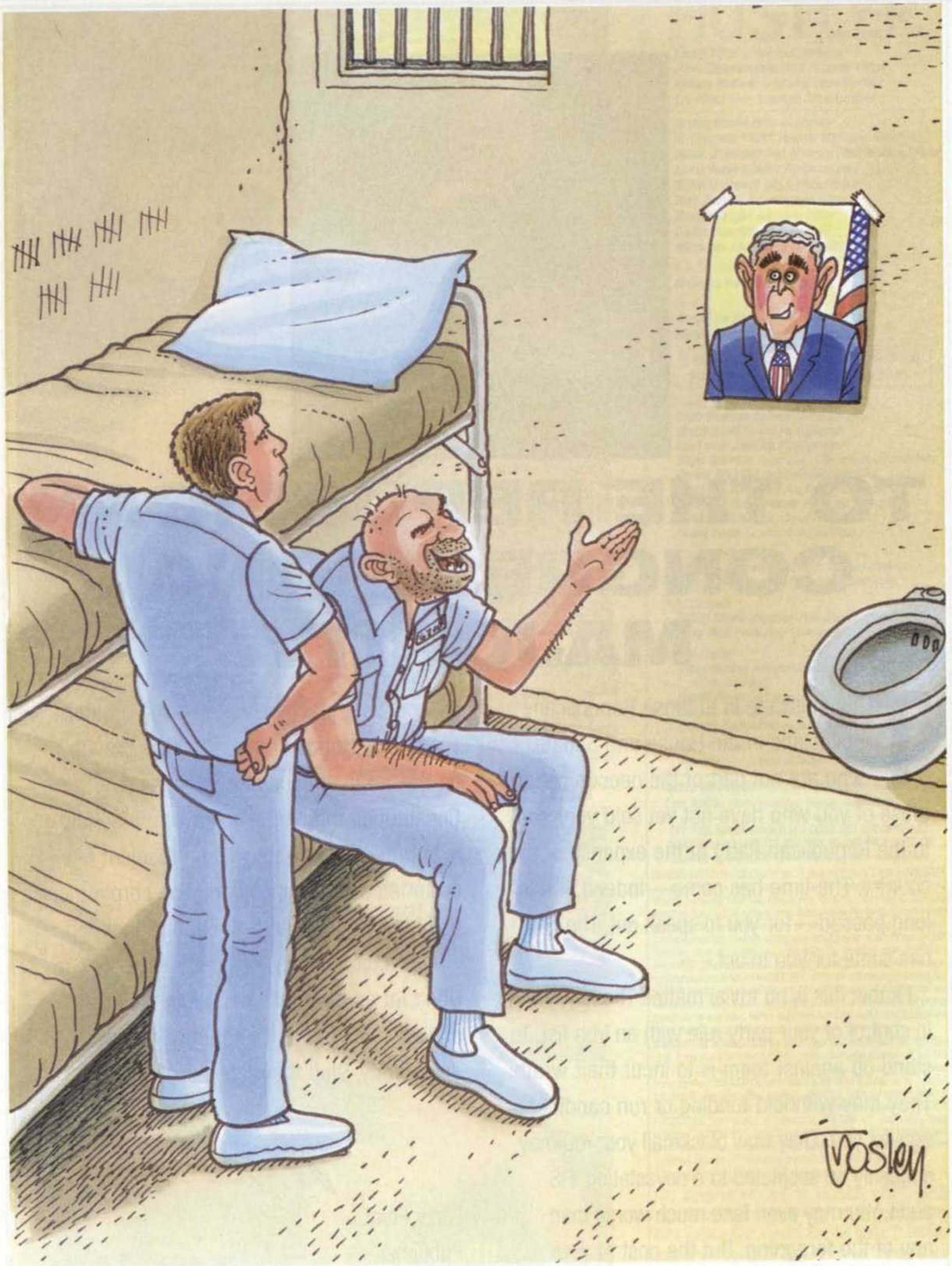
I know this is no trivial matter. Those who are in control of your party rule with an iron fist. To stand up against them is to incur their wrath. They may withhold funding or run candidates against you. They may blackmail you. You may suddenly be subjected to a devastating IRS audit. You may even face much worse than any of the foregoing. But the cost of your silence, your inaction, will be even greater.

America stands at the precipice. We are on the verge of economic collapse. The Constitution that you have sworn to uphold is in tatters. Your Republican President has assumed dictatorial powers. The corporations pull his strings. Fascism is at our doorstep.

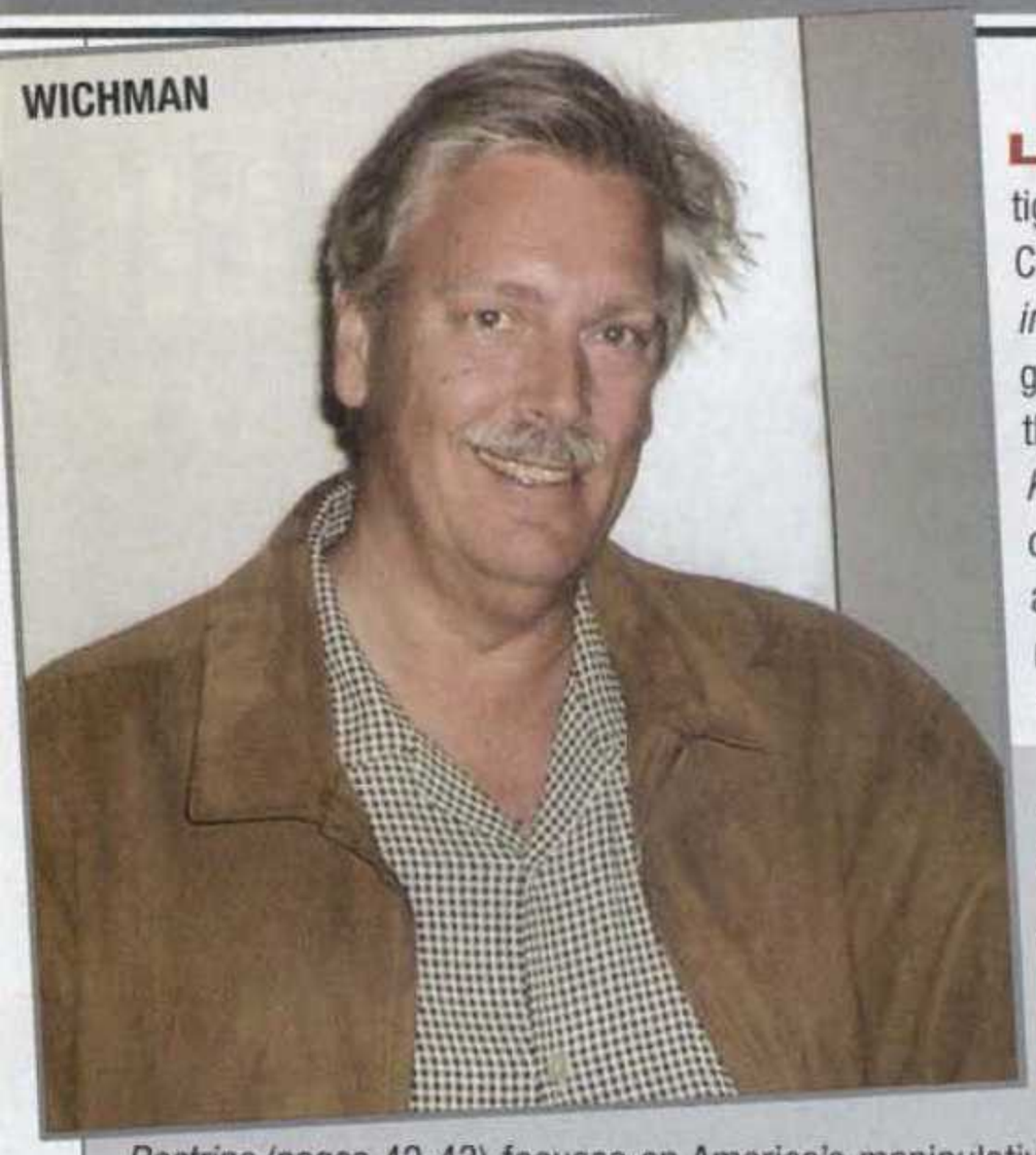
Your nation needs you at this fateful hour. Don't let us down. It's not about political affiliation anymore. It's about saving our democracy. Stop the fascist onslaught.



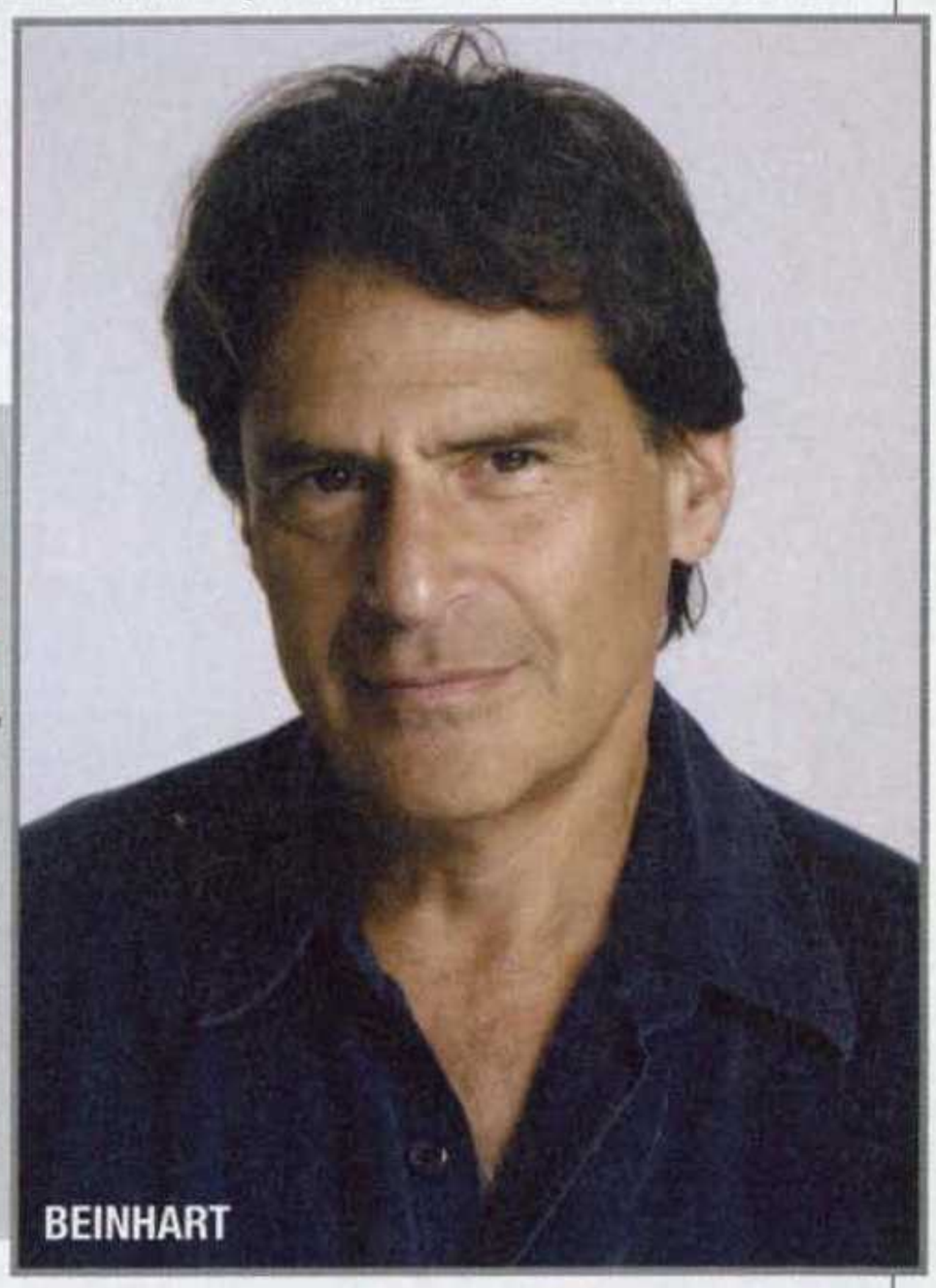
Larry Flynt
Publisher



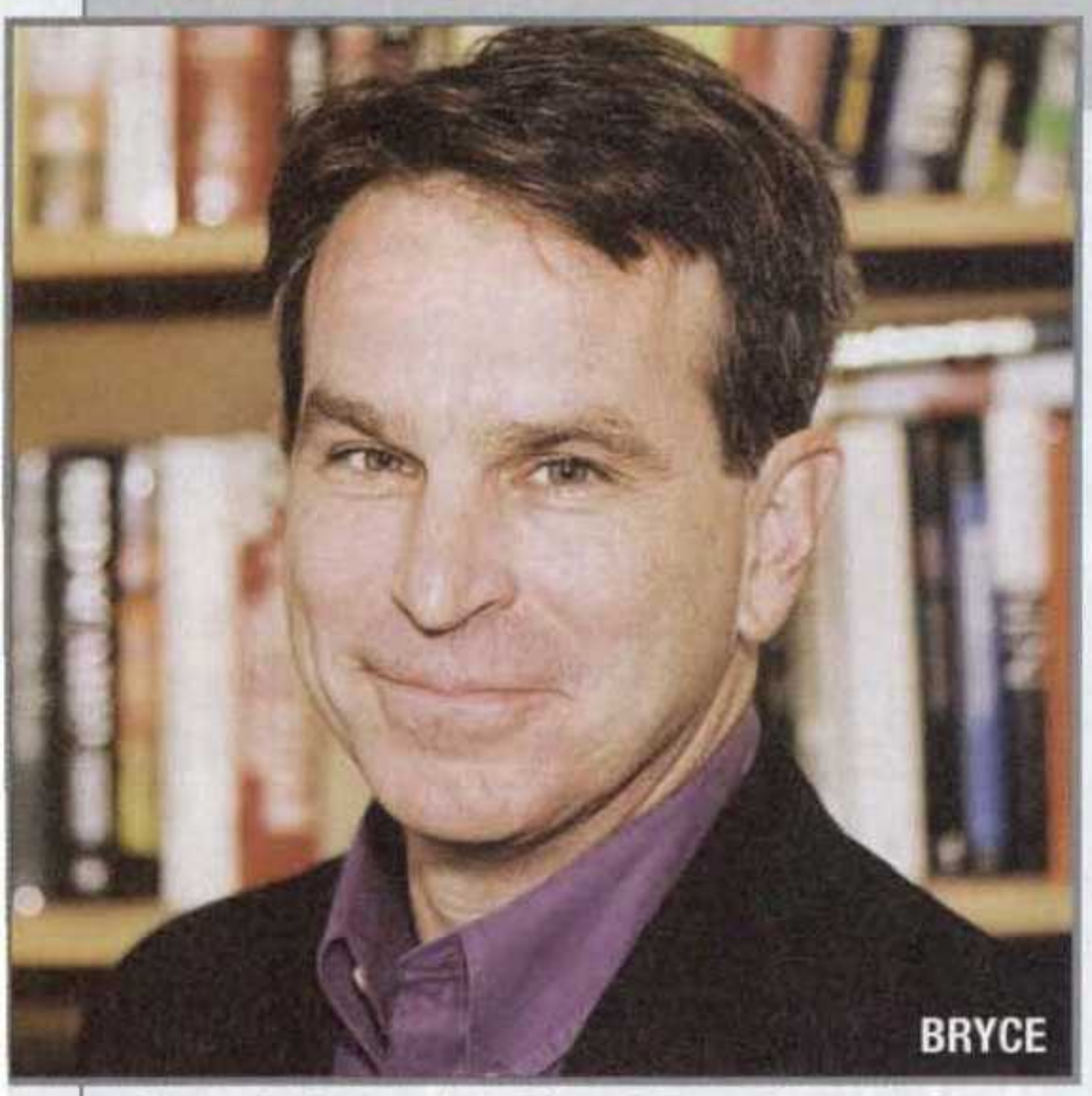
"That guy's my hero. I only killed two people. He's killed thousands!"


WICHMAN

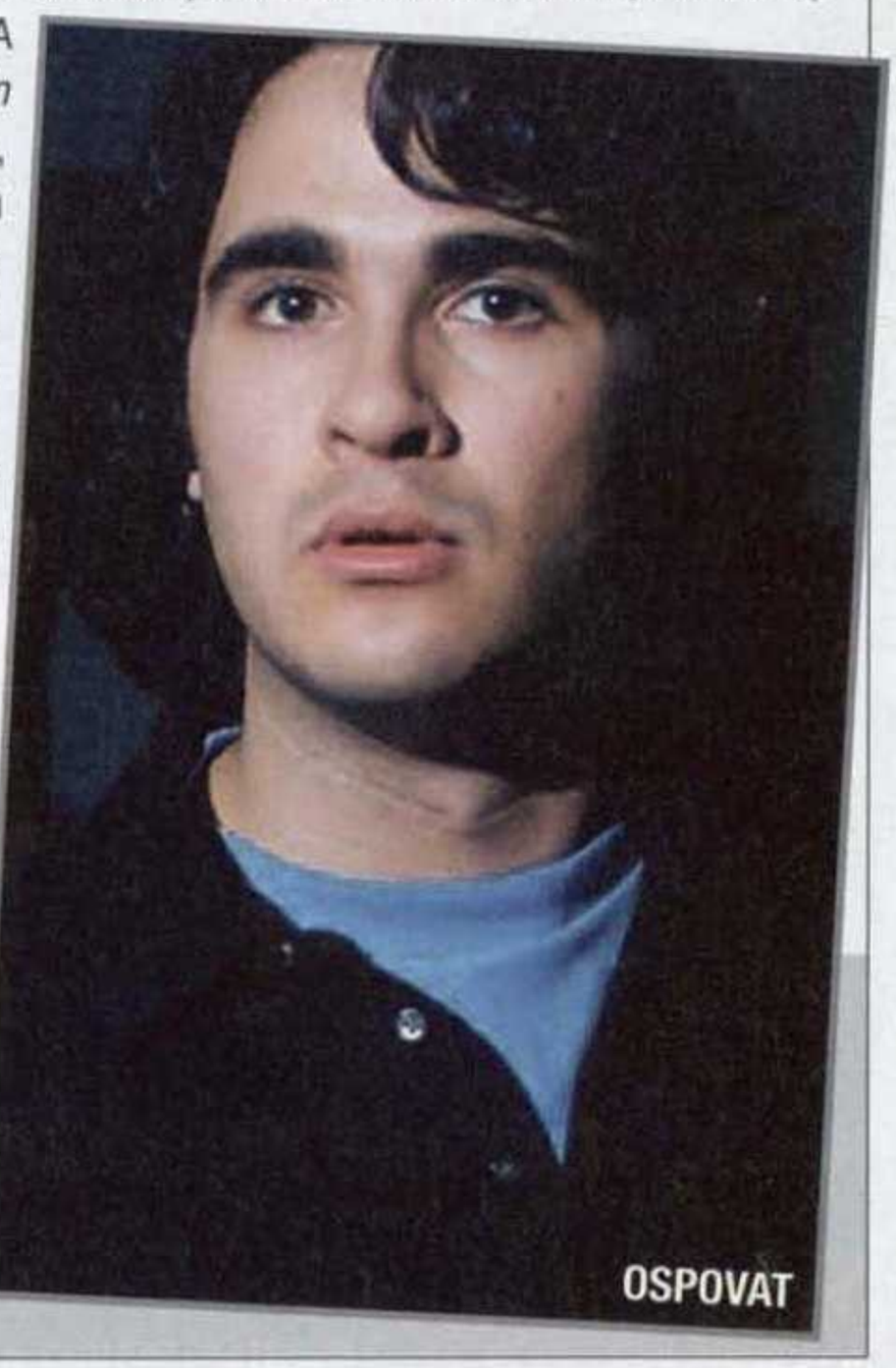
LARRY WICHMAN is a longtime HUSTLER contributor whose investigative articles have appeared in *Rage*, *Oui*, *Men's Fitness* and *Platinum*. Now a Chicago resident, he also coauthored *The Musician's Guide to Home Recording*, which is used as a textbook at colleges and trade schools nationwide. Beginning on page 36 of this edition, Wichman's *Killer Bunny Bimbette* offers a chilling look back at glamorous convicted murderer Lawrencia "Bambi" Bembenek.


BEINHART

The June '05 HUSTLER featured an interview with political pundit **LARRY BEINHART**, whose *Smokescreen Doctrine* (pages 42-43) focuses on America's manipulative media and the Bush Administration. His many books include *Fog Facts: Searching for Truth in the Land of Spin* and *The Librarian* (his latest novel), but he's best known for *American Hero*, which became the movie *Wag the Dog*. Beinhart, a Fulbright Scholar at England's Oxford University and a onetime ski instructor, has also written incisive articles for *Esquire*, the *International Herald Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *New York Times*.


BRYCE

In *Bush's Ballpark Swindle* (starting on page 56), **ROBERT BRYCE** reveals the tricks behind the most profitable confidence scam pulled off by the future President. A contributor to the *Austin Chronicle* for 12 years, Bryce has also written for the *Texas Observer*, *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Washington Post*. His *Pipe Dreams: Greed, Ego, and the Death of Enron* was named one of the best nonfiction works of 2002 by *Publishers Weekly*. A second exposé—*Cronies: Oil, the Bushes, and the Rise of Texas, America's Superstate*—is now available in paperback. For more of the wordsmith's revelations, check out RobertBryce.com.


OSPOVAT

ETHAN OSPOVAT caught the sex-party bug after reporting on a local college's fetish bash in HUSTLER's February '05 edition. His latest foray into public depravity—San Francisco's extravagant Exotic Erotic Ball—is chronicled in *Eyes Wide Open* (pages 78-79). As you will see, the Bay Area freelance writer and musician witnessed enough bare bodies and kinky acts to last a lifetime.

THE WORLD OF HUSTLER

Subscriptions call 800.566.5760

HUSTLER magazines

HUSTLER video

Video distributors call 888.249.3523

VCA pictures

HustlerVOD.com
Get 10 FREE minutes!

HustlerLive.com
Live HUSTLER Honeys

Hustler.com
Download & save every HUSTLER movie

BarelyLegal.com
Never miss a BARELY LEGAL issue again

HUSTLER online

Hustler.com >HustlerLive.com >HustlerVOD.com >HustlerVIP.com
>HustlersTaboo.com >BarelyLegal.com >BustyBeauties.com

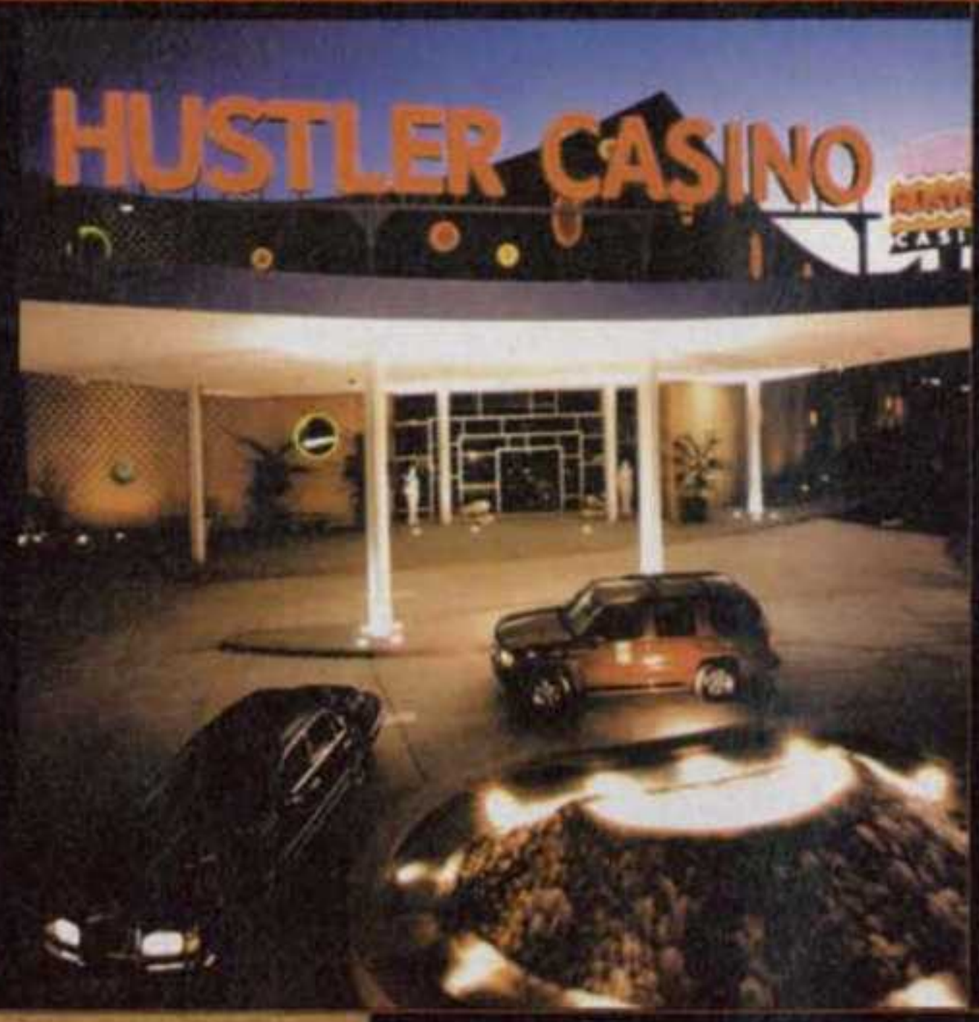
★ HUSTLER corporate offices call 323.651.5400

HUSTLER casino

www.HustlerGaming.com

HUSTLER Casino
1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd.
Gardena, CA 90247
(310) 719-9800

LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CASINO LOS ANGELES



HUSTLER clubs

- ★ Baltimore, MD
- ★ New Orleans, LA
- ★ New York, NY
- ★ Paris, France
- ★ Redlands, CA
- ★ San Francisco, CA
- ★ Washington Park, IL
- ★ Westminster, CA
- ★ 800.234.3785

www.HustlerEvents.com

HUSTLER Hollywood - San Diego
929 6th Avenue • San Diego, CA 92101
(619) 696-9007

HUSTLER Hollywood - Ohio
1038 Lebanon Street • Monroe, OH 45050
(513) 539-6969

HUSTLER Hollywood - Ft. Lauderdale
1500 E. Sunrise Boulevard • Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33304
(954) 828-9769

HUSTLER Hollywood - Lexington
2240 Elkhorn Road • Lexington, KY 40505
(859) 231-6969

HUSTLER Hollywood - New Orleans
111 Bourbon Street • New Orleans, LA 70130
(504) 561-9969

HUSTLER Hollywood - Nashville
1400 Church Street • Nashville, TN 37203
(615) 327-4669

HUSTLER Hollywood - South Beach
1234 Washington Ave • Miami Beach, FL 33139
(305) 673-5369

HUSTLER hollywood

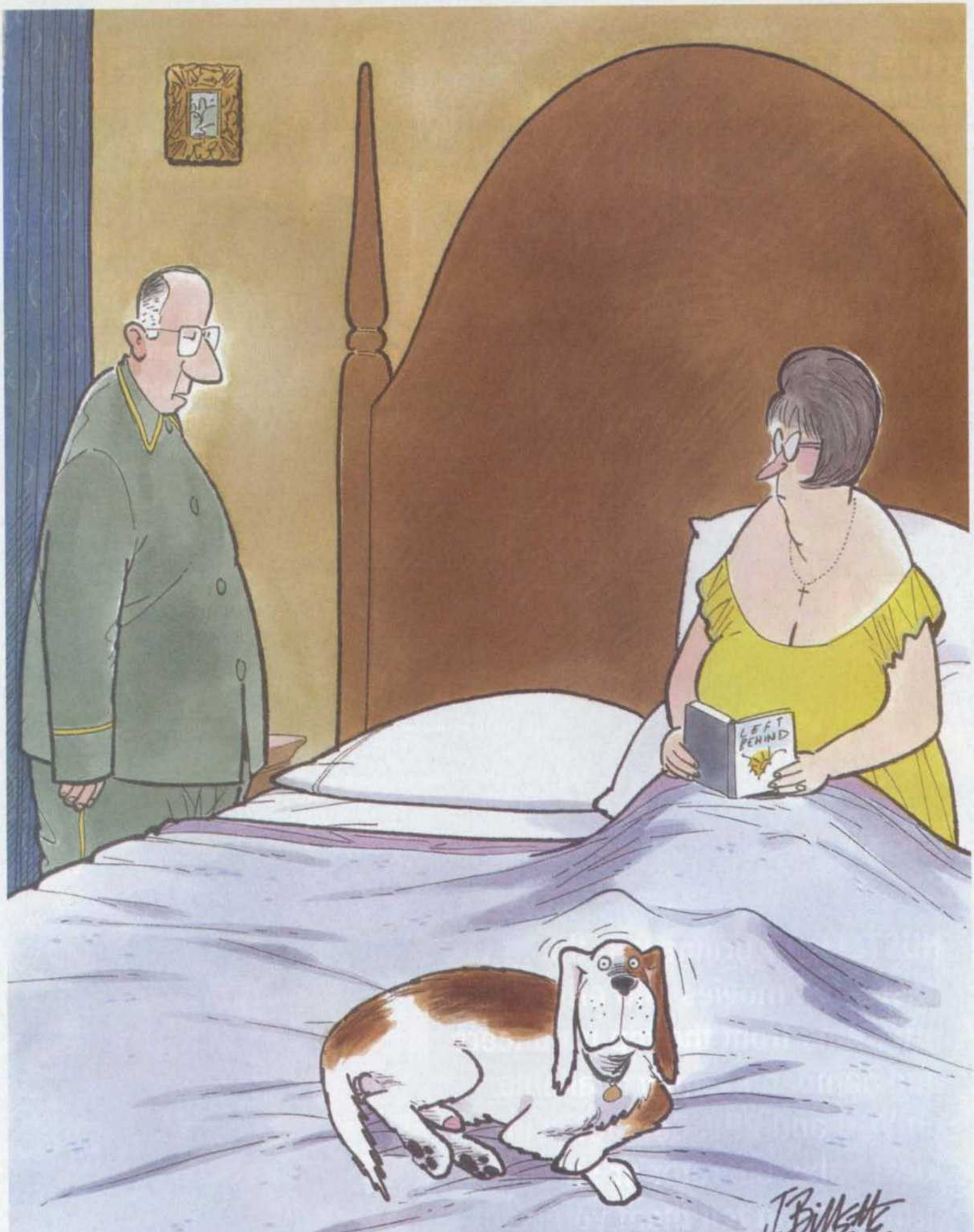
HUSTLER Hollywood
8920 Sunset Boulevard
West Hollywood, CA 90069
(310) 860-9009

www.HustlerHollywood.com

HUSTLER tv

www.HustlerTV.com

HUSTLER TV brings you the best adult movies and original programs from the top producers and companies, now available on VOD and PPV. Contact your local cable operator or satellite provider and tell them you want HUSTLER TV™ today!



"Constance, it's time to cast aside our conservative sexual repression and live out our deepest desires. I want you to lick my ass while I blow the dog!"

CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order company, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with merchants who accept credit-card payment and include a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably bogus.

...And Nothing but the Truth

I want to congratulate your staff and founder, Mr. Larry Flynt, for publishing such a fine magazine. Mr. Flynt, it seems that HUSTLER is the last line of defense in free speech. *P-boy* and *P-house* are too neutral on current affairs and unwilling to take a stand on controversial issues.

I credit you for not only exposing the real events occurring in Iraq and the reasons that George W. Bush (or Der Führer) has put our country into a situation that may take a decade or more to repair, but for also not allowing the government to pull the wool over our eyes.

While attending law school, I was able to read materials from the First Amendment cases that involved you, Mr. Flynt. I've long appreciated your fortitude and determination in holding your ground when it comes to free speech.

It's frustrating to see what "God-fearing Christians" are trying do with our country, which was founded on democratic ideals. As a person who questions the powers-that-be, I commend your magazine for the parodies and articles on the Supreme Court, abortion, Catholic priests, G.W. Bush and the other hurdles confronting America. The public is lucky to have a media source that takes a stand on the difficult issues.

Of equal importance, the women featured in HUSTLER are sexy and gorgeous. *P-boy* continues to go downhill with the girl-next-door image.

Keep up the excellent work. **—Franco P. Yaconelli**
Los Angeles, California

He's Wright, We're Wrong

I am the author of a *Readers' Forum* contribution (Holiday '05) that criticized David Ray Griffin's "controlled demolition" argument about 9/11. The final sentence should have read: "My arguments, supported by evidence, aren't as sensational as the one presented by conspiracy theorists, but I believe they deserve serious consideration."

For some reason, the word *other* was inserted in front of *conspiracy theorists* before my views were published in HUSTLER. This changed the entire meaning of my letter.

One of my purposes was to take myself *out* of the company of conspiracy theorists. I assume the misleading word was accidentally added by someone on the HUSTLER staff, but the effect has been to misrepresent me in a very serious way.

The error made it look as if I were describing myself as a conspiracy theorist. I would appreciate it if you would publish a correction. Recently I noticed that LarryFlynt.com has reproduced my *Readers' Forum* letter as it was published in HUSTLER. Please ask Mr. Flynt to make the correction on his Web site as well.

In closing, BellaCiao.org has posted an enormous amount of evidence from my own independent investigation of 9/11 and Nick Berg.

—Michael P. Wright
Norman, Oklahoma

What a Babe!

I must briefly praise the most stunning model in your March '06 issue. I like Briana Banks. Hey, what's not to like?! I hadn't seen a good layout of this beautiful porn queen in a while, but yours offers some exciting views. Briana is easily the star of that issue. Attractive, long-haired blondes with big tits are what it's all about. **—S.B.**
Chicago, Illinois

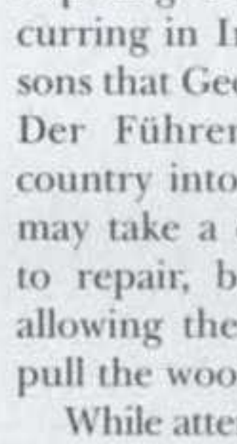
Vivid Girl Briana Banks let it all hang out in our unforgettable March '06 issue.

Tipping Mancow

Loved your piece on radio personality Mancow Muller. We listen to him up here all the time. That's cool how he s u e d *(continued on page 191)*

LETTERS FROM OUR TROOPS

I'm a paratrooper currently stationed in Afghanistan. Recently I obtained a copy of your October '05 edition from a buddy of mine whose father had sent it to him. Of course, I expected that beautiful women and hot sex would be proudly flaunted, but I never thought I'd find such an abundance of great articles on a variety of controversial subjects. I immediately knew that I had to become a HUSTLER subscriber. Thanks for your support of America's troops. **—A.F.**
Somewhere in Afghanistan

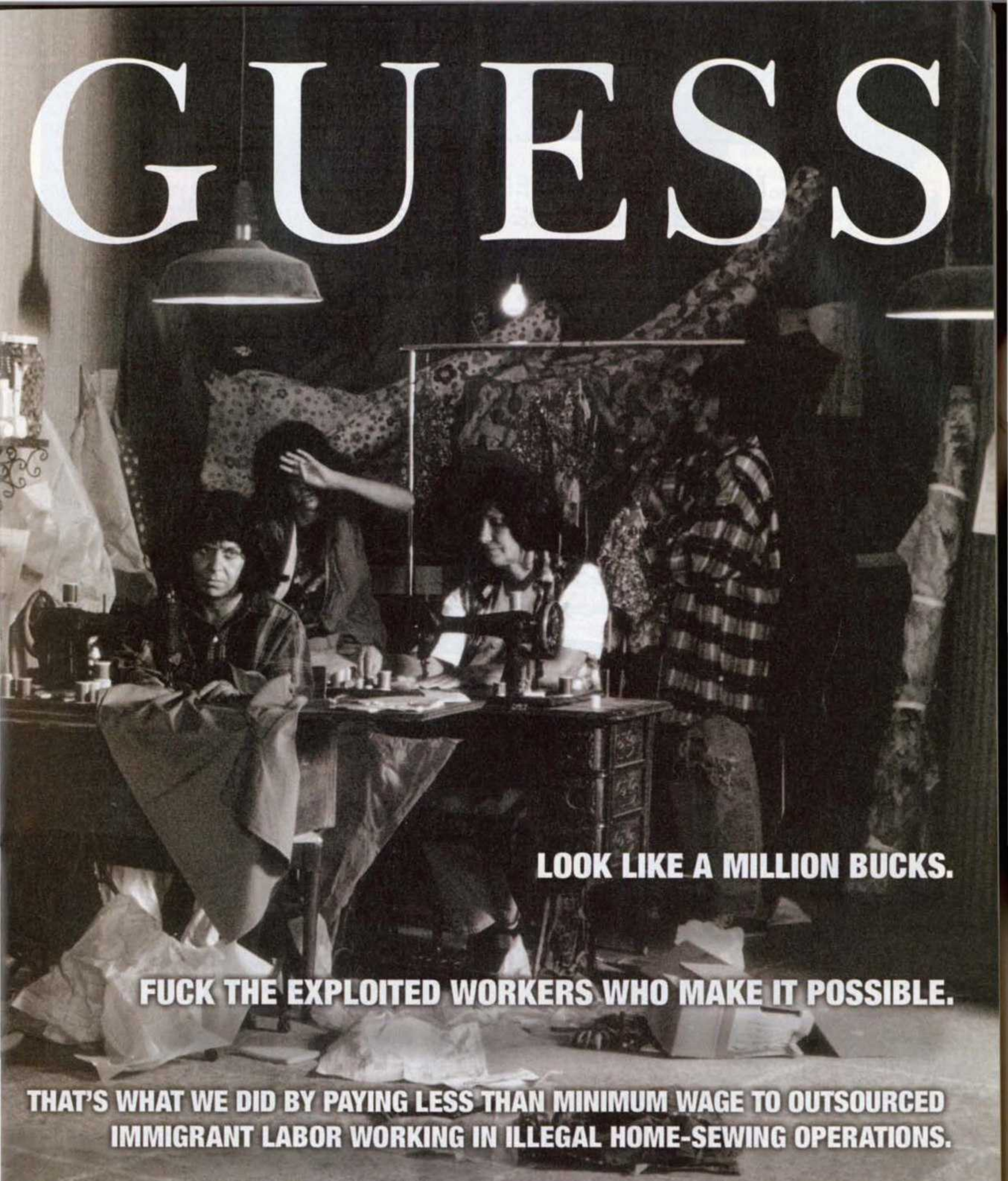


I'm a Marine stationed in western Iraq. My buddies and I are in the infantry, meaning we have to endure the worst camp in this godforsaken country. The best thing we have going for us are air-conditioned shitters and HUSTLER Magazine. We don't have many copies, though, and there's nowhere to get our hands on more. Just looking at women while we're over here keeps up the morale and gives us a little taste of home.

I'm from Alabama and don't have much family to speak of, so the Marine Corps has become my second family. Everyone looks out for everyone else, and now I'm asking you to look out for us. Do you have any extra mags that you could send here? If you can, that would be great. We sure love your magazine.

We showed some Iraqis a copy of HUSTLER, and they totally freaked out! Guess they'd never seen pictures of naked American women before. We'll be much obliged for anything you can send us. **—J.K.**
Andar Province, Iraq

Be watching for mail call, J.K. We'll be sending a HUSTLER care package that's guaranteed to raise more than homesick Marines' morale.


GUESS
LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS.
FUCK THE EXPLOITED WORKERS WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE.
THAT'S WHAT WE DID BY PAYING LESS THAN MINIMUM WAGE TO OUTSOURCED IMMIGRANT LABOR WORKING IN ILLEGAL HOME-SEWING OPERATIONS.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how a multimillion-dollar clothing manufacturer is once again putting profit over people. Check out **CorpWatch.org** for more details. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of LFP Publishing Group, LLC or HUSTLER Magazine.

NICK LACHEY, LET'S SEE...HMM, IT SAYS HERE YOU WERE MARRIED TO JESSICA SIMPSON, AND YOU **FUCKED IT UP!** SORRY, KID, BUT THAT'S AN AUTOMATIC ONE-WAY TICKET TO **ASSHOLE HELL!**

GOING DOWN

H

SIGN IN PLEASE

Senator Hillary Clinton

Hillary, Hillary, Hillary, what on Earth are you doing? You want to run for President, right? We know that you have amassed a huge war chest and that you have the kind of name recognition which makes you the automatic Democratic front-runner. We know that you are smart and capable. But do you really think Americans want to elect a candidate who has carved out her position by scrupulously watching the polls?

We are looking for a leader we can trust. We want someone who says what they believe to be true, not what some pollster tells them to say. Your careful dance between fact and fiction, based sheerly on poll numbers, has become way too obvious. It's a prescription for defeat, not success.

As you increasingly aim your sound bites at the mythical middle, everything you say rings hollow. You cannot win the Presidency by becoming just another political hack. You must change course, Hillary, and you can start by telling the truth.

You must acknowledge that the American political system is broken. Let us know that you're not willing to play the same old game as Kerry, Lieberman, Biden and the rest. Recognize that the vast majority of Americans—those who occupy the middle you are so desperately seeking—know they are being screwed by the giant corporations (whose agenda is obviously pro-business at the expense of the working man) and by the politicians who do their bidding.

You don't actually have to come out and say these words, Hillary. You can signal us that you're no longer going to support the military-industrial complex, for example, by withdrawing your support for the war in Iraq. Just admit you made a mistake when you voted to support it in 2002.

And stop saying you were only authorizing the President to use force, but never expected him to actually follow through with the authorization. Just as importantly, please don't give us any crap about not knowing then what you know now. All of us who were paying attention—and we've already acknowledged that you are smart and capable—knew then what we know now, i.e., Iraq possessed no weapons of mass destruction, nor was there any connection between 9/11 and Saddam Hussein.

Let us know that you're ready to take on the insurance lobby and the HMOs by supporting universal health care. That's another issue the majority of Americans favor. Support campaign finance reform. Stop worrying about being tagged as a liberal. Play to the true Democratic base—the progressive wing of your party.

You might also want to tell your husband to stop hanging out with Bush the First. We don't care if Bill's predecessor is a nice guy. (And by the way, we don't believe for a minute that he is.) As the father of the most evil and dangerous President this nation has ever had, George H.W. Bush must share at least part of the blame for what his son is doing.

One more thing: The next time you say you work at a "plantation," you'd better be picking cotton.

The people of this country will undoubtedly rally to a truthsayer. They will not rally behind a two-faced bitch. Which is it gonna be, Hillary?

Farts in the Wind

BEN HATFIELD, CEO of International Coal Group, has had quite a time defending the safety record of the ICG-owned Sago Mine, where 12 miners were asphyxiated in January after an explosion trapped them underground. Apparently, ICG's modus operandi for ensuring adequate mine safety records is getting citations thrown out on technicalities, not fixing potentially lethal problems. Yet Hatfield maintains, "The mine was safe." This slimeball is just another corporate honcho who values the mighty dollar more than the lives of his workers.

GARY PENROD is the shitbag in charge of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department. Protecting a ruthless assailant, Sheriff Penrod at first refused to divulge the identity of his deputy who allegedly fired on an unarmed U.S. Air Force security officer following a high-speed chase that ended in Chino, California. Passenger Elio Carrion, 21—who had recently returned from Iraq—was shot in the chest, shoulder and leg. A dark, grainy videotape made by a local resident showed Carrion being ordered to get off the ground. As Carrion lifted himself up and said he was unarmed and in the military, a uniformed officer (who can be heard shouting profanities at the man and who was eventually identified as Ivory John Webb) suddenly opened fire. Despite compelling evidence of an out-of-control deputy under his command, Penrod announced, "It is not crystal clear…whether Carrion or the deputy is wrong." Let us help you out, Sheriff. Shooting a citizen for no reason is wrong. Carrion underwent emergency surgery and is recovering. We will also point out that, under Penrod's watch in 2004, a suspect in custody committed suicide after sheriff's personnel apparently neglected to properly search for a concealed weapon.

ALICE FISHER: In his continued effort to replace qualifications with cronyism in America, President Bush has appointed this fellow Republican as assistant attorney general, even though (like her boss, Alberto Gonzales) the lawyer has minimal prosecutorial experience. Fisher's nomination stalled last year when her role in overseeing detention policies at Guantanamo Bay surfaced. Now at the helm of a probe looking into the widest-ranging Congressional corruption investigation in 20 years—the Jack Abramoff influence-peddling scandal—Fisher insists that she will be diligent in pursuing the lobbyist's case. Yeah, right!

DR. PHIL REALITY CHECK

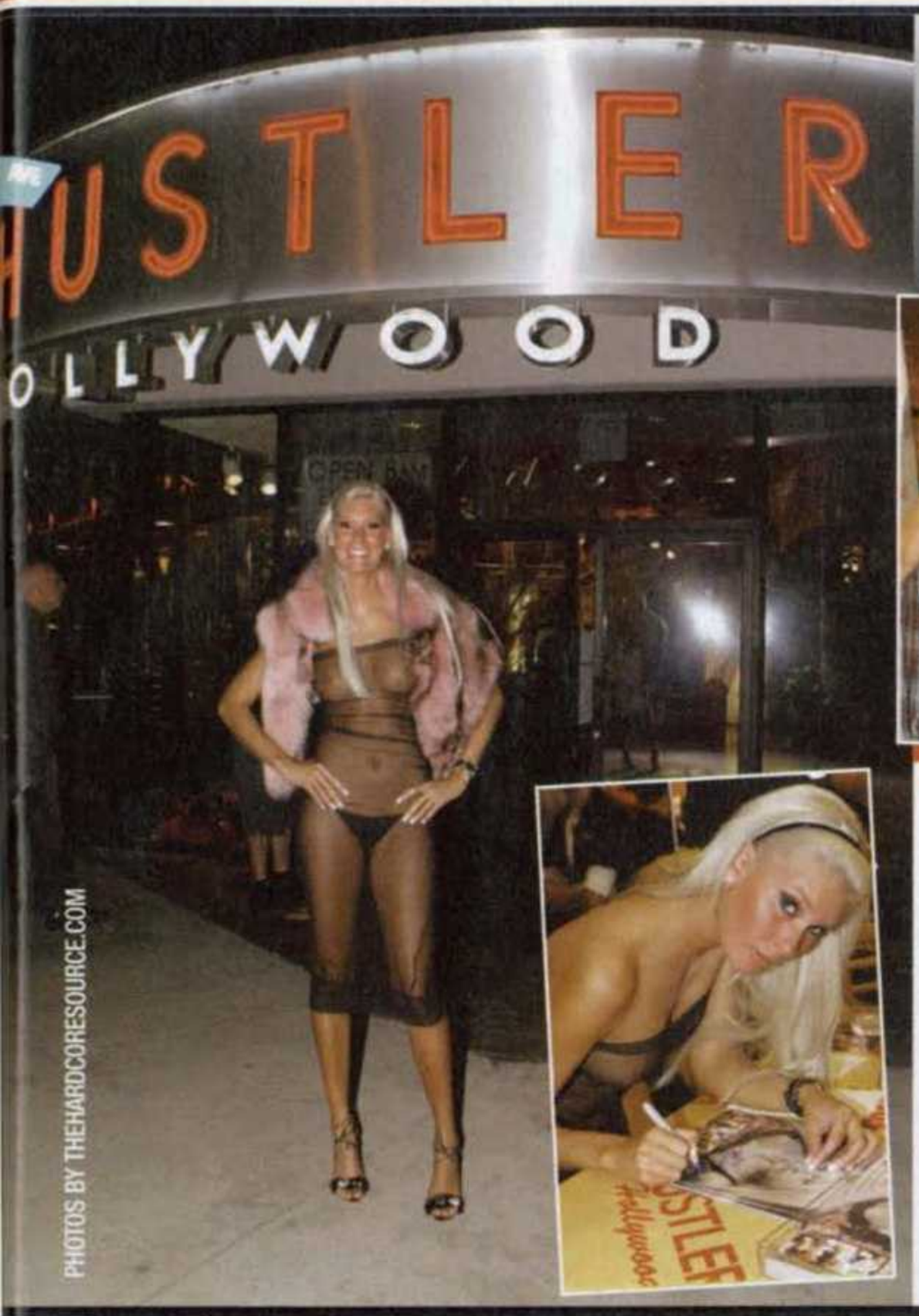
SHIT...

I CAN'T REACH MY COCK!

TIME TO WRITE ANOTHER DIET BOOK!

HUSTLER

FROM EUROPE WITH LOVE



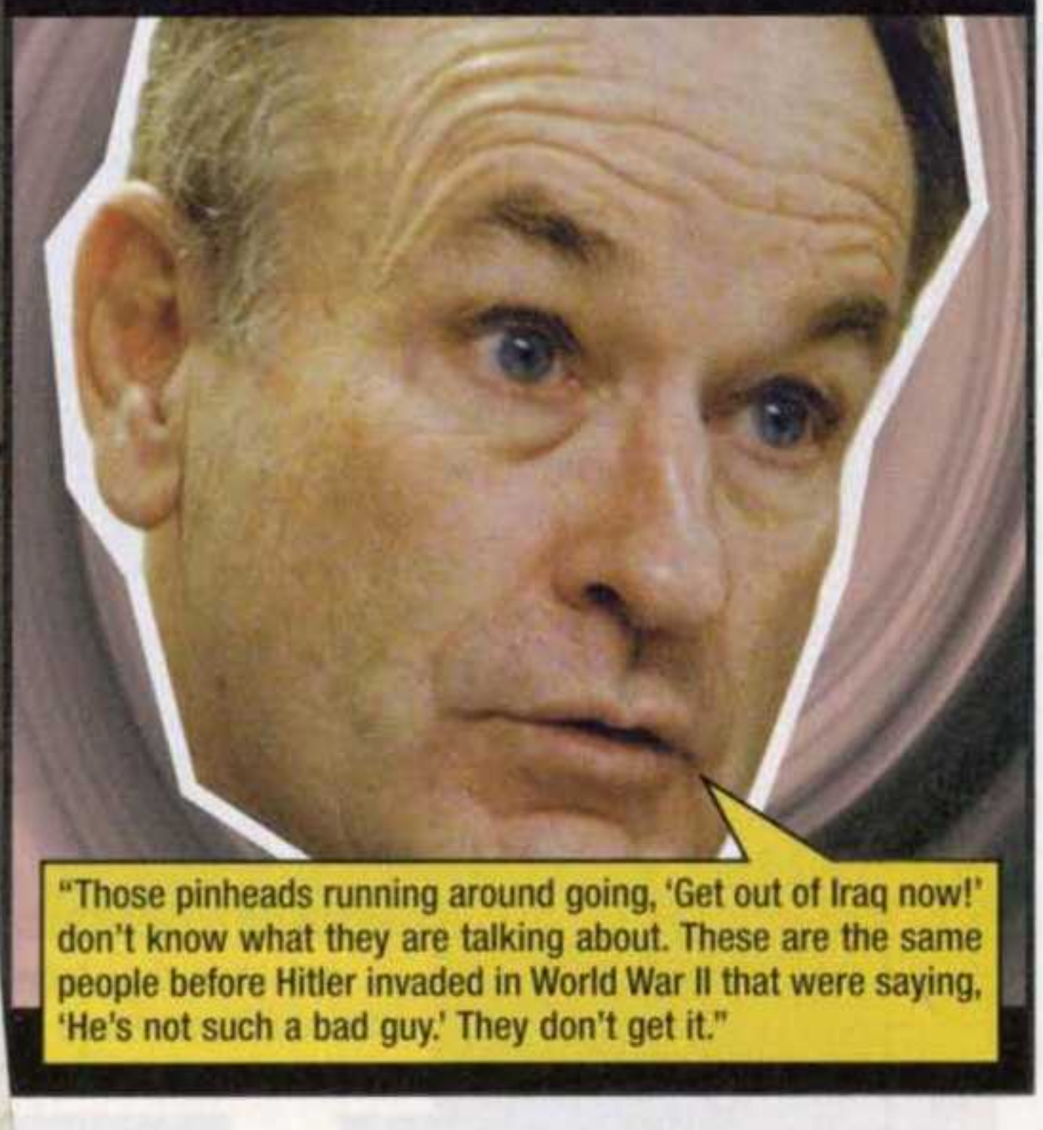
PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

EUROPEAN PORN GODDESS Brigitta Bulgari recently traveled to America, where her first stop was a provocative meet-and-greet at HUSTLER Hollywood on L.A.'s Sunset Strip. The blond bombshell signed autographs and then rubbed shoulders (and other parts) with all her fans, among them our fearless leader Larry Flynt and his nephew Dustin Flynt. In the coming months Brigitta will be making XXX movies in the U.S. for the first time.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to S.K. of Houston for this "flexible female" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately—from his appearance on *The Today Show.*



"Those pinheads running around going, 'Get out of Iraq now!' don't know what they are talking about. These are the same people before Hitler invaded in World War II that were saying, 'He's not such a bad guy.' They don't get it."

"I like children. Fried." —*W.C. FIELDS, COMIC*

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation. The other eight are unimportant." —*HENRY MILLER, AUTHOR*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Sandra Bullock* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

HERE'S EVERYONE'S favorite girl-next-door/actress/chick we think we could get: Sandra Bullock. We've long wanted to see her naked, sitting through stinkers like *Miss Congeniality* and *Hope Floats* for nothing!

Now that Sandra's gone and married that tool from *Monster Garage*, Jesse James, maybe it will happen. (One of his exes is porn star Janine Lindemuller.) Just in case it doesn't, we'll take matters into our own hands. Now you can take matters into yours.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Sandra Bullock actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

HUSTLER will not interview the following celebrities because they are dead.

NIPSEY RUSSELL
"Funny comic, joked in rhyme; now he's dead. It was his time."

SCOTTY FROM *STAR TREK*
"Set your phasers on Dead!"

RICHARD PRYOR
"Jo Jo Dancer, your life is over!"

MONEY HONEYS

MEN

We went out in search of this month's Money Honey and found Shannon willing to get wet 'n' wild while at her favorite club. Our opening offer of $20 wasn't enough to catch this hottie in the men's pottie....

...but when she giggled at an offer of $40, we knew it wouldn't take much more to see it happen.

For a bid of $60, Shannon walked in with a grin, then later treated us with a one-woman 69 after learning she'd be in HUSTLER.

NEWSBITES

Going Ape Over Boobies

Two former caretakers filed an unusual wrongful-termination lawsuit against the Gorilla Foundation in San Mateo County, California. The women claim they were fired after refusing to bond with an ape named Koko by baring their breasts. (The case was recently settled out of court.) We can only guess what Koko, who communicates in sign language, might have said had she been called to testify. Maybe: "I didn't want to see those tits anyway."

Oral Report

Three Jacksonville, Florida, teens are facing criminal charges stemming from a daring incident at a local high school. An 18-year-old male student allegedly paid a 16-year-old girl to perform oral sex on another boy as she hid under a table in a large classroom full of students. Officials transferred the three culprits to other schools, while we assume male students voted the precocious blowjob queen "Miss Most Popular."

You Piece of Shit

A man dressed like a giant turd was refused entry to a meeting of political candidates in Victoria, Canada, recently. Seems the costumed crapman named "Mr. Floatie" wanted to protest sewage pollution on behalf of his organization, POOP. For those interested, the acronym stands for People Opposed to Outfall Pollution. The politicos probably didn't admit the guy because enough shitheads were already in attendance.

Knobjobs for the Jobless

A Berlin whorehouse adjacent to an unemployment office is offering a special deal to out-of-work men—and business is booming. The madam of the brothel, which is charging approximately $18 U.S. to those on relief, says patrons are literally bursting in after getting their payments from the pen-pushers next door. Wouldn't it be great to be German and jobless? Now there's a statement you don't hear every day.

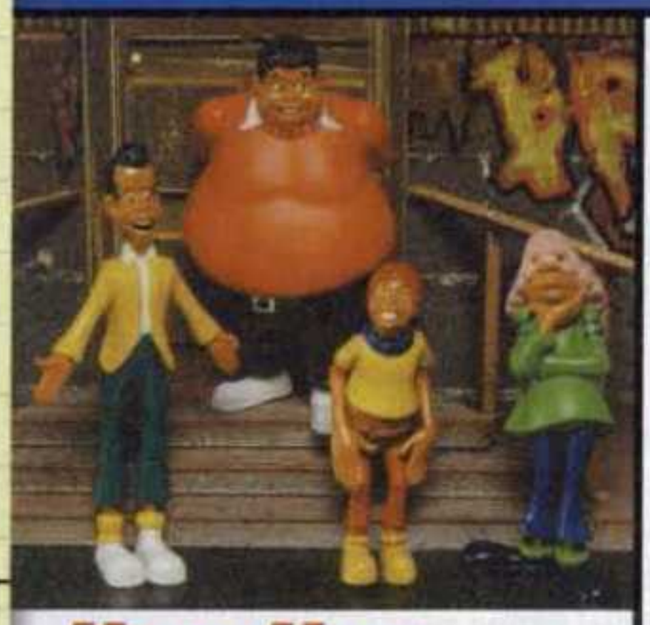
You LITTLE DICK

THE LATEST BUZZ on celebrity Web sites is that crooner/heartthrob Enrique Iglesias may be a little light in the trousers. "The next product I'm gonna put my name on is extra-small condoms," the entertainer recently quipped to *Houston Press*. "I can never find extra-small condoms, and I know it's really embarrassing for people." Is it possible that the sex symbol has a minuscule meat missile?

His father, Julio Iglesias, is said to be very disappointed. We can almost hear the legendary Lothario proclaim: "My son didn't get shortchanged by me. It must have come from his mother's side of the family."

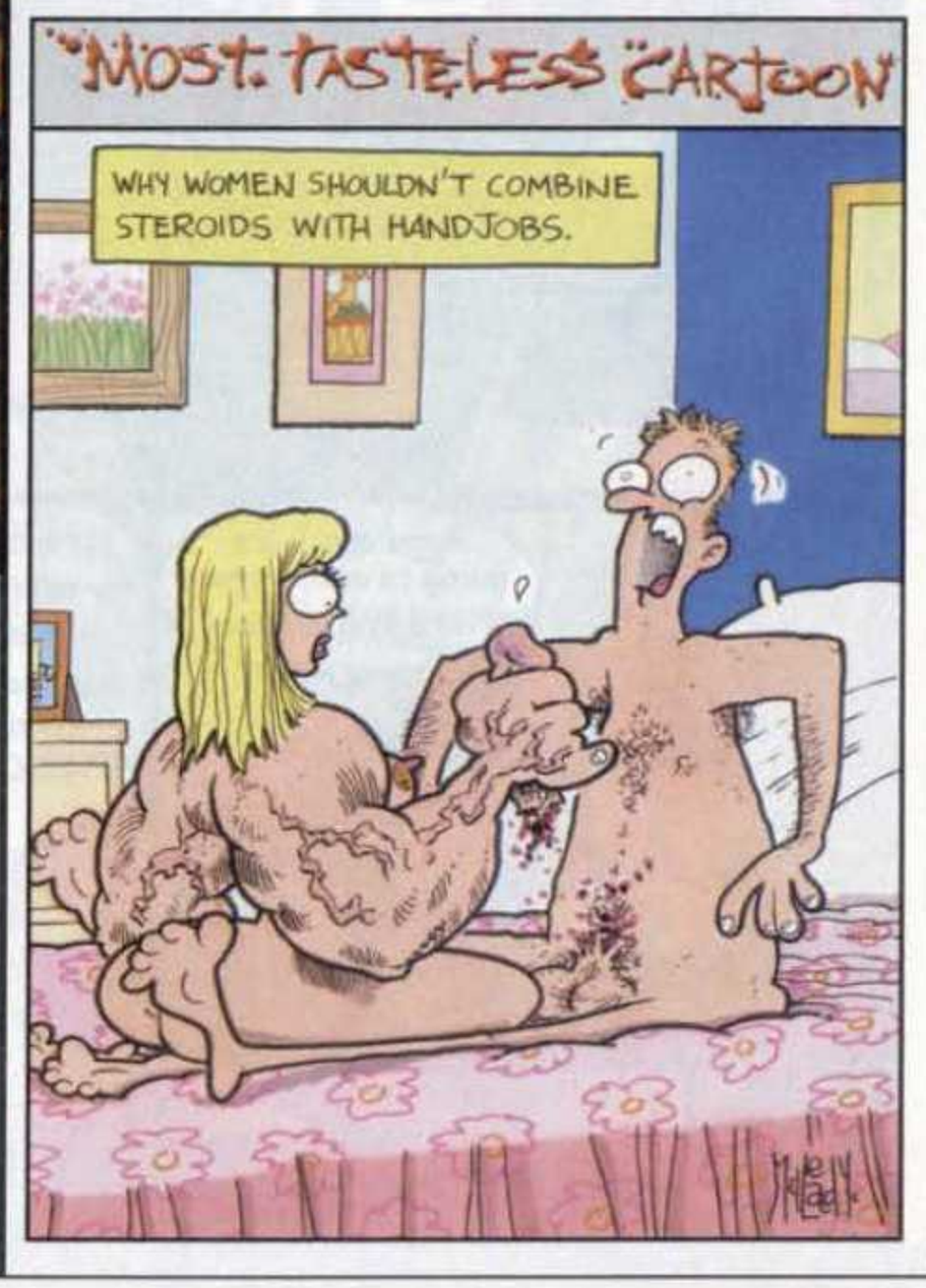
No wonder Enrique's girlfriend, Anna Kournikova, is so aggressive when she slams those tennis balls.

Parody: Not a real photo of Enrique Iglesias. We put his head on our model's body. You're not stupid. You already know this.



Hey, Hey, HEY!

SABABA TOYS has crafted these cool action figures of Fat Albert and The Cosby Kids from the classic 1970s cartoon. Series 1 includes Dumb Donald, Mushmouth, Weird Harold and the big man himself. Series 2—featuring Rudy, Bill, Russell and Bucky—will be released soon. Available at Tower Records.



"Software is like sex; it's better when it's free." —*LINUS TORVALDS, TECH GEEK*

Gimme an F!

TALK ABOUT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE! Two Carolina Panthers cheerleaders were arrested in the Tampa, Florida, nightclub Banana Joe's after one of them reportedly attacked a third woman in a restroom. It seems the victim interrupted pom-pom shakers Renee Thomas (left) and Angela Keathley while they were purportedly having sex. That's when Thomas allegedly punched the interloper in the face. Was the blonde pissed about being disturbed while getting it on, or is she just another hot chick who can't handle a threesome?

Soft-core PORN of the Month

WE DON'T KNOW what a woman covered in squid has to do with a high-end timepiece. Then again, we don't understand why it makes us kind of horny. Thanks to the TechnoMarine company for this month's unintentional porn.

"Everybody's worried about stopping terrorism. Well, there's a really easy way: stop participating in it." —NOAM CHOMSKY, POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER

ANGRY GIRL D'ARCY

BY MAX BURBANK

There's a lot of shit out there that passes for news these days.
Fuck Brad!! Fuck Vince!! Now I'm dating the Green Bay Packers!
Jennifer Aniston bouncing back from her divorce? Not news.
Bruce, Demi and Ashton? So not news.
I like to watch Ashton and Demi fuck. That's how cool I am with their relationship.
Brad and I are going to adopt every Third-World infant.
Nothing Brad and Angelina do should be considered news.
No matter how low my approval rating goes, I intend to stay the course and keep screwin' this country like a TEN-DOLLAR WHORE!!
This?
Not "new" exactly, but I think it's "news."
MAX

JESUS SAVES!!

Waiting in line at the bank is a sin. Direct deposit. Your check goes into the bank. You don't.

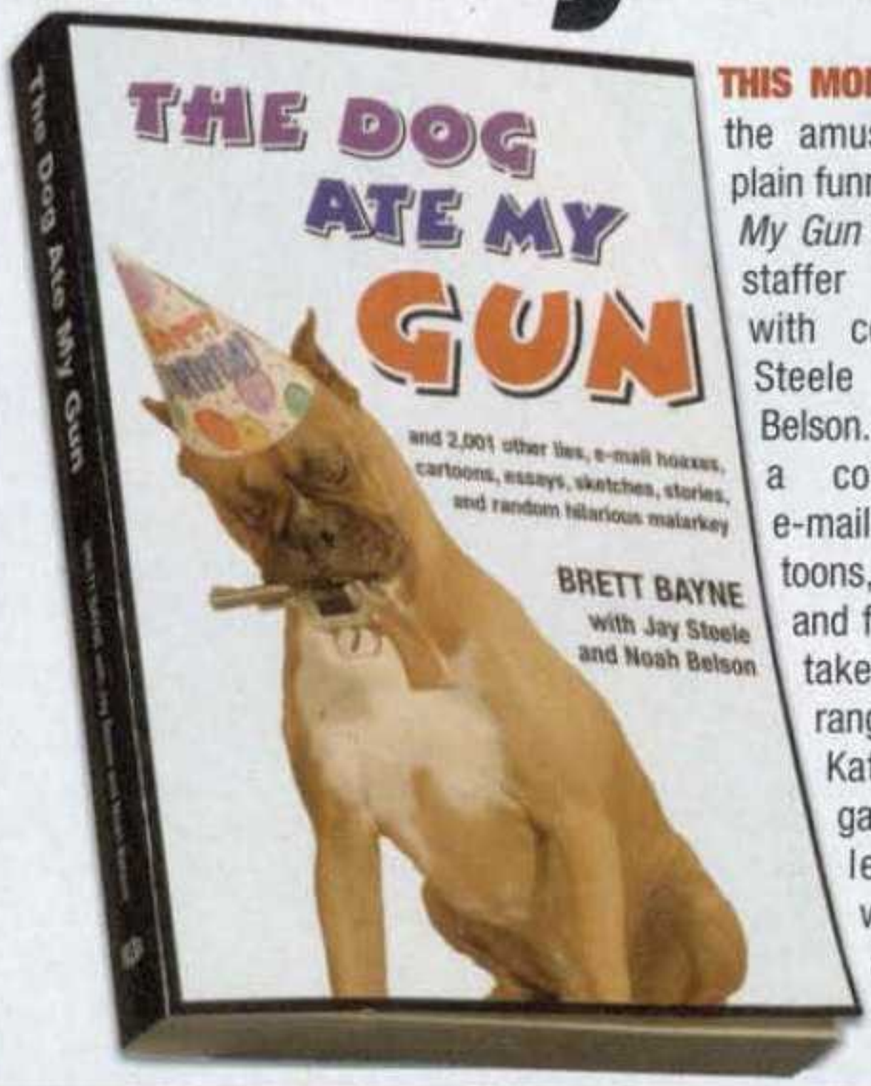
NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S EYE-OPENER is Patti Kirkpatrick from Channel 3 (KTUK) in Phoenix. Thanks to M.J. for finding the arousing Arizonan.

Remember, to nominate a local newscaster, provide the doll's full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible). If your favorite is chosen as an issue's "News Babe," you'll receive a nifty HUSTLER prize pack. Send your pick to HUSTLER's "Hot News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The Dog Ate My Gun


THE DOG ATE MY GUN
and 2,001 other lies, e-mail hoaxes, cartoons, essays, sketches, stories, and random hilarious malarkey
BRETT BAYNE
with Jay Steele and Noah Belson

THIS MONTH'S PICK is the amusing and just plain funny *The Dog Ate My Gun* by Larry Flynt staffer Brett Bayne with coauthors Jay Steele and Noah Belson. The book is a compilation of e-mail hoaxes, cartoons, comic essays and fake news that takes on topics ranging from TV's Katie Couric to gay cruises and leukemia—all with irreverent and hilarious results.

TIFFANY TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

Even before blazing into the adult-entertainment business, Tiffany was in the public eye. "I worked as a waitress at Hooters for a year and a half," the Los Angeles vixen explains, "and I saw an ad in the back of the *LA Weekly* for a nude model. I thought, *Well, I look good naked. So why not?* That led to where I am today, doing porn flicks and sexy photo-shoots."

SHE GETS WET

When it comes to sex, Tiffany is very specific: "I love kisses all over my body from my lips to my...lips. I love kisses covering every inch of my body. That really turns me on. Of course, if you do that for me, I'll return the favor."

When not sizzling in front of the camera or puckering up at home, the tight 20-year-old loves heading to the shore. "I'm really into swimming, surfing and anything you can do at the beach," Tiffany says. "I'm a born-and-raised California girl, so I'm drawn to it."

A simple girl with simple needs, Tiffany knows exactly what she wants to always be: "Fun, happy and pretty."

See Tiffany Taylor get wet in *HUSTLER XXX #27, 5 People You Meet in Porn, Sex Follies* and *Latina Cum Queens* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

PROMISE-SKIRTING ROSEBUD

It had been three weeks since I'd been laid, 21 brutal days of self-imposed abstinence, of jacking off to porn rags and vivid images of my girlfriend's big, round butt.

The home office had sent me to Minneapolis to close a merger deal. It was supposed to take a week tops. But now another company entered the picture, and negotiations were dragging out interminably. I ached to feel a hot, wet cunt clutching my cock. Fuck, I was horny!

The night before I'd left, Mae—that's my longtime girlfriend—had made me promise not to "dip my wick in any strange pussy." And, damn, I really did love her. Plus, she'd just given me the most amazing balls-and-all blowjob; so I'd given her my word.

Alone in a distant hotel room, I remembered Mae's tongue feverishly lapping my nuts, swirling up my fat shaft and darting into my piss slit. I thought about her swallowing me to the base over and over and—

Suddenly, it dawned on me: Technically, a blowjob really wouldn't be breaking my vow, would it? I mean, I wouldn't actually be "dipping my wick in any strange pussy." Come to think of it, there were a whole host of exempt sex acts: handjobs, titty-fucks—hey, how about anal? Mae refused to let me fuck her in the ass.

The local phone book sat on the end table next to the bed. I let my fingers do the walking to the escort services and dialed up a gorgeous Korean whose ad touted "a doll-like figure" and "a willingness to experiment." It would be a nice contrast to Mae, a tall blonde with lush curves and pendulous knockers.

Waiting for my secret visitor, I fought the urge to jack off. Hell, I hadn't gone without snatch this long since I'd lost my virginity. When I opened the door, Lyla was even more exotic than I'd expected. She was 19 or 20, petite, slender, yet totally sexy. Once the payment preliminaries were concluded, Lyla tugged off her top and gave me a good, long look at her delectable titties. Half-inch, hard nipples had me literally drooling.

Somehow Lyla must have sensed what I wanted—or maybe it was what everyone desired—because the little hottie slipped out of her shoes and skirt and crawled up onto the bed bare-ass naked, her tush facing me. With her shoulders pressed into the mattress, she reached back and spanked her buns one at a time—sweet, firm flesh vibrating with each smack. Next, Lyla made a show of deep-throating her middle finger till it was dripping spit, then seductively pushed it right into her puckered starfish.

I swear, my knees went weak. My jeans got tangled around my ankles in a mad rush to strip them off. My erection was already harder, more urgent than I could remember.

After Lyla undressed me, I slithered up behind her on the bed and smoothed my hands over her tiny body. I took my time even though it had been ages since I'd caressed another woman's boobies, flat, taut belly and gently flaring hips. She stayed perfectly still until I rubbed my thick prick cap all over her fanny.

Then Lyla gasped. So I dick-spanked her delightful derriere, making her moan deliriously. Suddenly, the babe reached back with both hands and spread her ass cheeks wide, giving me the most beautiful close-up of her tiny, pink-brown, puckered rosebud.

When I pressed my crown to her bung, it seemed an impossible fit. I jacked my hips and pressured the first inch in. Fuck! It felt like a fist squeezing the tip tighter and tighter. I paused, but Lyla started backing onto my log, inch by inch—man, I'd never felt anything like it, not even close—till my groin was touching her heavenly heinie, and my boner was buried to the ball sac.

Once I started lunging, I was at her mercy. Lyla's shit chute gripped and released my cock over and over. I hadn't been laid in three weeks and hadn't had anal in almost four years! And this demure, little Asian girl was a consummate butt-fucking professional!

Her snug rectum massaged my throbbing shaft, clutching hard, then relaxing, clutching harder, then easing up again. Lyla took me to the edge nine or ten times before she allowed me to climax, and then my orgasm fuckin' took me by storm. A torrent of jizz filled her anus to overflowing, flooded back out around my prod and trickled down to her hairless snatch.

Lovely Lyla let me stay in her ass till I finally went soft. Five minutes later the hot-to-trot escort was out the door. She was worth every penny, and I could still tell my girlfriend that I'd kept my promise. —R.P.

DENVER, COLORADO

"Mother, is the traditional third-anniversary gift an ass-fuck?"

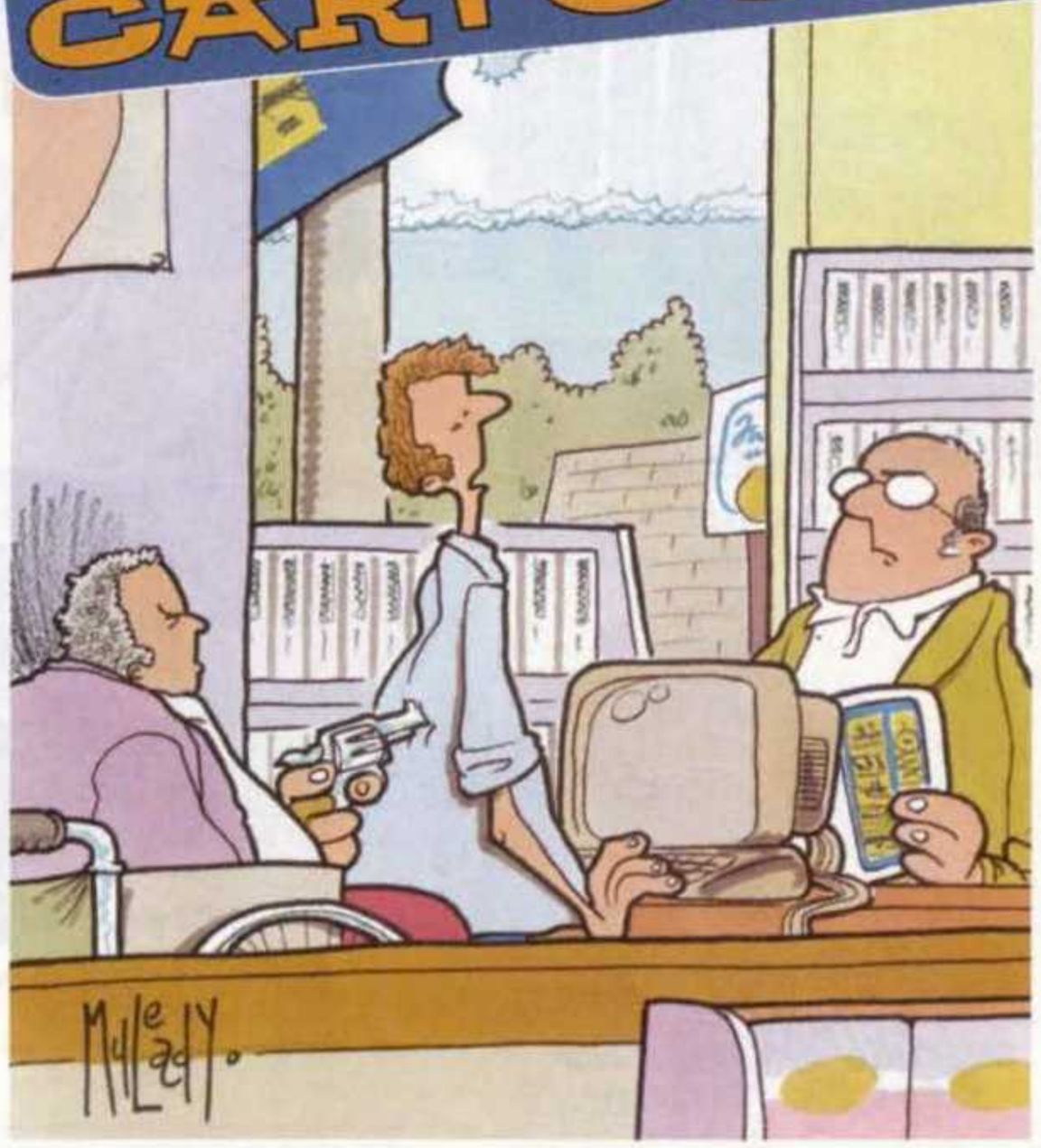
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"You have the sight...No, you have the right to remain violent...No, you have the might to retain..."

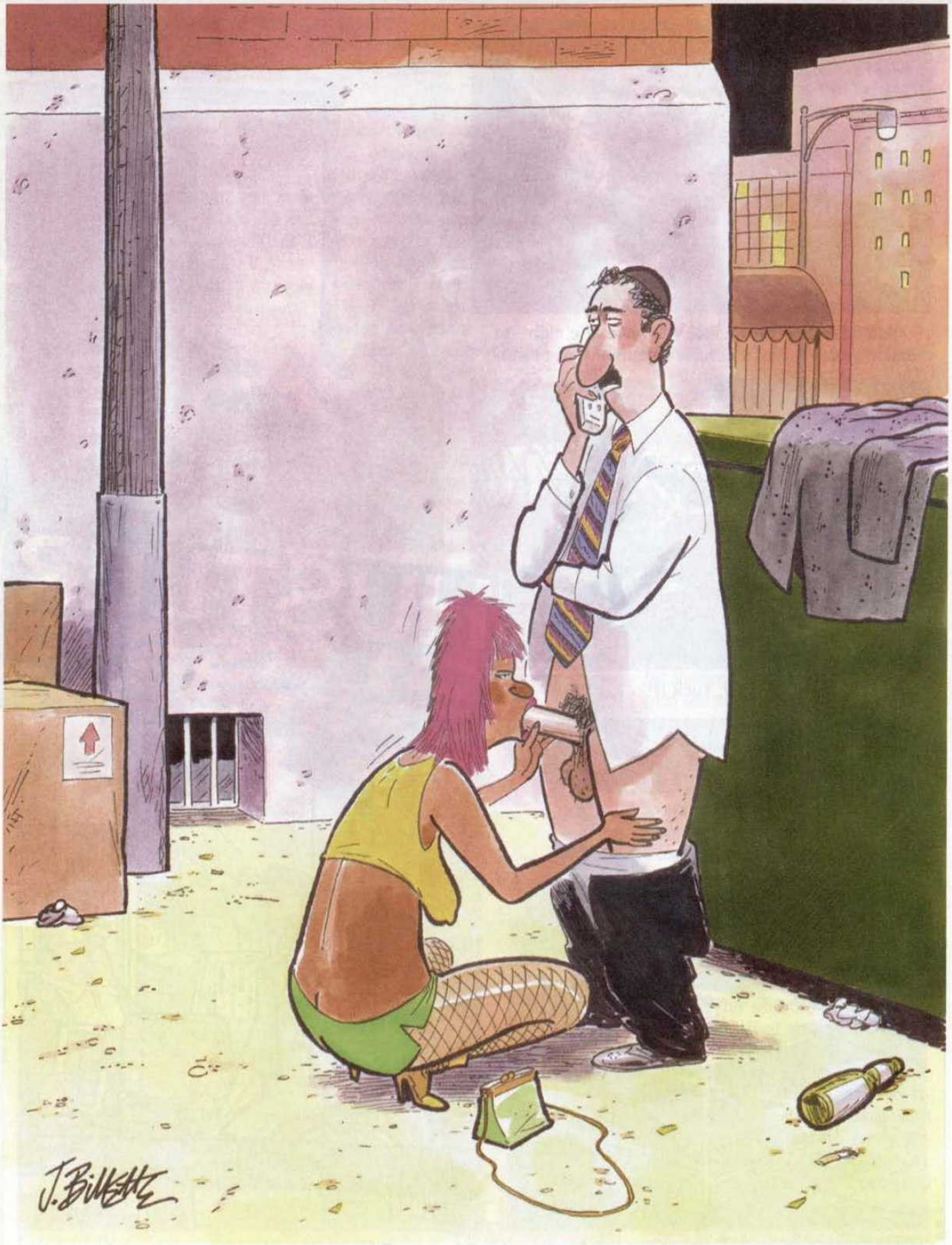
"Aw, fuck it!"

"The wife of the guy who jumped off the Spicer Building is here to identify the splat!"

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Yes, sir. I know the only movie we have for rent is *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. How many would you like?"



"No, Mother, I didn't pay too much...Yes, Mother, I'm wearing a condom...No, Mother, she's not black...Yes, Mother, I'll wash afterward..."

Can you spot the difference?

$3.33 Your Mailbox

$8.99 Newsstand

FREE DVD!†

HUSTLER

SUBSCRIBE & SAVE

YES! Start my 12-issue HUSTLER subscription for only $39.95. I'll save over $67 off the newsstand price!* Plus, I'll receive the HUSTLER Bonus DVD FREE!†

NAME _____ E-MAIL _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ PHONE NUMBER _____

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD _____ CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____ EXP.

SIGNATURE _____ (I am 18 years of age or older.)

SEND THIS COUPON TO: HUSTLER P.O. BOX 16537, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91615

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE NUMBER FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS

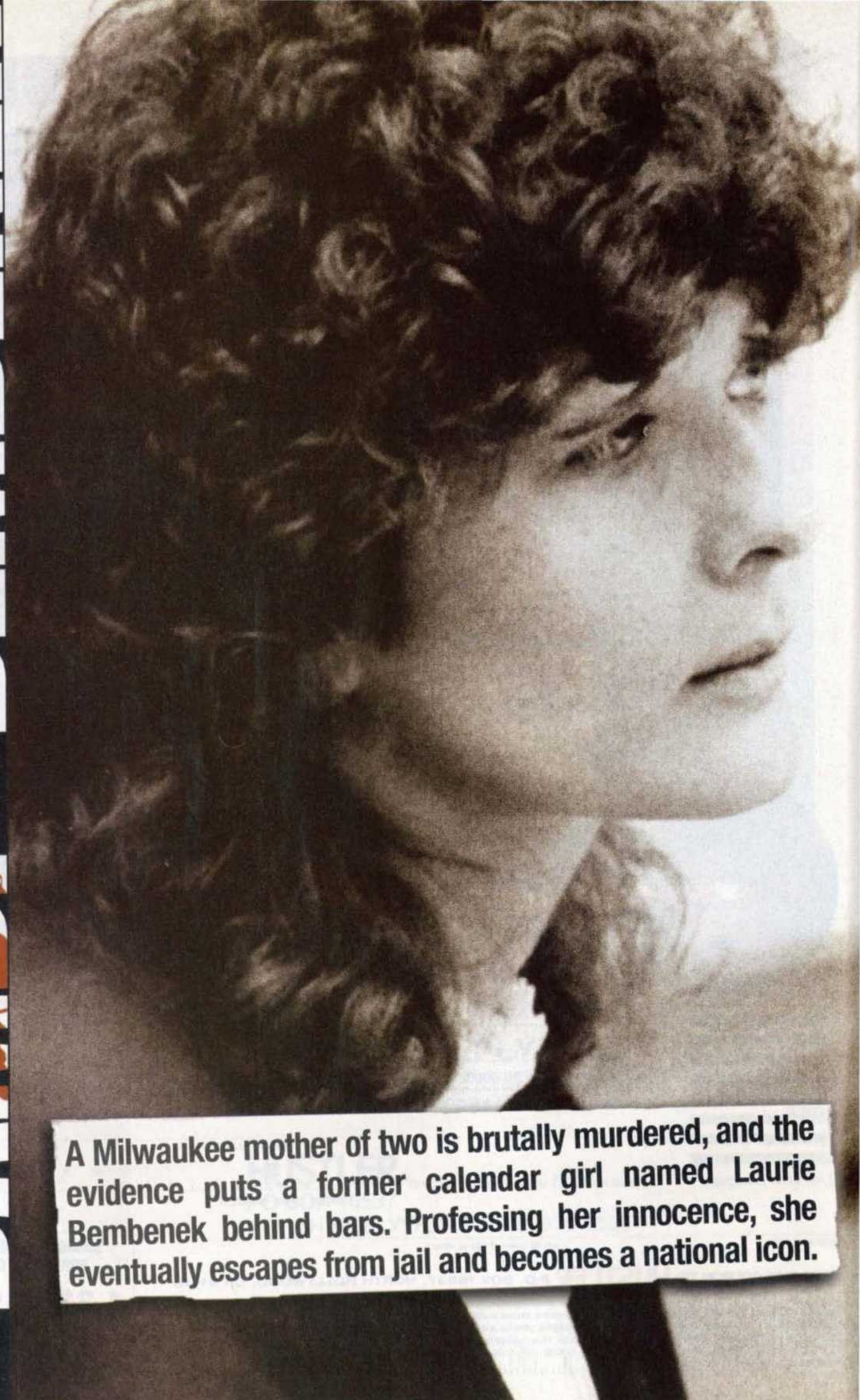
1-323-651-2348

OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 10, 2006 **CGSAA-I**

MONEY BACK ON ALL UNMAILED ISSUES IF NOT SATISFIED. All magazines shipped in unmarked, sealed polybags. Canadian orders add $10 per year; all other foreign orders add $20 per year, U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank. Where applicable, sales tax is included in stated price. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. Your first issue will arrive in 6 to 8 weeks. *Cover price: $8.99. †With paid order, while supplies last. FREE DVD OFFER not valid in the following states/zip codes: AL, AR, LA, MS, TX, UT, FL starting with 320-326 & 344, 32201-277, 32301-399, IN 46201-290, South Bend, IN, TN 38101-190, and OH 45201-275. *These subscribers will receive a fresh, hot copy of our Special Issue with their paid order!*

STEVEN AVERY

"MAKING A MURDERER"



A Milwaukee mother of two is brutally murdered, and the evidence puts a former calendar girl named Laurie Bembenek behind bars. Professing her innocence, she eventually escapes from jail and becomes a national icon.

BY LARRY WICHMAN

WOMEN WHO KILL: PART 1 OF A SERIES

Killer Bunny Bimbette

AT 2 A.M. ON MAY 28, 1981, a jury subsequently believed, aerobics instructor and former Playboy Club waitress Lawrencia "Laurie" Bembenek, 22, broke into the Milwaukee home of 30-year-old Christine Schultz, quietly subduing the woman in the bedroom as she slept. Wielding a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson snub-nose revolver, Bembenek bound the woman's wrists in front with clothesline cord and gagged her with a blue bandanna. She then quietly slipped across the hall to the bedroom where Schultz's two sons—Sean, 11, and Shannon, 7—lay sleeping.

Sean Schultz would later claim he awoke, terrified to feel a coated wire tighten around his throat and a leather-gloved hand cover his mouth, eyes and nose. He struggled and tried to scream, hearing his attacker utter a growling sound. The commotion woke Sean's younger brother, frightening the intruder—who was described by the boys as a man wearing a green jogging suit, sporting a reddish-brown ponytail—out of the room.

Back in the master bedroom, Bembenek pressed the barrel of her snub-nose .38 into Christine's back. Schultz screamed out, "God! Please don't do that!" But Bembenek was filled with the rage and spite of a woman seeking retribution. She fired once. The bullet grazed Christine's shoulder blade and penetrated her heart, killing her almost instantly. Bembenek then bolted past the boys in the hallway and headed out the door.

For 30 minutes, Sean tried his best to stop the flow of blood, which was now pooling beneath his mother's lifeless form. He called his mother's boyfriend, Milwaukee police officer Stewart Honeck, who raced to the house and called for backup. Among the officers who would eventually arrive was 33-year-old detective Elfred Schultz Jr., newly wedded husband of Laurie Bembenek and ex-husband of the now-deceased Christine Schultz.

Nicknamed "Bambi" by the press, Bembenek was portrayed by the prosecution during her February 1982 trial as being a loose woman with financial troubles, addicted to expensive living. The defendant, they alleged, wanted Christine dead so her new husband wouldn't have to pay alimony to his ex-wife.

Shortly before the murder, the courts had ruled that Elfred would have to pay $363 in child support every month and cover a $383-a-month mortgage on the house he had built with his own hands—and in which Christine continued to live. That amounted to nearly half of the detective's pay and meant that Laurie and her husband would need to find a cheaper apartment.

Assistant District Attorney Robert Kraemer told the jury at trial that Bembenek had been charged "not because she's beautiful...not because she likes to compete with men...not because she prefers a career over having children...but because she needlessly and brutally murdered Christine Schultz."

In her book *Run, Bambi, Run,*

Midwest media circus: Bembenek at her 1982 murder trial.

Kris Radish described the accused murderess as "one of those radical women's libbers. The kind of women who thought females deserved an equal chance. She was also beautiful. She was tall, with a great set of legs, sky-blue eyes, long, slender figure and a head of thick, blond hair."

It was, according to Bembenek, a "killer bunny bimbette" image fostered by her then Farrah Fawcett-style hairdo and trashy good looks. The fact that she had appeared as a scantily clad Miss March in a 1978 Schlitz beer calendar only added to the titillation.

Laurie "Bambi" Bembenek was convicted of murder in 1982, then released on parole after serving ten years. This mug shot is from a 1996 marijuana arrest.

Like her ex-husband, Bembenek also had ties to the Milwaukee P.D. She had been a cop for six months, having graduated sixth in her class at the academy. However, she had been booted off the force for allegedly not reporting former roommate and former cop Judy Zess for having been in possession of marijuana at a rock concert.

Months before the murder, Bembenek filed a subsequent lawsuit, charging the department with discrimination. When U.S. Federal Attorney James Morrison began investigating allegations that the Milwaukee P.D. was misusing hundreds of thousands of dollars of affirmative action funds and firing minorities on flimsy grounds, Bembenek came forward to say that women were being hired and quickly fired to satisfy federal quotas and take advantage of employment equity grants. By the time of the murder, Bembenek had become a thorn in the department's side.

Although Bembenek would claim she'd been set up by the local police because she was a troublemaker, the case against her was strong. She had spent the evening of the murder with her mother, packing up the apartment in anticipation of the impending move to more affordable digs. By 11:15 p.m. her mother had left, and her husband remained on duty, giving her access to keys to the victim's home and to her husband's off-duty revolver—the firearm that would later prove to have been the murder weapon.

There were no witnesses who could place Bembenek outside her apartment that night, but several claimed to have seen her wearing a green jogging suit. A sewer pipe leading from Bembenek's apartment had contained a reddish-brown wig matching the one described by the Schultz sons. Moreover, a brown synthetic hair recovered from Christine Schultz's leg was similar to the fibers taken from that same wig, and two human hairs recovered from the gag matched strands taken from Bembenek's hairbrush.

The only other potential suspect in the investigation was Bembenek's husband, Elfred. Christine Schultz had divorced Elfred just six months before her death, after 11 rocky years of marriage. She had complained to her attorney after the divorce that she was afraid of Elfred, who just weeks before the murder had reportedly threatened to "blow her fucking head off." Christine also said she felt she was being followed and won-

Whatever Happened to Bambi?

BY LARRY WICHMAN

> BEMBENEK ESCAPES

Laurie "Bambi" Bembenek would file numerous appeals to have her conviction overturned. All were based on sloppy police work, and none were ever found to be of sufficient merit. So on July 15, 1990, Bambi escaped from the Taycheedah Correctional Institution with the help of a male friend. Together they spent three months on the run in Thunder Bay, Canada. The incident gave hope to the ranks of Bembenek supporters, who wore T-shirts and bought bumper stickers reading "Run, Bambi, Run!"

When caught, Bambi sought refugee status in Canada, claiming she was being persecuted by the judicial system in Wisconsin. Incredibly, the Canadian government reviewed the case and—before turning Bambi over—obtained a commitment that Milwaukee officials would conduct a judicial review. Although the review did not find evidence of criminal wrongdoing by investigators or prosecutors, neither side wanted to risk a new trial. As a result, Bembenek was allowed to plead no contest to second-degree murder and received a reduced, 20-year sentence, ten years of which were to be served on parole.

In November 1992, Bambi Bembenek was a free woman.

> BEMBENEK LOSES DNA APPEAL

After winning a 2002 court order for DNA testing of crime scene evidence—a procedure not available during her 1982 trial—Bambi's hopes to secure a new trial were dashed on June 16, 2004, when Judge Jeffrey Conen ruled the DNA evidence presented in her case was insufficient to convince him that she would have been acquitted had it been available at trial.

> BAMBI SUES DR. PHIL

In the most bizarre episode of this story, Bembenek was forced to have her foot amputated after falling from the window of a Los Angeles hotel while awaiting a special taping of the *Dr. Phil Show* in November 2002. Producers had brought Bambi to L.A. for an appearance in which she was expected to hear new DNA test results on the show for the first time. To shield her from media reports about the findings, producers had placed Bambi under "bodyguard-type" surveillance, and the effect had been devastating.

After seven months of solitary confinement in prison, her lawyers claimed, Bembenek had become claustrophobic. As a result, Bambi allegedly suffered a panic attack during which she tied bed sheets together as a rope with which to escape, but fell from the second floor after the sheets unraveled.

Bembenek has since filed suit against the *Dr. Phil Show*, claiming negligence and intentional infliction of emotional distress.

dered if it had something to do with new boyfriend Stewart Honeck, who was known to bear animosity toward Elfred, with whom he had once shared an apartment.

Bembenek's investigators would later suspect Elfred of having set Bembenek up for turning in photos of him dancing nude at a public function when she was still on the force—thus killing off his wife while getting back at Bembenek in the process. They pointed to the odd timing of the relationship. Elfred and Christine had gotten divorced in November 1980. In December the detective approached Bembenek in a bar and asked her to be his jogging partner. He proposed a month later, and the couple was married on January 30, 1981.

Bembenek claimed she was confused and unhappy when she met Schultz. "I was having a very bad year," she told *People* magazine. "I was very vulnerable. I felt shattered over the loss of my career. I was looking for something, and I didn't know what I was looking for."

For police investigators, Detective Elfred Schultz made a lousy suspect. He had been on duty with his partner, Detective Michael Durfee, the night of the murder. His whereabouts could be verified—he was allegedly handling a burglary report when he received the news about the Schultz murder.

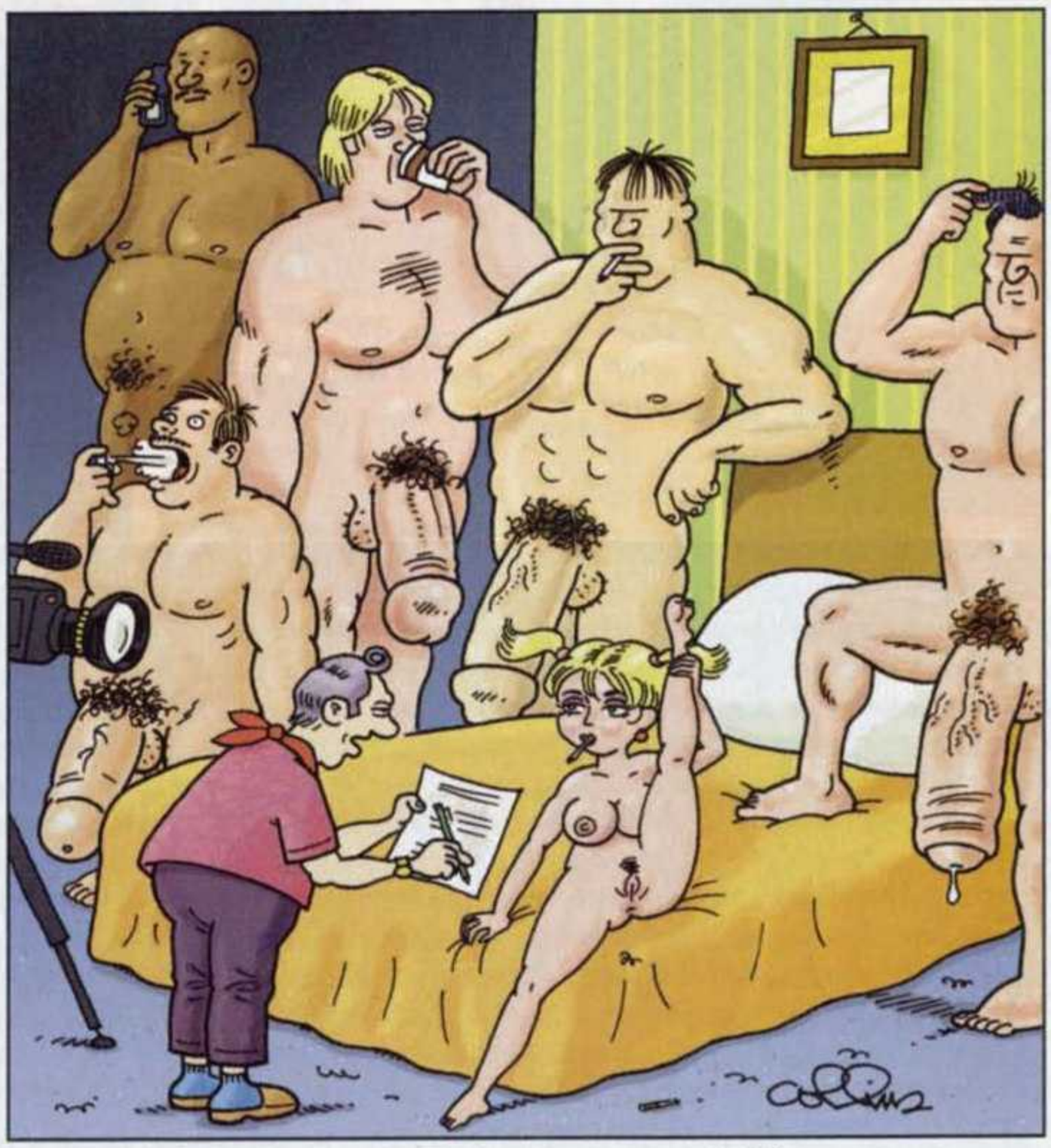
Elfred would later testify he had tried to call his wife at 2:40 a.m., but found the line busy. At 2:45, Bembenek finally answered, appearing to have just woken up. At the morgue, while viewing Christine's body, she showed a lack of emotion.

Bambi Bembenek's trial in Milwaukee created a circus-like media frenzy, with a noisy crowd of spectators and national reporters cramming the 144-seat courtroom every day. The high point came when Bembenek took the stand in her own defense—and promptly blew it. The accused murderess denied every detail of the state's case, even going so far as to testify wearing a frilly, overly chaste "*Little House on the Prairie* blouse," as one reporter called it. To many, she seemed to be denying her very essence: an intensely physical young woman who oozed sensuality and flaunted her beauty at bars and parties. When speaking about Christine Schultz, her testimony sounded indifferent.

"Maybe I should have made [the testimony] sound better and more compassionate," she would later tell the press.

After three days of deliberation, the jury found Bembenek guilty of first-degree murder. She was sentenced to life in prison in the Taycheedah Correctional Institution in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin.

Elfred Schultz, who was no longer welcome in the police department after the killing, moved to South Florida three months later. When he filed for divorce, he sent a brief letter by way of goodbye: "Dear Laurie, Goodbye. Good luck. —Fred."

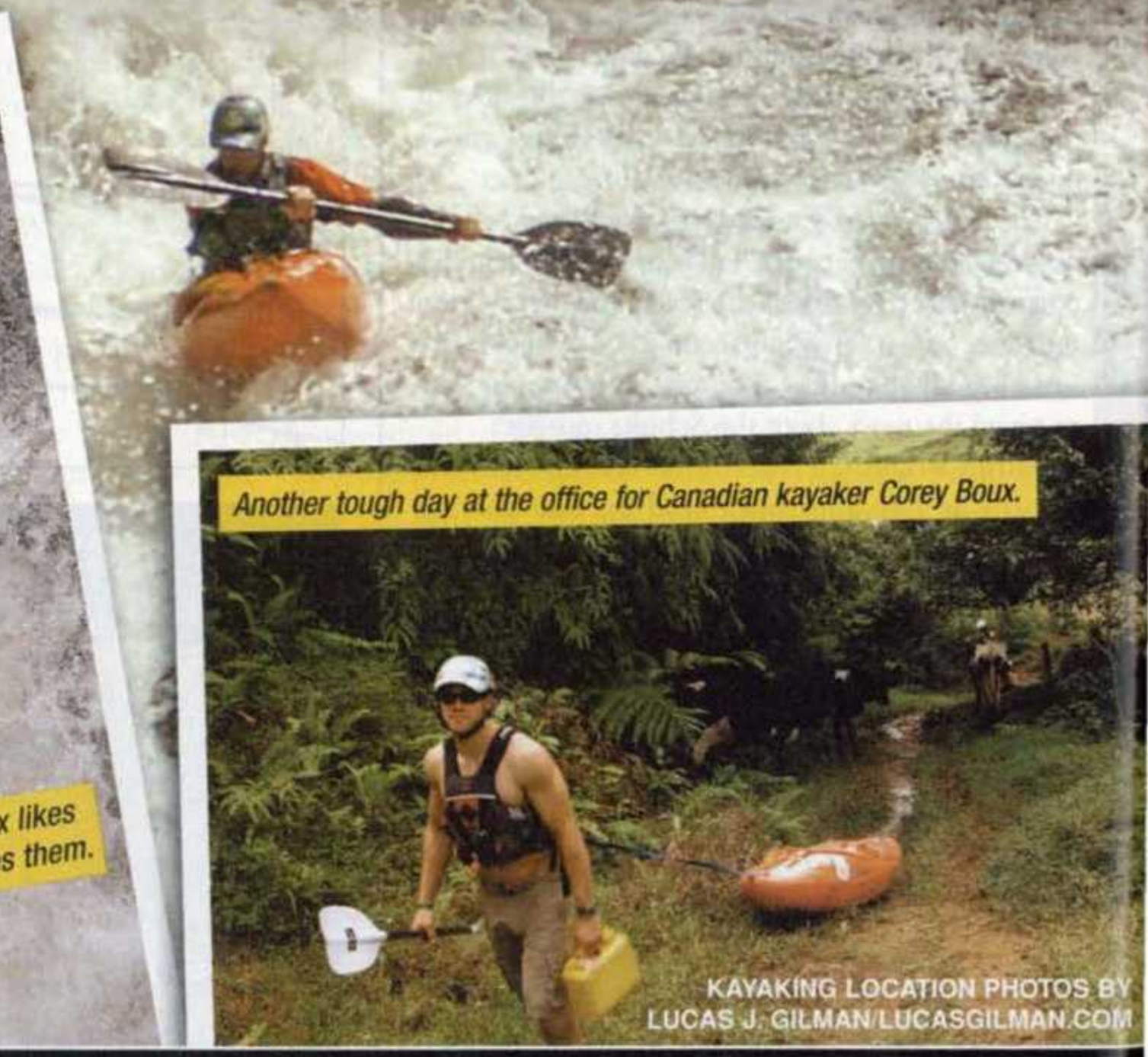


"The producer asked that you sign a liability waiver before we start shooting."

Taking the

Corey Boux, renowned kayaker porn stud, shows HUSTLER how

In one of his worlds the adventurous Boux likes receiving face-shots; in the other he gives them.



Another tough day at the office for Canadian kayaker Corey Boux.

KAYAKING LOCATION PHOTOS BY LUCAS J. GILMAN/LUCASGILMAN.COM

COREY BOUX was thoroughly drenched and exhausted, but he still wanted the money-shot. His beautiful co-star, on the other hand, wasn't wet enough; so the support crew had to wait until she started begging for Boux (pronounced *books*) to have his way. When told to proceed, the fearless Canadian slapped on a helmet, slid into his trusty kayak and paddled toward his co-star—a majestic Costa Rican waterfall called La Paz.

This potentially deadly run was difficult even for a sponsored aficionado like Boux, who has appeared in dozens of films and magazines devoted to kayaking. La Paz is a series of cascades, with a 50-foot fall pooling into an awe-inspiring 85-footer. Before Boux could run either of them, he had to clear the course. Holding up the show was a meddlesome log blocking access to the main drop.

Working on three hours sleep, the 26-year-old from Kamloops, British Columbia, rappelled down a cliff, tied himself to a safety line, swam into the river a few feet above the daunting waterfall and cut the log away with a folding saw. Then Boux paddled himself off 13 stories of river rapids. A photo of his subsequent descent even appeared in *ESPN The Magazine*, allowing hundreds of thousands of people to see the kayaker's triumph.

Not pictured was the daredevil back home in B.C., unemployed, burned out and totally broke. "I had not even ten dollars to my name," recalls Boux, who had been told upon returning from Central America that his contracting job ripping up old carpets had been filled during his absence. Kayakers, even sponsored ones like Boux, have a better chance paying rent by collecting glass bottles for recycling than by notching "first descents" or hucking off huge waterfalls.

For extra cash, Boux launched a second career. In April 2003 he showed up on the set of *Jizz Quiz*, a sexually oriented Internet game show. Broke and dreaming of another exotic envelope-pushing trip, Boux made the plunge into XXX films, adopting the alias Justin Cyder. In the past year alone the boner-sporting boater racked up more than

Plunge

and hardy he gets wet.

BY BURT WALKER

Paddlin' & pumpin' away: Boux gives his XXX squeeze (and real-life girlfriend), Tiny Tobi, long, hard strokes.

100 scenes, making him one of Canada's top male adult performers.

Boux's sexual prowess came as no surprise to his kayak buddies. "He was always a porn star in his own right," says Brad Ludden, 24, one of the sport's top paddlers. "He just didn't get paid." For one of his early forays into smut, Boux asked Ludden to borrow a friend's videocamera. Ludden figured Boux wanted to shoot another waterfall stunt. "No," Boux explained. "There are these two girls..."

"Corey's a passionate performer," says Canadian porn magnate Jake Sweet. "He gets really caught up in a scene. It takes a certain type of personality to drop an 80-foot waterfall, and it takes a certain personality to be a porn star. Corey has both. With both of them you gotta be a little bit fucked-up to begin with."

"Filming kayaking is similar to filming porn," Boux says. "You scout; but if you're waiting for the good light, you can lose that excited feeling, and you can get nervous. You just put your emotions behind you and make the calculations you need to do it." On that note, Boux did 20 hard-core scenes with his current girlfriend (a petite blonde named Tiny Tobi) before the couple realized their relationship could be more than just film fodder.

Nicknamed "Horsecock" by industry friends, Boux usually does a good job shutting out his emotions on set. To make an upcoming scene even more exciting, he won't talk to the female performers, especially if they're hot.

Unfortunately, Boux's success in the porn world has come at a steep price. "Half the [kayak] industry has shunned him," Ludden claims. Although Boux doesn't know which sponsorships have passed him up due to his alternative profession, he's still confident.

"A lot of people won't bring it up to me if they have a problem," Boux says. "Maybe I've missed opportunities because of it. But I love fucking, and now I've found a way to make money at it."

See more of Corey Boux a/k/a Justin Cyder at CoreyBucks.com and OlogyProductions.com.

XXX PHOTOS BY KRIS ROME, CARDIAC MEDIA INC.

BY LARRY BEINHART

SMOKESC

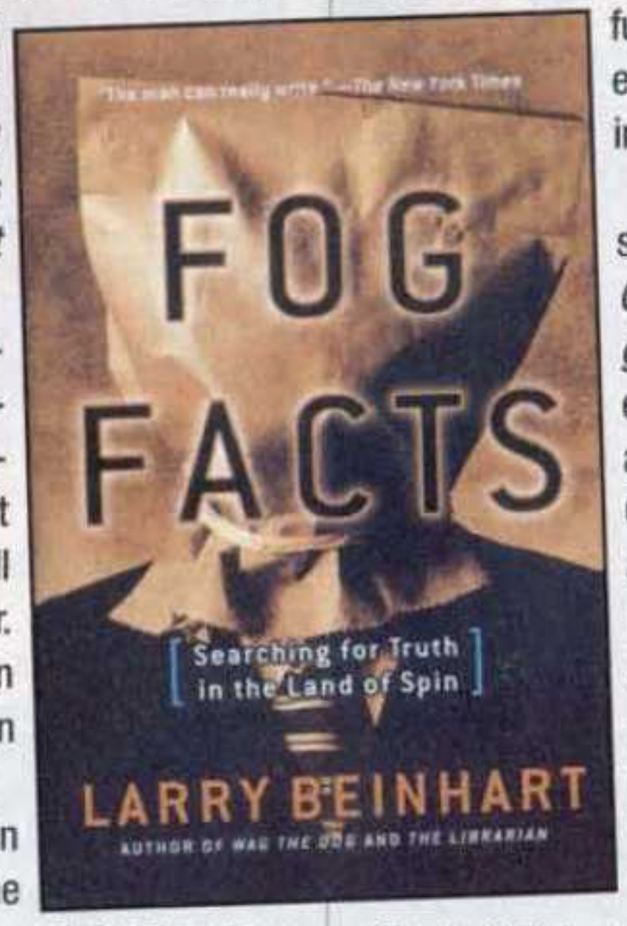
IN THE LAND OF SPIN, THE TRUTH IS

DOCTRINE

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS the Soviet Union systematically erased millions of people. They were summarily executed or shipped off to Siberia, and notable figures were excised from history books. Archives were raided to destroy documents and doctor old photos so it would appear that these individuals had never existed.

Here in modern-day America, that's not the case. Yet somehow things disappear. Hordes of important facts simply vanish into the mist and become Fog Facts. But how is that accomplished?

Call it the Soft Machine. [*Editor's Note: Basically an invisible mechanism that turns ideas and emotions into dollar signs. The Soft Machine, a term borrowed from radical writer William S. Burroughs, manufactures our consent using the media and consumerism, convincing us it's doing us a favor and making our lives better, when it is actually distorting the truth and rendering dissent harmless.*]


"The man can really write."—The New York Times
FOG FACTS
Searching for Truth in the Land of Spin
LARRY BEINHART
AUTHOR OF WAG THE DOG AND THE LIBRARIAN

We imagine the news media as some sort of neutral entity. That it works like an air filter, taking everything in, eliminating what we don't need and transmitting all the important stuff. But the media doesn't work like that. Some news is automatic: baseball scores, bad weather, dead popes, declarations of war. But most news originates as a press release. When the Little League schedule appears in a small-town newspaper, it's only because the coach sent it over.

News, as its name proclaims, is what's new. On its own, a news item disappears in a day. If someone wants news to stay in the public eye, they have to push it. They have to do it creatively, so it can get *re*newed, and thus re-reported, day after day. That takes time, effort and money. Usually it's done by professionals. And while they're at it, they'll shape it, emphasize the parts that will serve your client's ends and de-emphasize, dismiss and disparage those things that do not.

George W. Bush and his administration desperately wanted a war in Iraq. They wanted it before 9/11, then made the attacks a pretext to launch the product, using terrorism and WMDs to market it. This is well documented. It is so well documented that when the secret Downing Street Memo was disclosed, the mainstream media did not report it. As the *New York Times* explained, it wasn't news. In its opinion, the information had been out for years.

News professionals may have known it, but the American people didn't. Here's why.

When Scott Ritter, the chief weapons inspector in the '90s, came out and said that Iraq's WMDs had been eliminated, or were so old as to be useless, it was reported *once*. When Hans Blix, the new chief weapons inspector, reported in his thoughtful, balanced, scientific way—with subclauses and qualifications—that the inspection teams had been pretty much everywhere they wanted to go and hadn't found *anything*, it was also reported once. A person who was reasonably knowledgeable about the Middle East knew that the secular Saddam Hussein and the Islamic fundamentalist Osama bin Laden were natural and sworn enemies. Since that was a condition, not a "new" piece of information, it was rarely, if ever, included in the coverage.

When the President of the United States mentioned such words as *WMDs, terrorism, terrorists, linked to al Qaeda, killed his own people, evil dictator, smoking gun could be a mushroom cloud*, it was widely reported. When he said any of them again, it was reported again. When they were voiced by Vice President Dick Cheney, Condoleezza Rice or Colin Powell (with his audiovisual aids and assorted props), the media reported their statements without question or contradiction. So the causes for war—all false—were reported hundreds and thousands of times, then they were echoed and repeated and elaborated upon. Television news programs worked up great graphics for the "Countdown to Iraq," with music and sound effects that beat the drums for war in much the same way military bands marching through the streets used to do in earlier centuries.

The truth, which was available, disappeared for lack of repetition. For lack of framing. For lack of interested parties who would spend the time, effort and huge sums of money necessary to promote it.

Nonetheless, we get *something* from the Downing Street Memo. It makes it clear that selling the war on the basis of *WMDs in conjunction with terrorism* was not an innocent error. It was not because the President received misinformation from his intelligence services. It was a deliberate choice.

If that's the case, then we have to ask *why?* If those reasons were false, what were the real reasons for invading Iraq? And how did the pretext for invasion further the neocon agenda?

REEN AT CONSTANT RISK.

★Oil.

★It permitted the United States to make its imperial lunge.

★It broke the restraints of international law and established that the U.S. could invade a sovereign nation because it decided it wanted to and because it could get away with it. Nor was the U.S. bound by the Geneva Conventions.

★It broke the back of American civil liberties: the presumption that we are all equal before the law and that everyone, under any circumstance, was entitled to the protections of the Constitution. Terrorists were beneath the law and—in the opinion of White House counsel—the President, as commander in chief, was above and beyond it.

★It made George W. Bush a "war President" and got him reelected.

★It gave him "political capital" with which to push through other measures.

In the search for truth in the land of spin, we have to realize that spin is what people say. The real truth is revealed in what they do.

We should do the same with the Bush Administration's fiscal policies. Our leaders may talk about "jobs and stimulus" packages, maintain they want to save Social Security and deny they're causing "class warfare." But look at what every budget and every proposal actually does. The ultimate purpose of Bushonomics is to use the government to collect money from ordinary taxpayers, then give it to corporations and the elite rich.

Scrutinizing Bush and Cheney's personal business careers leads to two troubling discoveries. First, they each got rich—George W. to the tune of around $15 million [see *Bush's Ballpark Swindle*, beginning on page 56] and Cheney to the tune of $44 million—by using the government to get money from taxpayers, then giving it to corporations and walking away with their chunk. Second, both men left every business they were in charge of bankrupt or headed for bankruptcy, while they walked off with smiles on their faces. Once their days in office are over, it will be no surprise if Bush and Cheney leave America fiscally devastated, laughing all the way to the bank.

When we look at the facts—particularly fiscal rectitude, balanced budgets, expanding the role of government, issues of personal freedom—we discover that in many ways the traditional liberal and conservative divisions no longer make sense.

The new left/right split—based on what they do, not labels—is between the faith-based community and the reality-based community. Faith needs no facts. Reality does.

Televangelist Pat Robertson claims he turned back two hurricanes with prayer. Good for him. A competent, fact-based FEMA would have been a great deal more helpful during Hurricane Katrina. A fact-based commander in chief might have planned for the postwar occupation of Iraq, instead of expecting the miraculous, instantaneous creation of democracy and the magical emergence of a viable infrastructure.

Facts are the light in the dark. Trail markers in the wilderness. Without them,we wander off into the fog, and in the fog, we go off the road, crash into a tree, plunge merrily over a cliff or sink into a quagmire.

FOG FACTS

BY LARRY BEINHART

GEORGE W. BUSH calls his tax cuts for rich people "stimulus and jobs" packages. As of May 2005, under his administration, 893,000 jobs were created—917,000 new government jobs and a loss of 24,000 in the private sector. By comparison, 18 million jobs were created during the eight years of the Clinton Administration.

Dick Cheney avoided Vietnam War duty by getting draft deferments. First he went to college. Then he got married. On October 26, 1965, the Selective Service ended the exemption for married men without children. The future Vice President immediately got his wife pregnant, and the couple's first child was born nine months and two days later.

Ah, when businessmen run government! Secretary of Defense **Donald Rumsfeld** reported in 2001 that "according to some estimates, we cannot track $2.3 trillion in transactions." He had also lost track of 56 airplanes, 32 tanks and 36 Javelin missile command units.

After the invasion of Iraq and the Kay and Deufler reports—both of which stated there were no WMDs and no programs to produce them—72% of Bush supporters believed that there had been one or the other. Fifty-six percent also thought that most experts agreed with them. It is literally true to say that George W. Bush was reelected by the delusional.

Insider trading? Senate Majority leader **Bill Frist** (R-Tennessee) had a "blind trust" sell his shares in his family company, HCA Inc. Oddly, they were at their peak when he sold and fell a month later.

In July 1990, board member Bush bailed out of Harken Energy. When the August statement came out, the stock fell 40%. The difference, for George, was more than $300,000.

When **Dick Cheney** left Halliburton, he sold out at $52 a share. Two months later the company revealed it was doing much worse than expected. The market price of Halliburton stock plunged 11% in one day. Then there was the SEC investigation. By July 2002, each share was worth around $13. The overall loss for Cheney would have been more than $20 million.

The U.S. Congress generously allocated $18 billion for the reconstruction of Iraq. As soon as lawmakers put reporting requirements on that money, the Coalition Provisional Authority stopped spending it. By the time the CPA was dissolved, less than a billion had been spent. But the CPA had found $19 billion allocated by the U.N. Development Fund for Iraq. Since there were no reporting requirements on it, the occupiers were only too happy to burn through that cash. All but half a billion was spent, and no one knows where it went.

In 2000, **Al Gore** got more countable votes than **Bush** in Florida. The same news organizations that discovered the truth made sure that the average person wouldn't know it from reading the stories they wrote.

There were more than 100,000 civilian casualties in Iraq, mostly from coalition bombing, missiles and artillery. Bush says there were 30,000.

At Nuremburg we would not permit the Nazis charged with war crimes to use "I was only following orders" in their defense. Sixty years later, White House counsels **Alberto Gonzales**, **John Yoo** and **Jay Bybee** came up with a theory that the President could order torture when he was acting as commander in chief. If someone obeyed him, "following orders" would be a valid defense should charges ever be brought, even in an American court.

The Hustler Honeys Have Arrived

All Locations Feature
• Premium Selection of Wine & Spirits • Private Couch Dance Areas
• Private Theme Rooms • Private Champagne Rooms

LARRY FLYNT'S®
HUSTLER CLUB
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

: New York, NY : San Francisco, CA : New Orleans, LA : Baltimore, MD : St. Louis, MO : San Diego, CA : Westminster, CA : Redlands, CA: Shreveport, LA : Paris, France

Grab My
Tits and
FUCK ME
FROM BEHIND!

1-800-BLACK-ASS

2.98 PER/MIN. ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

THE NEW EVOLUTION HAS BEGUN

SINEPLEX

20 TITLES PRODUCED MONTHLY

SINSATIONAL

www.Sineplex.com

www.Sinsational.com

BRAND NEW LOOK SAME GREAT SEX

JO

SEX ON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

& EVE ANGEL

THE BEACH

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "IN THE SUMMERTIME" BY MUNGO JERRY

In the summertime, when
the weather is high,
you can reach right up
and touch the sky.
In the summertime
you got women, you
got women on your mind.

Take a look right here at
those tasty tits
and those awesome bods
we like to get with it.
In the summertime,
we see women,
and we want some 69.

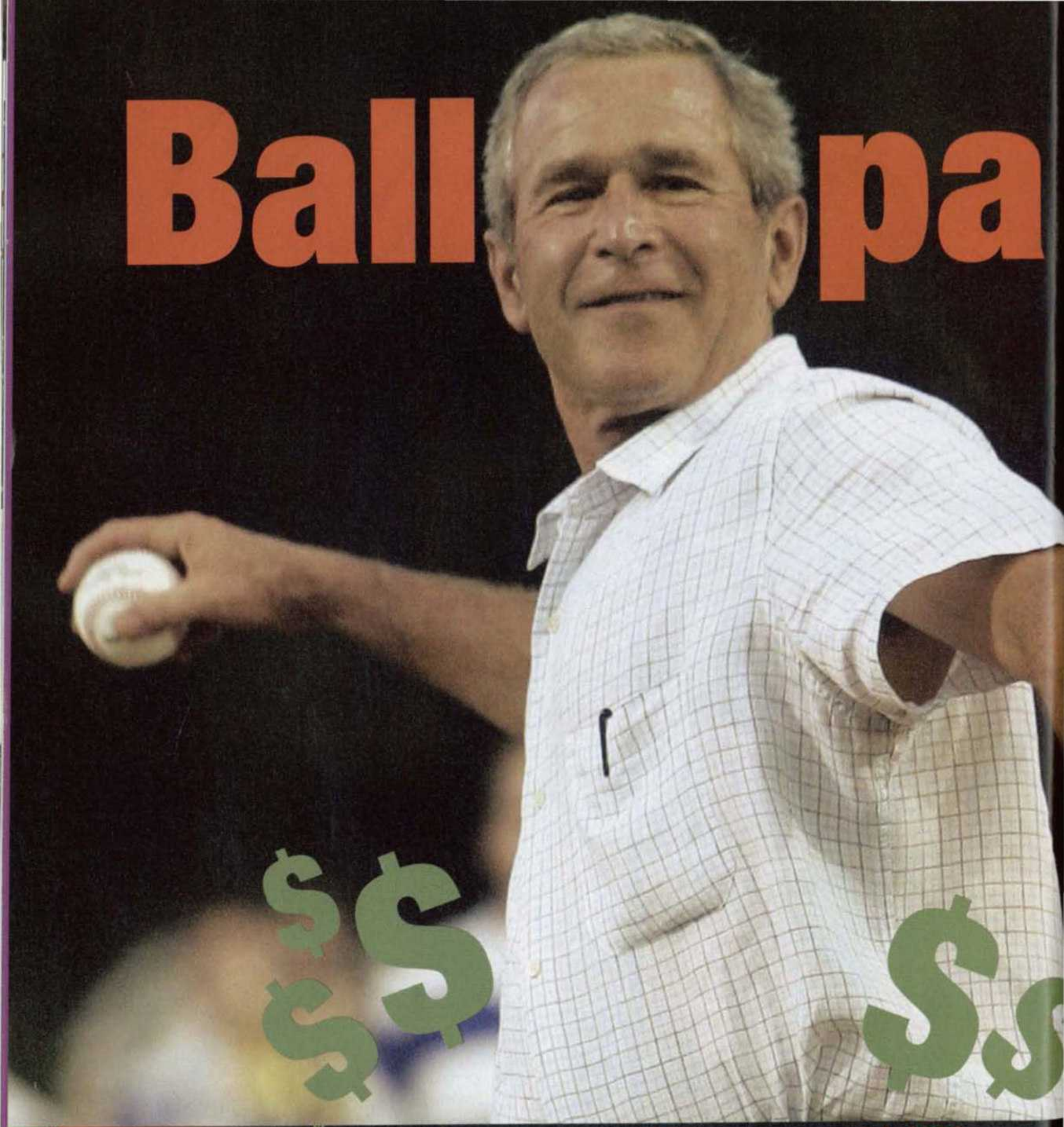
Take a peek at them as they heat the beach.
Into each other's snatch we love to watch them reach.
Now they're rockin' to a beat and lookin' ready to be taken from behind!

Next they dildo-fuck on
that silly raft.
See the fun they have;
watch them smile
and laugh.
Watch Eve drive it in.
Watch Jo moan and groan.
God, they're both so hot.
Gives us all a bone-R.

Come along with us,
de-dee-dee-dee-dee.
As they fuck and suck,
we're so hap-happy.
It's the summertime.
We love women
who love women,
and they grind.

Man, do we love the
summertime!

Ball pa



Play-by-Play: Fat-cat Cronies in the Dugout

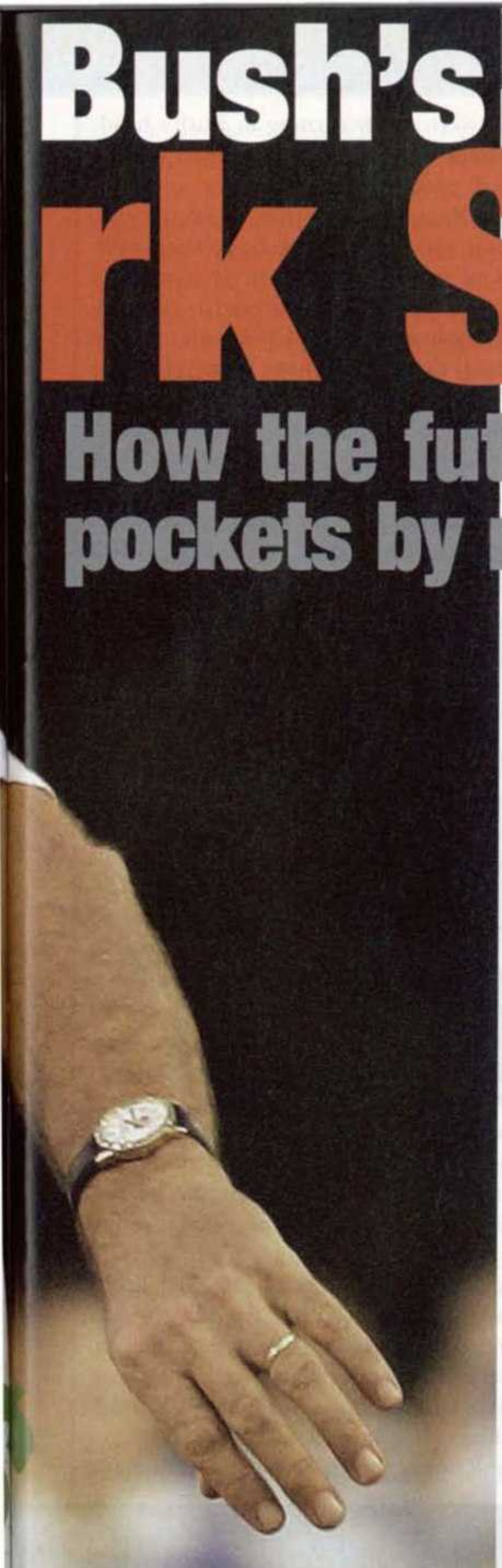
By Robert Bryce

1988	1989	July 1989
George W. Bush, while working on his father's Presidential campaign, learns that Fort Worth oilman Eddie Chiles is putting the Texas Rangers baseball team up for sale. That November, George Herbert Walker Bush wins the White House.	George W. helps put together a syndicate to buy the team. Price: $89 million. W. finances his small stake by borrowing $500,000 from a pal's bank in Midland. Bush becomes managing general partner, with a $200,000 annual salary and an equity acceleration clause that gives him a larger percentage interest in the team if it is subsequently sold. He immediately begins lobbying for a new stadium for the Rangers.	Under Bush's adroit leadership, the team trades 20-year-old prospect Sammy Sosa to the Chicago White Sox. After being dealt to the Chicago Cubs, the slugger becomes a superstar. Now with the Baltimore Orioles, Sosa has 588 career home runs and 1,575 RBIs.

Bush's rk Swindle

BY ROBERT BRYCE

How the future President lined his pockets by robbing Texas taxpayers



THERE ARE MANY PAGES in the George W. Bush book of cronyism. But the most sordid section of that tome is Bush's landgrab in the early 1990s involving the Texas Rangers baseball team, a topic that became relevant again last June. That is when the Supreme Court, in a 5-to-4 ruling, decreed that cities could seize private land and turn it over to land speculators for new developments.

The landmark decision involved the city of New London, Connecticut, which seized property from a group of families for development of a $270-million research center by the drug giant Pfizer. The High Court's decision outraged conservatives and liberals alike. The Cato Institute, a Libertarian group, said the ruling means, "No one's property is safe. Any time a government official thinks someone else can make better use of your property, he can order it condemned and transferred."

In the wake of that decision, several states rushed to pass laws limiting a city's ability to use eminent domain laws to seize land. One of the first states to do so was Texas. In October '05 (right about the time Scooter Libby was being indicted), Governor Rick Perry signed into law a measure limiting land seizure for private developments.

"I draw the line when the government begins to pick winners and losers among competing private interests, and the loser is the poor Texan who owns the land to begin with," said Perry, the man who succeeded Bush in the Texas governor's mansion. It's worth noting that Perry didn't mention his pal, George W. Bush. Nor did he talk about the Rangers' home, The Ballpark in Arlington. And for good reason.

Few—if any—land seizure cases in American history are as brazen as the theft Bush and his cronies executed in the Dallas suburb of Arlington. In short, they bought the Rangers baseball franchise, then immediately threatened to move the team unless the city built a new stadium. When the deal went to voters, Bush and his partners promised to pay all stadium-related costs exceeding $135 million. As soon as the measure passed, the Rangers used the city as its proxy to condemn land near the stadium that they didn't own and couldn't afford to buy outright.

To do this, the city of Arlington created a corporation—the Arlington Sports Facilities Development Authority (ASFDA)—signed into law by Democratic Governor Ann Richards. Working under the direction of Bush and his partners, this "public" organization had the power to seize private land needed for stadium construction.

It was the first time in Texas history that a city used its power of eminent domain

1990

A Bush crony, Arlington Mayor Richard Greene crafts a deal asking voters to support a new stadium by raising the sales tax a half cent. The Rangers' owners agree to cover all of the city's construction costs that exceed $135 million. At the time, Mayor Greene is among a group of former executives being sued by federal regulators for alleged involvement in the savings-and-loan scandal.

January 1991

By a 2-to-1 margin, Arlington citizens approve the proposed ballpark. Three months later a group of lawyer-lobbyists working for the Rangers and headed by Ray Hutchison pushes a bill through the Texas legislature that gives quasigovernmental entities (including the Arlington Sports Facilities Development Authority) the power of eminent domain. Wasting no time doing the bidding of Bush and partners, the authority begins seizing property for the Rangers' new home. The affected landowners file suit against the city and the team.

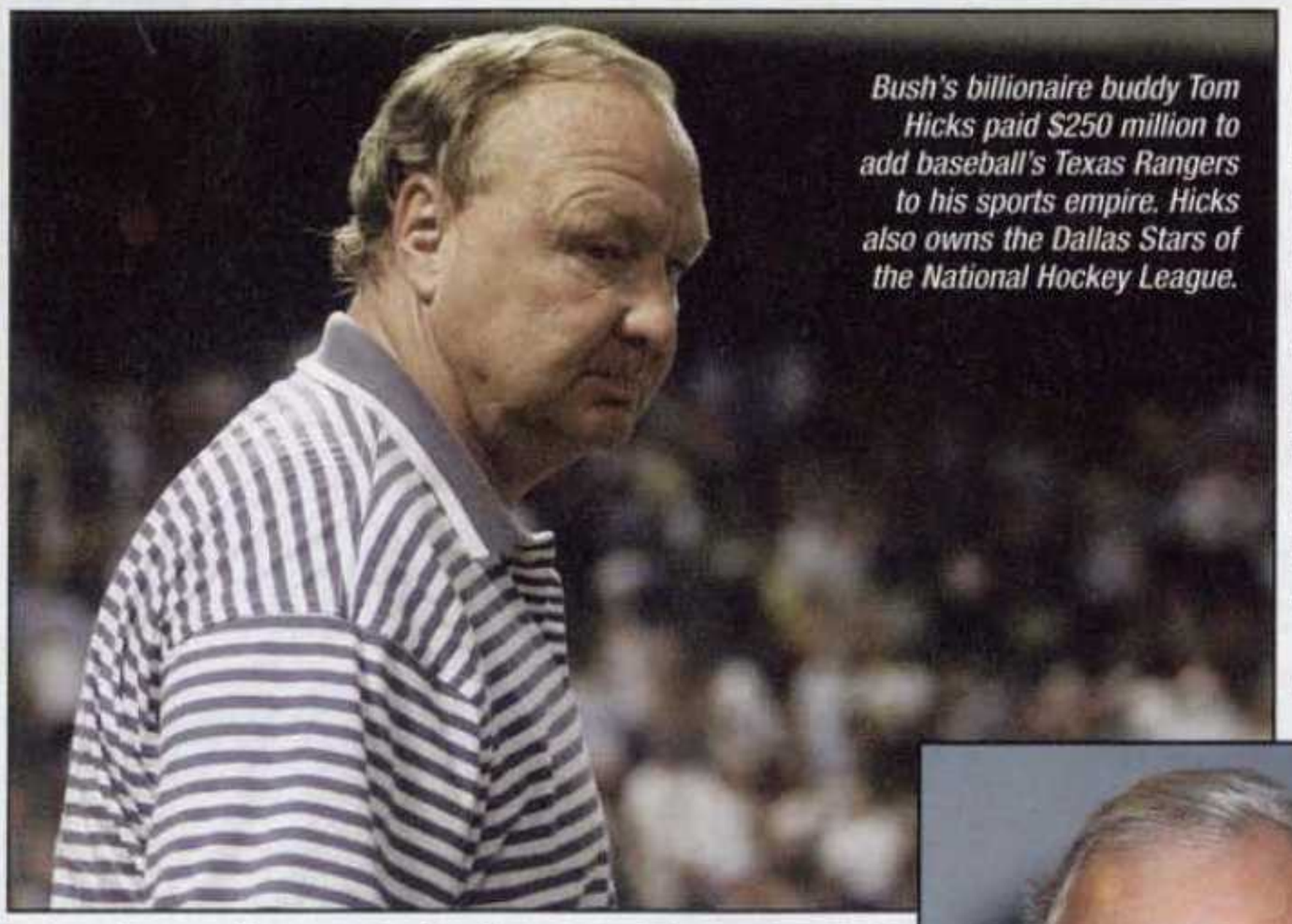
July 1991

Bush increases his stake in the Rangers, bringing his total investment to $606,302.

1993

Defeated by Bill Clinton, President George H.W. Bush vacates the White House. George W. Bush announces his intentions to run for governor of Texas.

Bush's Ballpark Swindle



Bush's billionaire buddy Tom Hicks paid $250 million to add baseball's Texas Rangers to his sports empire. Hicks also owns the Dallas Stars of the National Hockey League.

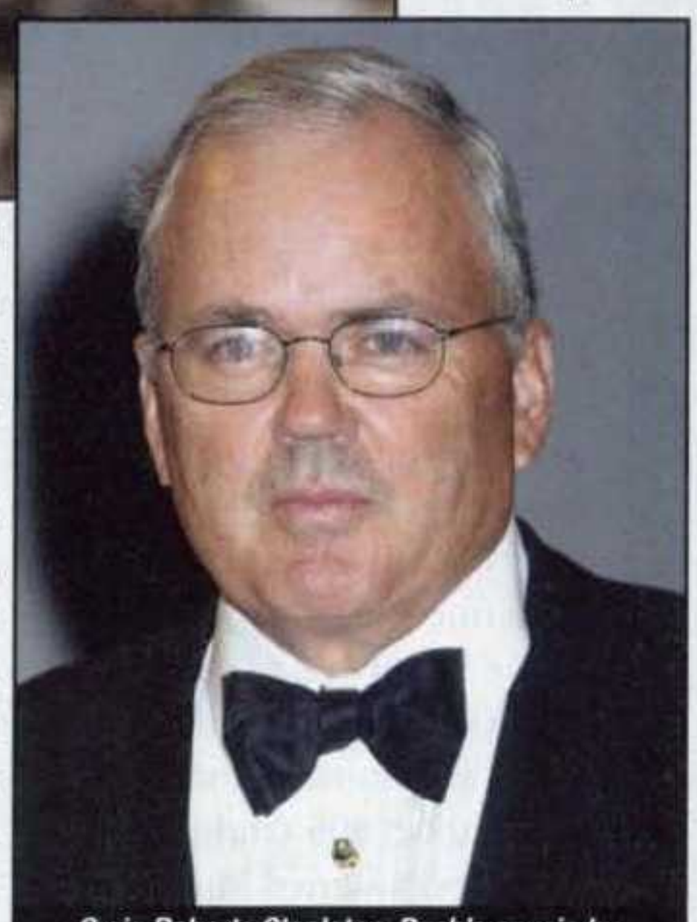
to assist a private organization, much less a baseball team. The Bush cabal didn't just want a stadium; they wanted to speculate on land development *around* the new venue—land owned by hardworking American citizens.

The Fannings' ten-acre horse farm in Arlington was one of the key parcels that Bush and his buddies needed to implement the stadium deal. Bucky Fanning had lived on the farm for 17 years. In 1990 a man representing the Rangers approached him and offered $1 million for his family's land. The Fannings refused; after all, they'd already received higher offers.

A few months later, Arlington condemned their property, paying them $1 million. The Fannings sued, and in late 1998—just before their lawsuit went to trial—the city of Arlington settled for an additional $4 million, which seems substantial. But the lawyers took a third off the top, a large sum went to the IRS, and the remainder was split among the Fannings. Their family farm is now covered by the Rangers stadium parking lot.

Arlington taxpayers, in other words, ended up footing most of the bill for the landgrab.

Back in October 1990, Bush commented on the Rangers' real estate plans in the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*: "The idea of making a land play—to plunk the field down in the middle of a big piece of land—that's kind of always been the strategy," Bush told reporters.



Craig Roberts Stapleton: Bush's cousin by marriage and current U.S. Ambassador to France.

The gears were slowly turning in Bush's head, but the strategy was actually executed by Mike Reilly, an Arlington real estate broker and part owner of the Rangers. Reilly was given the task of negotiating with recalcitrant landowners who didn't want to sell their property. It was Reilly who wrote a memo—later uncovered by lawyers working for families whose land had been seized—which showed that the owners were planning to use Arlington's eminent domain authority three months *before* the stadium referendum even went to voters.

With regard to one housing tract, Reilly wrote: "In this particular situation our first offer should be our final offer. ... If this fails, we will probably have to initiate condemnation proceedings after the bond election passes."

He went on to say that the Rangers owners should tell the city to establish development standards for the area *around* the stadium. "By doing this, no one within a certain radius of the ballpark development could get a plat or building permit without the city's approval. The development standards established by ordinance would give you a tremendous amount of 'quiet' control over the land parcels you do not own in this area." [*Editor's Note: Underscoring on "no one" is in original document.*]

Shortly after the stadium deal was consummated, another insider—Bush's cousin, Craig Stapleton—sent a letter to the Rangers' management saying that he was willing to "advise" the team on the "residual real estate" around the stadium. Stapleton went on to say, "I think we have quite a play."

Indeed they did. In fact, it was a bona fide home run. Shortly after the stadium was completed in 1993, the value of the Rangers ball club jumped from $106 million to $132 million, according to the annual assessment of major-league sports franchises conducted by *Financial World* magazine. By 1996 the magazine upped the franchise's value to $173 million.

As the value of the Rangers franchise soared, Bush made

Play-by-Play: Fat-cat Cronies in the Dugout

1994

The Ballpark in Arlington opens. Bush is elected governor, but retains his minority ownership of the team.

May 1996

After years of litigation a jury sides with the landowners, saying that the sports authority had not paid a fair price for the property it had condemned for use by the Rangers. The plaintiffs are awarded $5 million. The Rangers, despite a promise to cover all stadium construction costs exceeding $135 million, refuse to pay the additional land acquisition costs.

October 1996

Financial World magazine raises the estimated value of the Texas Rangers to $173 million. Stadium revenues, $25.5 million that year, are the highest in baseball.

June 1998

Bush crony Tom Hicks purchases the Rangers for $250 million, the second-highest amount ever paid for a Major League Baseball team. Bush pockets $14.9 million—a 24-fold return on his investment.

November 1998

W. wins a second term as governor of Texas.

January 1999

The Rangers' new owner agrees to pay off the debts related to litigation over the sports authority's condemnation of private land for the stadium. Hicks's solution: raise ticket prices. Bush and his sidekicks make no contribution to this settlement.

March 1999

Bush forms an official committee to explore interest in his running for President of the United States, the first step toward securing the Republican nomination in 2000.

certain to retain control of his ownership interest in the team, which was by far his most valuable single investment. His other assets—stocks and other business interests—went into a blind trust.

Getting ready for a Presidential run, in the summer of '98 he sold the team to Dallas zillionaire Tom Hicks, who shelled out $250 million. For his stake in the team, Bush collected $14.9 million. He told the press, "I made more money than I ever dreamed I would make."

The proceeds from the baseball deal allowed Bush to buy his own land—1,583 acres, to be exact—just a few months after he closed with Hicks. He and his wife, Laura, purchased a former pig farm in Crawford, Texas. The ranch—which Bush solemnly christened "Prairie Chapel"—sits just a few miles north of Fort Hood, a locale once known as "the largest military installation in the Free World."

Bucky Fanning and his mother, Maree, have never been invited to Crawford. Nor will they be, yet their onetime home in Arlington helped Bush buy Prairie Chapel, which includes a 10,000-square-foot residence.

Maree Fanning made her feelings about Bush very clear in 2000. "If I saw him today, I'd say 'Bite my ass,'" she told me.

Bucky's feelings mimic those of his mother. Asked about Bush, he said, "I still don't like him." Bucky, who now owns a used-car lot in Whitney, a small town about 35 miles north of Crawford, then added: "A lot of people don't like him now."

The Fannings have little hope in Perry's new state law designed to protect landowners like them. Bucky points to the fact that Arlington just recently condemned the properties of dozens of homeowners and businesses in order to clear space for a new $650-million football stadium for the Dallas Cowboys. The team's owner—oil magnate Jerry Jones—hopes to have the facility ready by 2009.

"When push comes to shove," Bucky Fanning says, "the city and the bigwigs—the people who have all the money in the first place—they're going to find a way around it. It's just more bullshit."

2000

Bush gets the GOP nod, then wins the White House after an extended recount in Florida.

2003

Former Arlington Mayor Richard Greene is named Regional Administrator for Region 6 of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, headquartered in Dallas. The EPA's Christie Whitman says Greene was chosen because of "his vast experience in urban issues."

2004

Garnering a corporate sponsor, the Rangers' ballpark is renamed Ameriquest Field in Arlington. Bush is reelected.

2005

The Texas Rangers finish the 2005 season with a 79-83 record, 16 games out of first place in the American League West.

"Officer, I demand you arrest that whore for discrimination! She won't fuck Republicans!"

Janice Dickinson

Mouna Ayoub

FLESH

FAMOUS

Expose by Keith Valcourt

Rachel McAdams

Rachel McAdams, Janice Dickinson and Mouna Ayoub

SOMETIMES WE SHOWCASE CELEBS in decline who display their "true talents" in a desperate bid for attention from the press. But occasionally we just get lucky. Here's an example of the latter—nubile actress **Rachel McAdams** at the premiere of her latest flick, *The Family Stone*. Now 29, the beauty previously had key roles in *Red Eye*, *Wedding Crashers*, *Mean Girls* and *The Notebook*. The most exciting thing about getting a naughty sneak peek is that McAdams is an up-and-coming star with a long career ahead of her—one we hope will impart future nipple-slips.

Who would have thought a supercrazy, self-proclaimed "rebuilt supermodel" in her 50s would make us hard? It's kinda creepy, but **Janice Dickinson** does just that—even though plastic surgeons seem to have used NASA technology on her face. Here's the covergirl-turned-reality-show-regular proudly revealing her tasty tush at a Hollywood newsstand. Glad to see the old gal still knows how to strut her stuff. You work it, girl!

Finally, Parisian jet-setter **Mouna Ayoub** brought her yabos to Cannes, France, for the premiere of *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*, starring **Robert Downey Jr.** and **Val Kilmer**. Here the Lebanese-born billionairess's bazookas take a bow as the former sex slave and now best-selling author makes a gala arrival. Thanks for not buttoning down the hatch, Mouna.

FLESH

GOSSIP

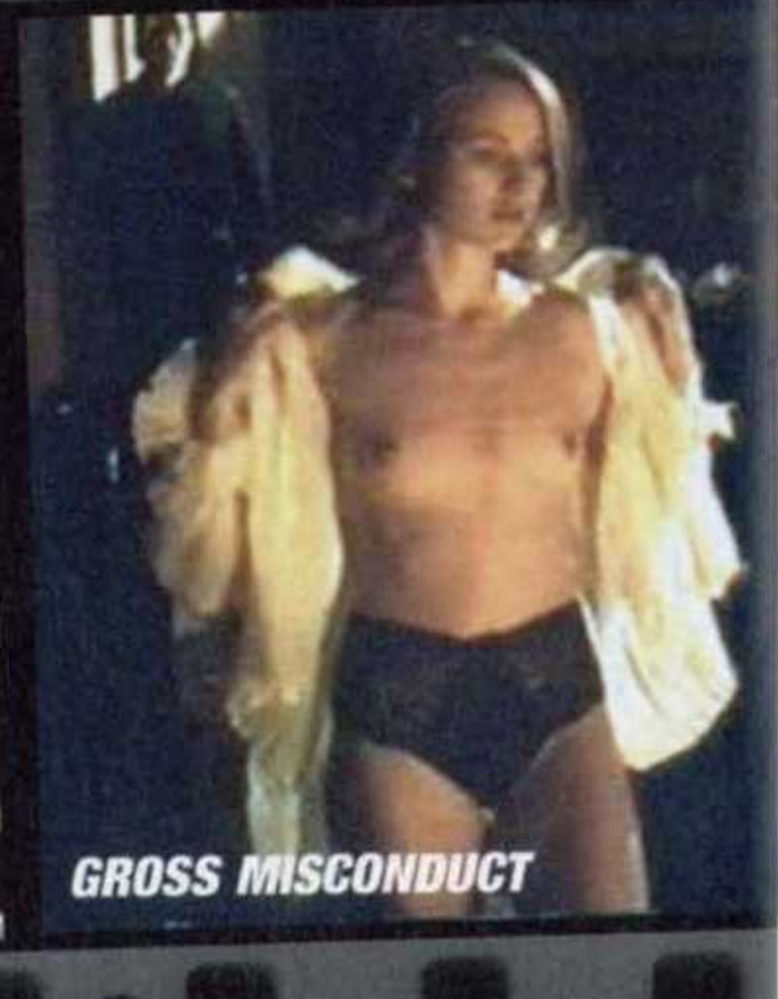
For close to two years we watched and waited patiently for **Mary-Kate** and **Ashley Olsen** (a/k/a The Olsen Twins) to reach their full legal age of maturity. As their 18th birthdays came and went with little fanfare, we were left feeling cheated. Then, after **Mary-Kate** (the bad sister) did a stint in rehab for an "undisclosed disorder," it looked as if some rebellious, out-of-control flesh-flashing was just around the corner. Still nothing.

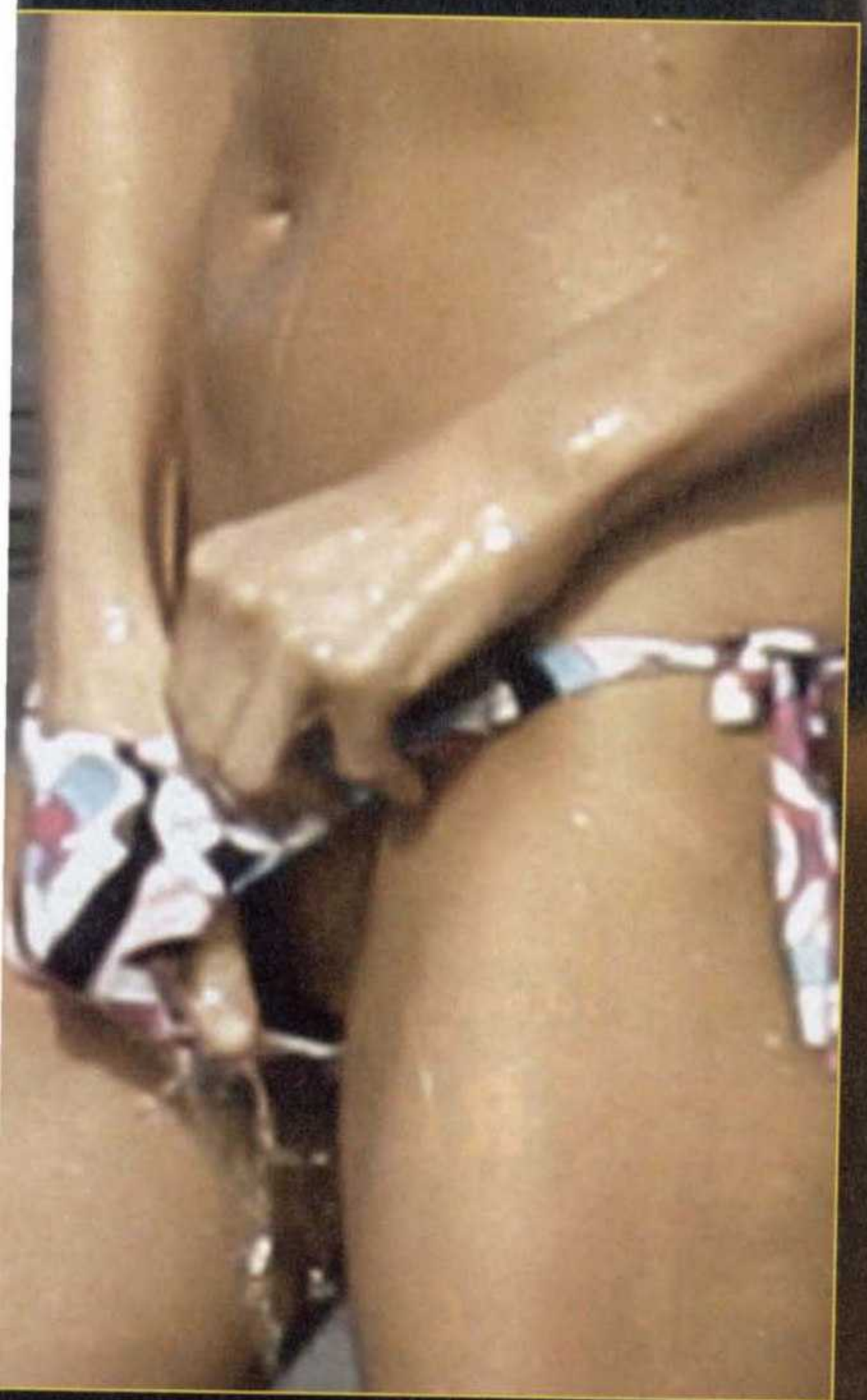
Imagine what a pleasant surprise it was when **Ashley** (the good sister) happened to pop out of her dress at a benefit in New York City. We'd always hoped that one of the siblings would show us her perky "Olsen Twins." Finally, our dream came true. Thank you, Ashley. Now if you could just convince your sister to loosen up a little…

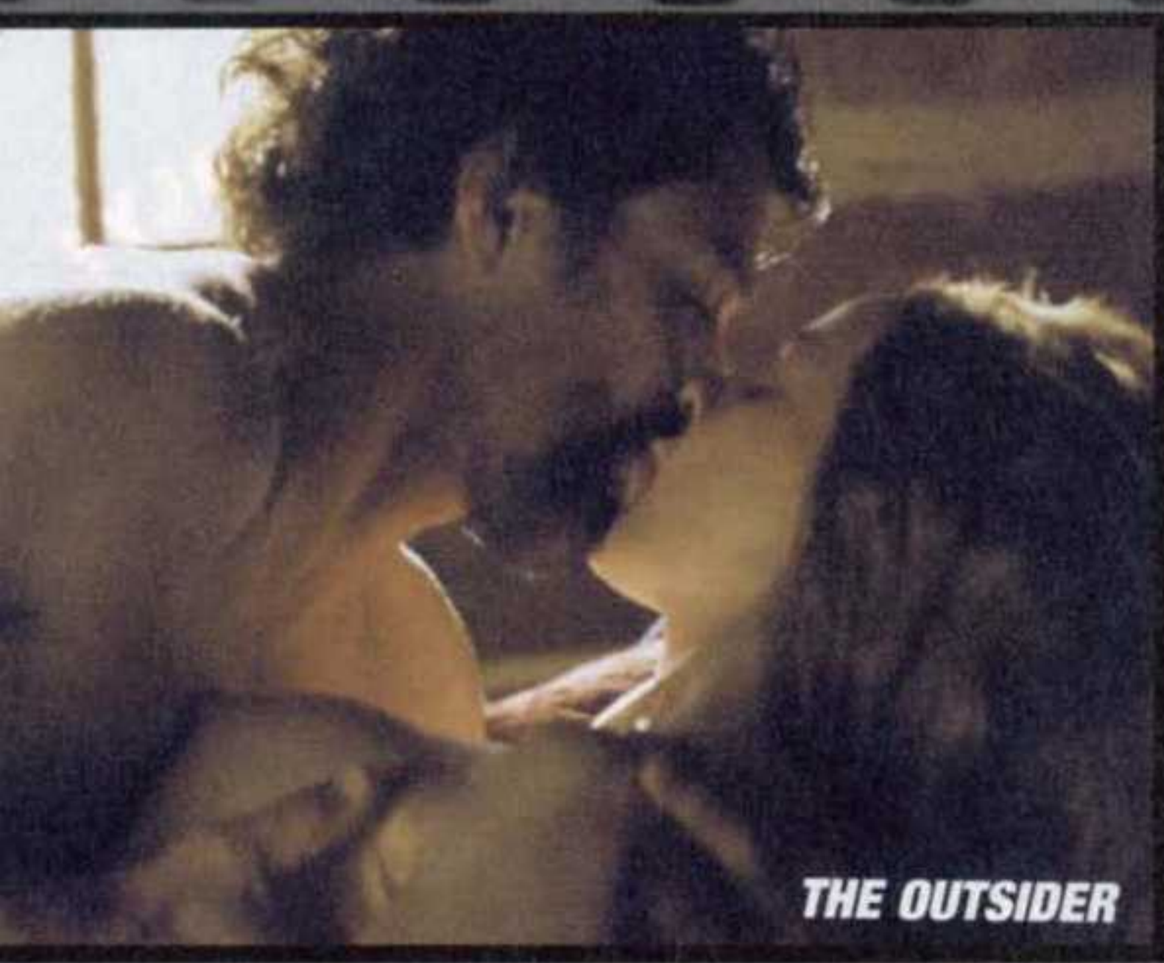
That's not hot. Queen of no-talent celebs and amateur porn videos—Miss **Paris Hilton**, of course—was caught with her hands in her pants recently while testing the waters in Miami. Even on vacation, **Paris** can't help but generate publicity. We hear she spent her "break" in the sun, participating in outdoor activities such as swimming, surfing and…crabbing! **Paris** loves crabs. God, just looking at this photo makes us itchy.

Got any nude celebrity pictures? Come on, you know you do, and you want us to show them to the world! Contact us at nakedcelebs@lfp.com, and we'll talk to you about publishing them.

Paris Hilton







THE OUTSIDER

Movie Mammaries

By Keith Valcourt

Before she was falling in love with a computerized King Kong, Australian import **Naomi Watts** was making us go ape in several gritty independent pictures. We don't consider ourselves fans of low-budget films unless they're packed with nudity; lucky for us, Ms. Watts's flicks have plenty.

She first offered a sneak peek at her tasty tits in the little-seen 1993 feature *Gross Misconduct*. In 2001 she let it all hang out again while treating us to some girl-on-girl action with **Laura Harring** in *Mulholland Dr.* Naomi followed up that lesbian tryst with a steamy sex scene in 2002's *The Outsider* and then with some full-on flesh in 2003's *21 Grams*, a movie that we think showcases her "breast" performance. Rent these DVDs now to check out Naomi's truly impressive body of work.

LIVE one on one

only 2.95* per min.

School's out, and I'm Ready to Cum...

ADULTS ONLY!

1-800-669-1111

Most Major Credit Cards Accepted
All girls are at least 18 yrs of age

small $3.95 Connect fee

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

The Ultimate Fuck

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives "explosive" (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

KELLY KLINE

HOW TO BE A

& SCOTT NAILS A GOOD WIFE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

The following tips were taken from a 1950s marriage manual. Some may say they're out of date. We say they're as right today as they were at the start of the Cold War.

★ **A good wife always knows her place.**

★ **Prepare yourself: Take at least 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when your husband walks in the door. Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh-looking.**

★ **Greet him with a warm smile, and show sincerity in your desire to please him.**

★ **Be a good listener. Even though you may have a dozen important things to say, keep them to yourself for now. Remember, *his* topics of conversation are more important than yours.**

★ **Your goal? Try to ensure that your home embodies peace, order and tranquility, a place where your husband can renew his body and spirit.**

★ **Make your husband comfortable. Have him recline in an easy chair or ask if he wants to lie down in the bedroom.**

★ Don't complain if your spouse comes home late for dinner, or even if he stays out all night. Count this as minor compared to the turmoil he might have encountered at work that day.

★ Don't ask your husband about his actions, judgment or integrity. Remember, he is the master of the house and as such will always exercise his will with fairness and truthfulness. You have no right to question him.

Mic

The Spearhead frontman create an antiwar mess

ON THE MUSIC SPECTRUM, Spearhead is the antithesis of bling-and-bullets rap. Their rhymes are positive inspiration to offset a world crippled by war, poverty and injustice. But the lyrics aren't just smart—they're wise. Spearhead's frontman, Michael Franti, is opinionated, outspoken and serious about social change. So serious, he traveled to the Middle East to make *I Know I Am Not Alone*, a documentary about real people living through war and occupation.

In the mid-1980s, Franti fronted the Beatnigs, an aggressive and politically charged duo that gave way to his next group, the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. With Spearhead, Franti's messages have shifted from angry to proactive. The California native must be doing something right, because he's now under surveillance by the U.S. government.

HUSTLER: What pushed you to become an activist?

MICHAEL FRANTI: I was always political; so it kind of worked in reverse. I didn't become more politically active; I became more humanly aware. In the 1980s in San Francisco, where I'm from, there were so many people contracting HIV and AIDS. Many people I knew on the music scene were dying. The first song I tried to write about HIV was kind of like, "Talk to the government because they're not responding to this crisis." Then I realized the way AIDS really affected people through relationships

Power

hael Franti

and drugs. So I wrote a song that was about my own experience getting tested for HIV. That really changed the way I looked at songwriting. It wasn't enough for me just to say, "This is fucked," because we all know that. I needed to write songs that people could connect to on a personal basis. I started writing more about my personal relationship to larger social issues.

How did you go from writing political songs to visiting the Middle East to make a documentary?

Three or four years ago I was sitting with a friend of mine, and he asked, "What is it exactly that you do? I know you write political songs, and you're terrific. But what do you want to be?"

And I said, "I want to be the most effective musical communicator of social justice that I can be." That means writing songs and putting on great shows that are fun. It also means being aware of what's happening in the world, including traveling to places where people are facing these problems. That conversation really inspired me to go to the Middle East, to go visit Iraq, to visit Israel and Palestine, to see firsthand what's happening.

Why did you describe that tour as a peace mission?

Being a foreigner, walking the streets of Baghdad, you're not welcome anywhere. We had to organize with our drivers to go to places where they felt safe taking us. But once I started playing for people, it was almost like we could go anywhere. As soon as we started to play songs, people would come out of their homes, out of the stores. They'd invite me into their houses or restaurants, saying, "Please play for us." Everywhere I went, the experience of music was like a door-opener, and it restored my faith in music—at a time when there's so much corporate music out there. Somebody with a guitar, or an Iraqi musician with an 'ud, could play music, and they'd inspire people to sit down, listen, open their hearts, smile, clap and dance.

What other stops did you make on your Middle East journey?

Having seen what one year of occupation had done to Iraq, I wanted to go to Palestine to see what three generations of occupation in the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip had done for life there. So I went into the Gaza Strip and did the same thing—played music for people and then turned the camera on them to ask about their lives. We also went into Israel and talked to people there about how it is to live in a country that's occupying

infuses hip-hop, soul and social activism to age that has the government pissed off.

INTERVIEW BY CAROLYN SINCLAIR

I called it that because I didn't have any other way to describe it. We weren't going there with the illusion that we were going to create peace, but rather hoping that the information I got, the film that I shot, and the songs that I recorded could educate people on what's happening. The hope is that, in the long term, a lot of people will become aware, bringing about an end to all of these conflicts.

Tell us a little about your trip to Iraq.

We flew into Iraq on a 16-passenger plane. The pilot made an announcement before takeoff, saying, "In order to avoid a hit from an SA-7 surface-to-air missile, we're going to be doing a spiral descent at a 45-degree angle and spinning 11 times straight down until we land at the airport in Baghdad." My feeling was like, *I want to get off this fucking plane!* But then when it happened, we went right above the buildings. Then the pilot dropped down to 15,000 feet, and he went into a nosedive. So I did the only logical thing, which was to put my hands up in the air and scream at the top of my lungs.

What were your first impressions of being in a war zone?

After we got off the plane, the first thing we saw leaving the airport were two cars that had been blown up on the way coming into it. There were bodies still burning in the car and U.S. soldiers surrounding it in ready-position. So we immediately picked up our videocamera to get a shot, and our driver slammed the camera down out of our hands, saying, "Don't take any images of this, because if the U.S. military sees you shooting, they're going to open fire on our car. You're in a war now. This is where people die. There are rules."

this other nation—how it affects their peace of mind and their personal safety, particularly their fear of suicide bombings.

Did you use music to connect with people in Palestine?

I didn't really have like a drum machine, just DJs and the turntable. But we did hook up with some Palestinian rappers, and we made beats and played guitar at the same time, and then they rhymed and freestyled.

Can hip-hop help trigger a social movement to change the world?

Hip-hop is one of the roots-rich musics of the world. Somebody playing with a wooden guitar is different than someone in Nigeria playing with a drum, or somebody in Ireland playing traditional Celtic music. But they all tell the stories of the community. Hip-hop is really about people saying, "This is what's happening in my neighborhood, and I'm saying it in a way that people in my neighborhood understand." Over time, hip-hop has changed. If you had told people 20 years ago that McDonald's would be using street poetry and somebody scratching a record to advertise their product, they would have thought you were on crack. But that's what hip-hop has become today. It's part of the fabric of American culture, for better and for worse. Sometimes it is for worse.

Your band was under surveillance at one point.

On March 15, 2003, right before the war in Iraq began, we played at a big protest in San Francisco. On March 16 two military intelligence officers knocked on the door of one of our band members' mother's [place]. They asked, "Why is your son in this band that's protesting?" They had his flight records. They wanted to know why he had been to *(continued on page 80)*

to the Peaceful

Eyes

Wide Open

San Francisco's annual Exotic Erotic Ball offers every kink under the sun. HUSTLER reporter Ethan Ospovat gets tied up in it all.

A REAL SAN FRANCISCO TREAT for 27 years, the Exotic Erotic Ball is a fetish event of massive proportions. If you have a sexual fantasy, it's probably performed here. This became evident with the Portland-based Porcelain Twinz, a sister act that topped the list of kinky performances at the '05 bash. The stunning, identical twin blondes are something of an international sensation. They delivered a jaw-dropping, supercharged dominatrix act employing Ping-Pong paddles and hot candle wax.

Later, the sisters stripped each other naked and deep-throated opposite ends of a fluorescent vibrator. Soon the legs of one twin were bent behind her head while her sister's face hovered incestuously close to that perfectly waxed snatch. Then came the horsewhips.

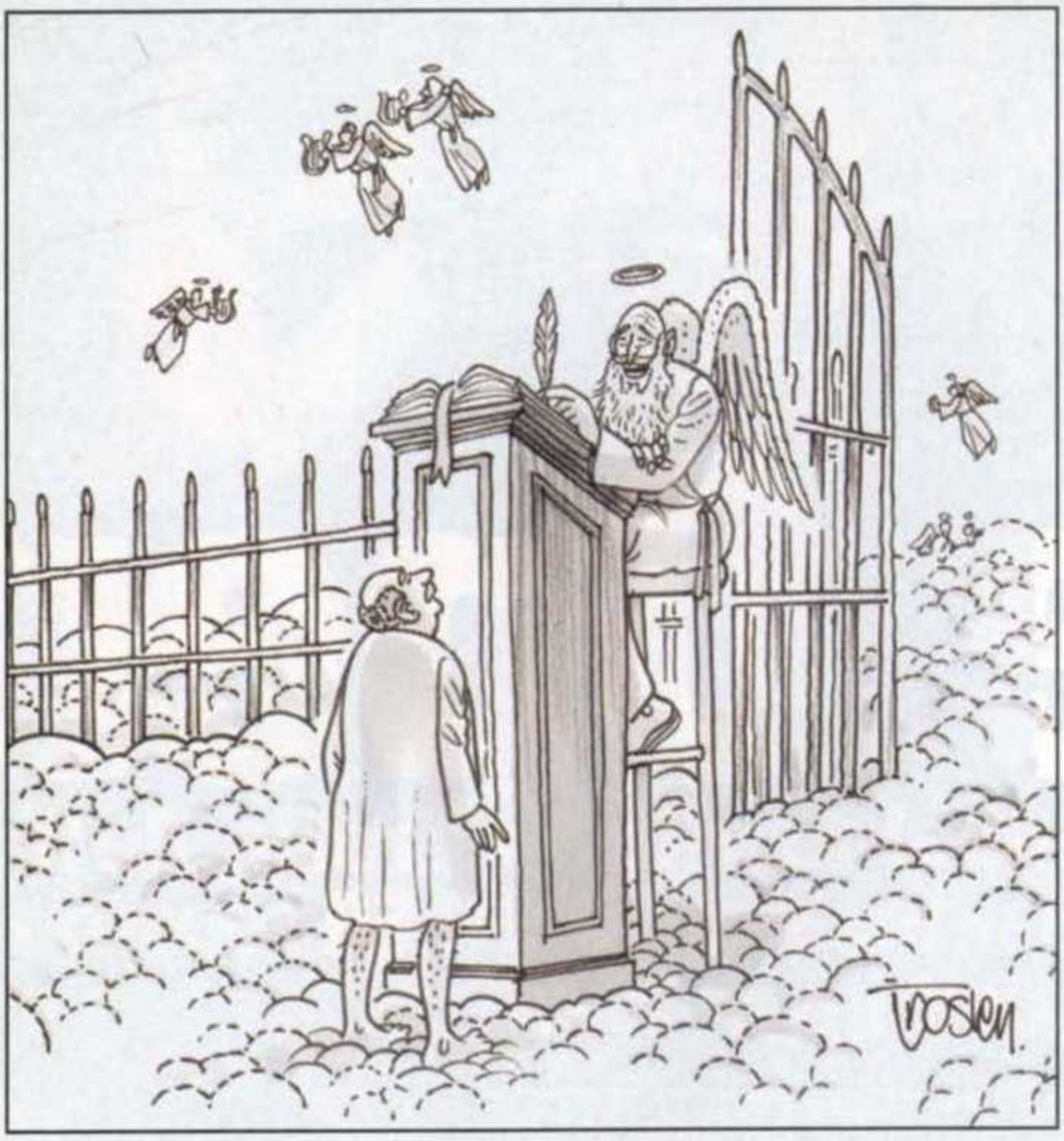
Five stages featured celebrities, porn stars, dancers, world-class sideshow performers, aerial artists, DJs and bands. There was also a two-day-long Adult Expo, complete with S&M dungeons, sex toy demonstrations, kinky massage booths and every other fetish imaginable.

The ball was created by salesman-turned-porn star Perry Mann and the late Louis Abolafia, a hippie artist who first ran for President under the Nudist Party banner in 1968. In 1978 the two men hosted a nudist ball in Mann's San Francisco penthouse apartment, in part to raise money for Abolafia's latest campaign. The event was a success, drawing dozens of partygoers and a significant amount of press. The next year they went big, staging the first official Exotic Erotic Ball at California Hall on Polk Street. The event packed the house, and a San Francisco institution was born. Eventually, as its popularity soared, the ball moved to the cavernous Cow Palace.

Attendance at last year's fete was estimated at 15,000, giving the event the notoriety of E! Entertainment TV's "world's sexiest party." Growth has been fueled in part by longtime MC and talent coordinator Paul Nathan's ability to book such luminaries as Tera Patrick, Dennis Rodman, Ron Jeremy, rappers The Pharcyde and topless DJ Portia Surreal.

In 2004, organizers took steps to highlight the Exotic Erotic Ball legacy as a symbol of freedom, forming a relationship with the Bay Area's First Amendment Project (FAP), a nonprofit public interest law firm. Demonstrating their dedication to the cause, Exotic Erotic Ball and FAP representatives gave HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt a Lifetime Achievement award at the latest spectacle for his decades-long fight to preserve First Amendment freedoms. "You guys live in a unique city and a unique world," Mr. Flynt told the large crowd. "I'm amazed that the ball has been able to go on this long—it shows the free spirit that exists here."

The ball's success has led to uninhibited events in Seattle; Vancouver, Canada; Chicago; and New York City. Several more projects are in the works, including the Exotic Erotic Freedom Bus and the Make Love Not War Tour. As this issue hits newsstands, the Exotic Erotic Ball returns to the Big Apple for another full-fledged sex blowout. Check out ExoticEroticBall.com for more information.



"Yes, but if we let you in, we'd have to let *all* politicians in. Then we couldn't call it Heaven anymore, could we?"

"Four hundred bucks?! Look, I'm an oil company executive, so I know what price-gouging is!"

Michael Franti
Power to the Peaceful

(continued from page 77) Japan twice in the past six months. They had his bank statements. They had the names of everybody in our office. They wanted to know why our management company is called Guerrilla Management. In the end they just asked a bunch of questions, and we never heard anything more about it. But I think that in this time of the PATRIOT Act, it's not just us who are being singled out. I'm sure they have surveillance on a lot of people who are speaking out.

What does it feel like to be watched by Big Brother?

I felt really scared. As we were approaching the war, there was so much fear in everybody. Even around their watercoolers, nobody wanted to talk openly against the war. After September 11 they preyed upon our fears. In a time of sadness, we felt like if we questioned anything that the government said, it would look like we didn't love the people who died on September 11. That affected a lot of people. I have this song called "Bomb the World." The lyrics say, "We could bomb the world to pieces, but we can't bomb it into peace." I remember sending that out to radio stations and just getting totally slammed.

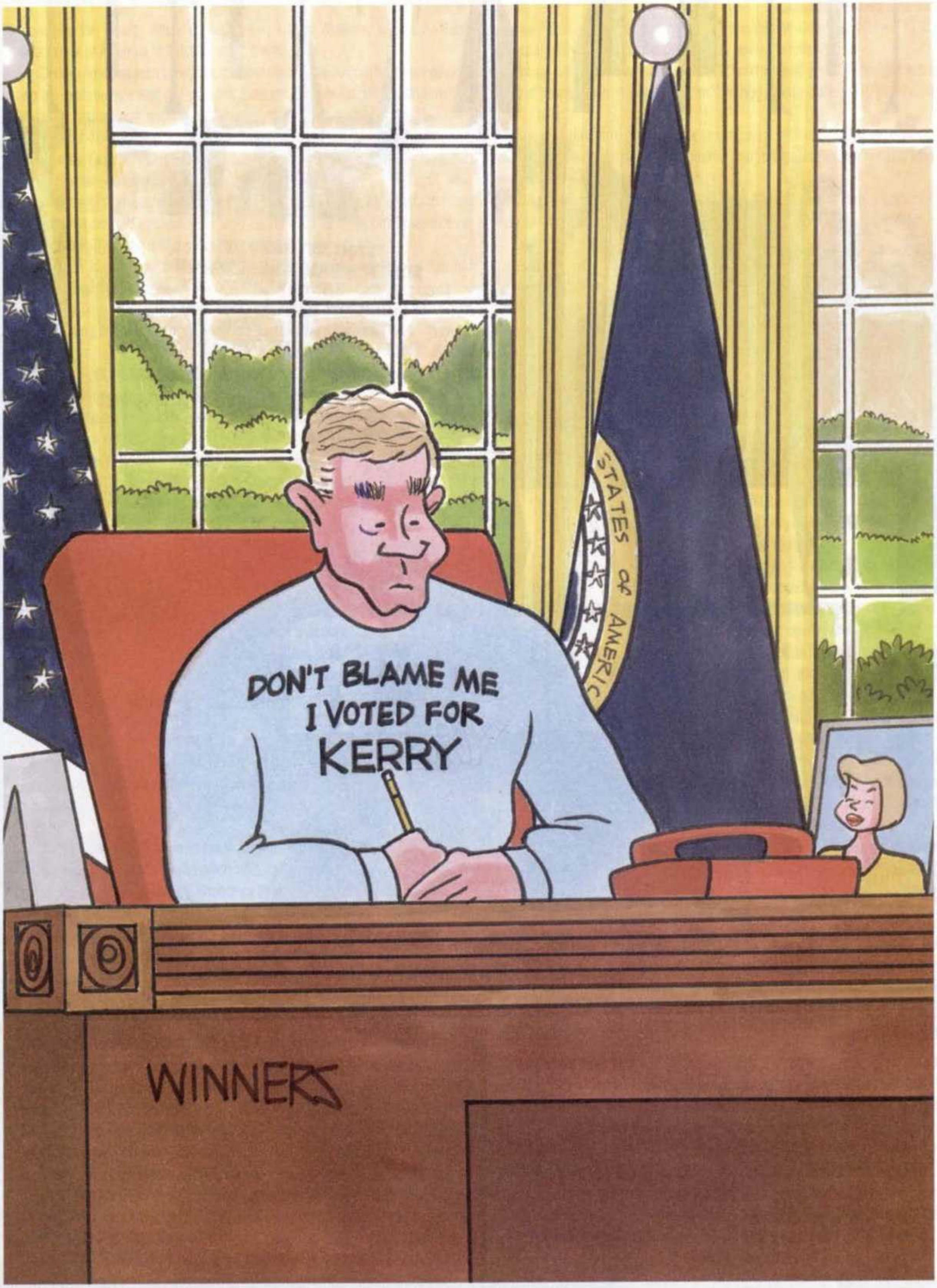
People were saying, "There's no way in hell we're going to play this record." They said, "I really like the song, and I agree with it personally, but I'm not going to put it on the air." But now more people are coming around. We're seeing an increasingly vocal antiwar movement in America.

How are you greeted in Middle America?

I'm dedicated to doing what I'm doing. I'm not going to allow that worry to stop what I do. I'm not going to allow that fear to consume me. I just did a tour of ten cities. We were in North Carolina, Kansas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Colorado, places in Middle America. I showed my film, answered questions and played a solo set afterward. It didn't matter where I went or whom I spoke to. Everybody from taxi drivers to people in restaurants to people who came to the show were saying, "Before Hurricane Katrina, I thought the war was just something that was going on, that we didn't have much to say about." But since the hurricane happened, these people saw the failure of our government to take care of its own people. Now people say, "Fuck the war! Fuck Bush!"

After traveling the world, performing and talking to regular people, do you believe a revolution has started?

Yes. I feel like there's an incredible change taking place in our country. I was in a taxi in North Carolina driven by this hillbilly guy from a small town. I asked him what he thought about the war. He said, "If my son had gone and died in Afghanistan, hunting al Qaeda, I could have accepted that. But if my son had died in Iraq, knowing that there were no weapons of mass destruction and Saddam had nothing to do with 9/11, I'd be on the front steps of the White House with a shotgun." That tells me that where Bush's support was, it's not there anymore. I don't know if it's a revolution that's going to overthrow the government, but it's certainly revolutionary in the sense of vision. I think that when we talk about revolution in this country, it's just keeping this wheel turning so that we can all keep moving forward instead of the way we've been going the past few years.


DON'T BLAME ME
I VOTED FOR
KERRY
WINNERS

HOLLYWOOD

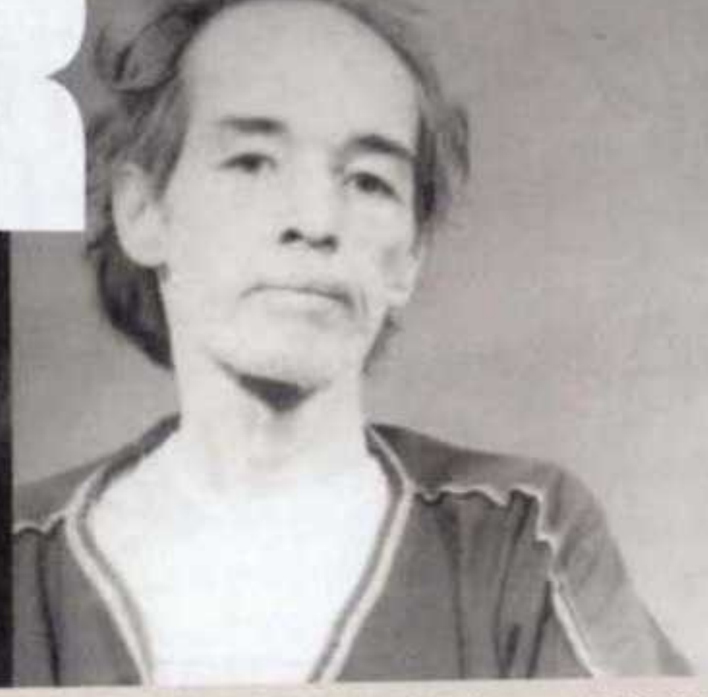
"YANKEE BANDIT"
EDWIN CHAMBERS DODSON
MOST PROLIFIC BANK BANDIT IN HISTORY
6 ROBBERIES IN ONE DAY
64 LOS ANGELES AREA BANK ROBBERIES
IN A SIX MONTH PERIOD 1983-1984

RELEASED FROM FEDERAL CUSTODY 1995

"DOWN N OUTER BANDIT"
EDWIN CHAMBERS DODSON
8 LOS ANGELES AREA BANK ROBBERIES
FROM 1-2-1999 THROUGH 4-24-1999

BANK ROBBER

PART 2



CONCLUDING HIS BIOGRAPHY OF EDDIE DODSON, WORLD'S GREATEST BANK ROBBER, WRITER TIMOTHY FORD DETAILS VARIOUS STICKUPS, DODSON'S LIFE BEHIND BARS AND THE DRUG-CRAZED EX-CON'S DESPERATION THAT PROMPTED HIM TO RESUME A LIFE OF CRIME.

211 IN PROGRESS. ARMED ROBBERY.

July 5, 1983. Bank #1: Crocker National Bank, Larchmont district of Los Angeles.

In the end—or the end of the beginning or really, the beginning of the end—Eddie Dodson bought a starter pistol.

"I wore dark sunglasses, a white shirt and black slacks—and Puma running shoes, just in case." He brought a valise for his Yankees cap and the pistol. "I didn't think I'd do it. Then I heard 'This is a robbery,' like it was someone else."

Dodson netted $991. But it was too easy—that feeling…*mmmmm. Went in there and took the motherfuckin' money.*

Los Angeles is the Mecca of bank robbery. From the '70s through the '80s the annual rate rose to 2,500, one for every branch in the sprawling city.

The law never gets bothered much about bank robberies, typically uniform events. The robber is a drug addict, agitated and demanding, or courteous and apologetic. Most robbers get a few thousand. They risk 15 years of federal time, 25 if armed. (Toys and starter pistols don't count as weapons.) The robber spends it on drugs, robs another and doesn't stop until he's caught. Money is never recovered.

Stopping these guys is difficult, so banks wait until the robber gets unlucky. This policy adds up to a tempting notion: It is easy to rob a bank.

BY TIMOTHY FORD

October 12, 1983. Bank #21: Crocker, 10880 Wilshire, West L.A. **Bank #22**: Bank of America, 12223 Ventura, Studio City.

Dodson never cased a bank. "It's all about confidence, so I put the time into picking the cashmere or leather—so I felt comfortable. Then I'd roll, blasting the Sex Pistols or Chuck Berry, sucking up the outlaw thing until I spotted a bank."

November 8, 1983. **Bank #32:** Security Pacific, 6120 W. 3rd St., L.A. **Bank #33**: First Interstate, 6376 Wilshire, L.A. **Bank #34:** Crocker National, 8734 Sunset—on the Strip.

Dodson's habit was no longer subject to financial limits; he'd just rob more banks until he had enough. Girlfriend Jenny tried to help, but acupuncture, methadone, hypnotism and psychiatrists didn't work.

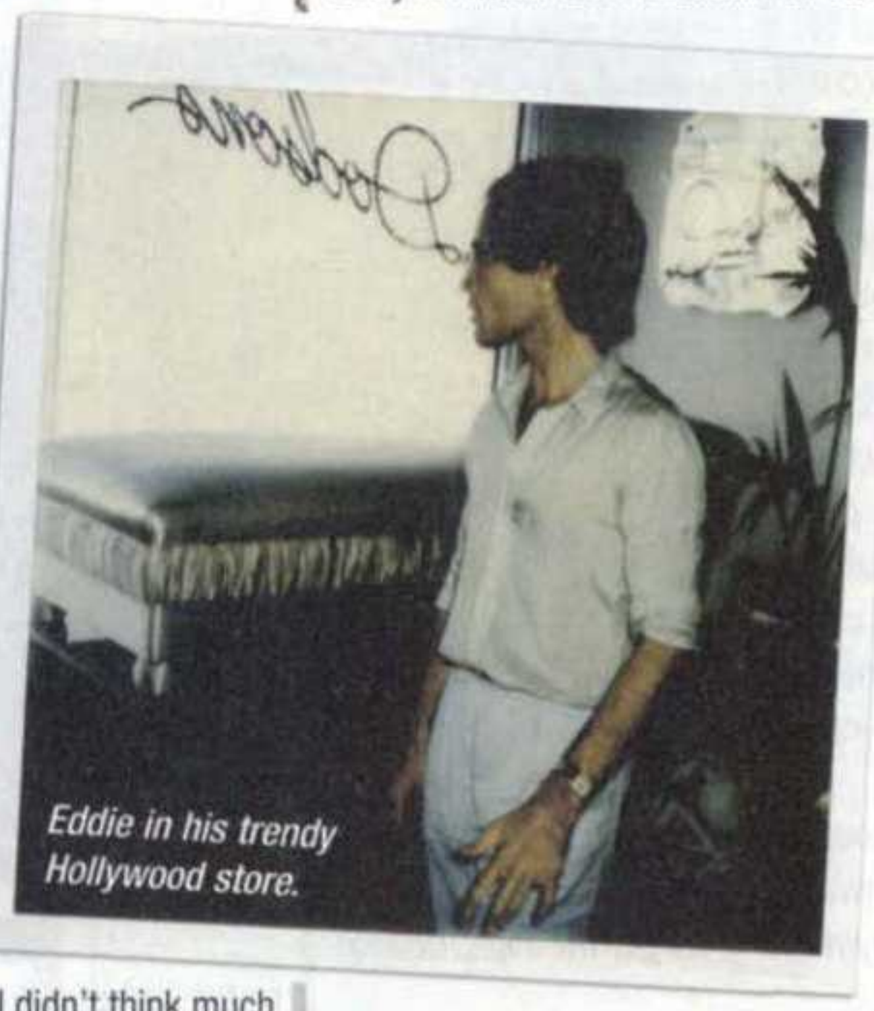
Dodson kept Jenny believing he had "a little problem" by regaling her with Bottega Veneta shoes.

The Yankee Bandit had taken down 40 banks in three months; the G-men were getting peeved. Soon Dodson would become a legend.

November 29, 1983. Bank #41: Bank of America, 466 N. La Brea, Hollywood (a block from his apartment). **Bank #42**: City National, 300 N. Fairfax, West Hollywood. **Bank #43**: Security Pacific, 1901 Avenue of the Stars, Century City. **Bank #44**: First Interstate, 2090 Century Park East, Century City. **Bank #45**: Imperial, 11620 Wilshire, West L.A. **Bank #46**: First Interstate, 16633 Ventura (in the Valley, quite close to Hojet, his heroin dealer).

Call it dumb luck if you will, but to rob six banks in one afternoon requires genius. It's baffling: A guy is dopesick, yet so poised he can project calm to six tellers as police sirens wail.

Perverse, yes, but the man had a presence that was megavolts beyond mortals. The irony of it is that Dodson, a natural performer, did not believe he could accomplish much *legally*.



Eddie in his trendy Hollywood store.

After the six-bank afternoon, Dodson called artist Charlie Fine to pay a debt. "So I stopped by his pad," Fine recalls. "Dodson told me to dig my money out of a champagne bucket—ones and fives about a foot deep. I didn't think much of it."

That night, Dodson's friend Erick Jussen was watching *20/20*, about bank robberies in L.A. The Yankee Bandit was mentioned; in the surveillance stills the guy was unrecognizable. Then they cut in with breaking news from earlier in the day. The Yankee Bandit had hit six banks in four hours! Then Fine called about the small bills in the champagne cooler.

Jussen thought, *Maybe, but hey, everybody knew he couldn't have pulled that off. Dodson couldn't even get his store open.*

Fine found a roll of undeveloped film from a getaway with Dodson and Marisa a year or two before. When he picked up the prints, there—with Marisa on his arm—was Dodson in a Yankees baseball cap and dark sunglasses.

December 12, 1983. Bank #51: Bank of America, 8760 Wilshire, Beverly Hills. **Bank #52**: Bank of America, 2049 Century Park East, Century City. **Bank #53**: Crocker, 10880 Wilshire, West L.A. **Bank #54**: First Interstate, 500 Wilshire, Santa Monica.

Dodson robbed those banks for $12,000 on the way to Hojet's.

And then the Yankee stopped. Gravely concerned, the FBI needed the guy to rob more banks to catch him. Had he gone into treatment? OD'd?

Nope. Dodson went to London, making good on a promise to meet Jenny's parents for the holidays. He had done the quartet of banks to finance the trip.

The FBI managed to get images of the Yankee Bandit published in local newspapers with the caption: *Have you seen this man?*

Those pesky photos—first on *20/20* and now in print. A thought sizzled around town: "Yeah, it looks like him." Nobody really believed it, but the idea was…*sexy.*

Fine and the gang got together to discuss a strategy. They determined to call Dodson in England. "We suggested that maybe he had better stay out of the country—for good."

Dodson made coy remarks, dismissing their grave concern as precious. His chidings seem to say: *I know what I'm doing. Control. Confidence.*

Dodson no longer believed he could get caught.

To law enforcement personnel, bank robbery is no art. To them, *it's fate, and it's out of your control.*

Eddie saw it differently. "It's about confidence. Control. Don't look around. Be courteous. Put the valise on the counter. Apologize. Tell her about the gun and ask for the large bills—please. Smile. Thank her. Calmly fill the bag. Ask her to back away from that alarm button. Pull out the Yankees cap and smile as you pull it low. Walk to the exit. No matter how excited you feel from *taking the money*, your courtesy has prevented the teller from reacting. Nobody, besides the teller, even knows there was a robbery. Get to the car, then slip slowly into traffic."

It didn't always go so easy. Since banks closed at 3 p.m., and Dodson tended to sleep in, he often pulled a heist near closing time. On three occasions he was locked in after walking away from the teller. Twice, another teller let him out. *Confidence. Control.*

On the third lock-in incident, Eddie panicked, hurling himself against a tempered glass door. When he was about to give up, a bank officer emerged, oblivious, and let him out with a smile.

Another time, Eddie got a flat. He pulled into a station while the cops' sirens screeched to the bank.

One time the teller slipped him a dye-pack that detonated just outside the bank. "The cash was red; the connection wouldn't take it. So I had to rob another bank. But the gun was flaming red, so I borrowed some nail polish remover to clean it off. Here I was, striding past an armed guard with this pink gun."

Another time he just exited when a starlet spotted him from her VW convertible. "She shouted, 'Hey Eddie!' Finally I faced her so she'd shut up. There I am with the cash, and she wants to catch up. So I jump in. Later I heard the FBI had put out an all-points-bulletin for the Yankee Bandit's beautiful wheelwoman in a purple VW."

Then there's the other part of the high. *You've pulled it off. Now reach into the valise and run your fingers through the cash.* "If you could sell that feeling," Dodson mused dreamily, "it'd go for a lot more than drugs. It's better."

Along the way, Dodson started to hear a ticking. *Tick, tick, tick…* "I knew what it meant. It was only a matter of time. But I shook it off and robbed a bank."

January 23, 1984. Bank #55: Imperial, 15303 Ventura, Encino. **Bank #56**: Bank of America, 5601 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

February 10, 1984. Bank #64: First Interstate, 6265 W. Sunset, Hollywood.

When that foggy day arrived, Dodson looked around. "Good bank-robbing weather." Dodson loved to say that when a slow-moving getaway can disappear into the mist. *Good bank-robbing weather.*

This day turns out to be bad for Dodson. This day, he is tired and really needs a fix. This day, they aren't going to back off.

The pretty little teller gives what she has, slowly, looking around with troubled eyes. A nearby teller notices. Dodson exits, but the second teller follows him.

Dodson plays it cool. *Control. Confidence.* He doesn't run. The teller enlists the help of a bank customer in a car. So Dodson does the logical thing. He throws them money. *Their money.* They keep coming.

Dodson passes a halfway house for state inmates. The teller exhorts the fellows to stop the bank robber. They flip the teller off.

Dodson heads past the Capitol Records building to Hollywood Boulevard, slips around the corner, blending in with the tourists, confident he's gotten away.

Dodson could have stepped into a theater. But it is 5:30, and he has ditched most of the cash—he needs to get to a bank. Then blue-and-red lights are strobing around him.

Eddie Dodson is facedown on the Boulevard of Dreams, listening to the horrible precision of Smith & Wesson handcuffs ratcheting down. "I couldn't figure out why they were being so mean," he says.

Being an outlaw can be exhausting. Sometimes an outlaw just needs some relief.

Besides the 64 banks, Dodson's record was lily-white. But what judge was going to give probation to the World's Greatest Bank Robber? Dodson was in a world of shit, with a public defender who was not the cream of the crop.

After a few days in the county jail clinic, Dodson woke up in Terminal Island as prisoner number 79088-012. The fatal-sounding name didn't help when you're facing 960 years.

Then good news. First—inside, Dodson was a celebrity. Second—T.I. was crawling with drugs. Dodson did the math. *They're going to get me high.* Dodson laughed at the silver lining.

Federal Judge Richard Gadbois wasn't laughing the day of Dodson's first sentencing, Tuesday, June 26, 1984: "You don't rob a lot of banks, get patted on the head and told not to do it again."

There was a broad range of sentencing possibilities. Dodson had an arsenal of support letters from Hollywood notables. Dodson was hoping for two years, expected four, but could live with five or six.

Charlie Fine was there when Gadbois spoke. "Eddie's knees visibly buckled when the judge gave him the 15."

Dodson stayed high at T.I. for six years. He was reluctant to request a transfer to a minimum security camp because he didn't want to give up the cheap heroin in a penitentiary where he was a legend. And Terminal Island was a sweet place to do time. Old-school, little violence, crooked guards and oddball celebrity inmates to keep it trippy. (One of the Jonestown Massacre survivors had pulled serious time for shooting a congressman; at T.I. they put him in charge of making the Kool-Aid. You've got to love a place with that much poetry.)

But Dodson was going to have to give in and go to one of those "pussy" joints, where he would be away from the dope and the homies.

The beauty part of doing time is all that time—time to slow down and get to know a few ordinary people in exquisite detail—how they tie their shoes; which ex-wife has custody of their daughters from which ex-wife; whether they get the Top Ramen with shrimp or without.

The torturous part of doing time is all that time—time to slow down and get to know a few ordinary people in excruciating detail—(see above).

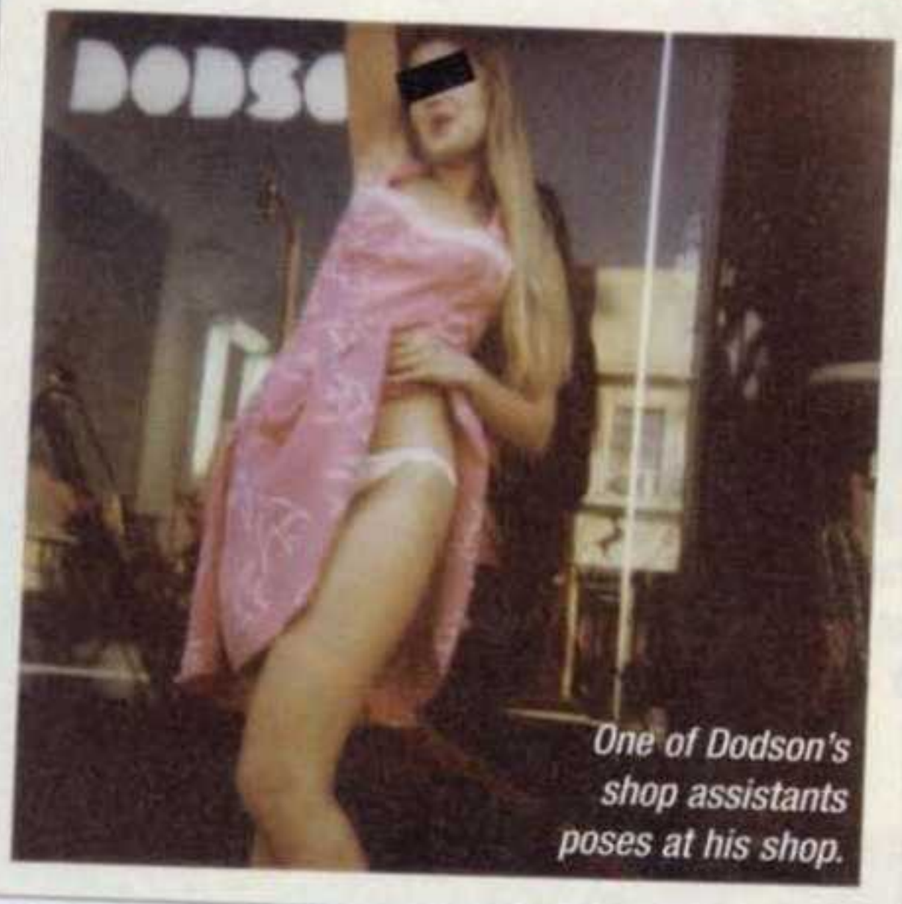
In either case, one is left with a terrible thirst to roar with lions, to rub elbows with the extraordinary, the brilliant, the beautiful, the glamorous. *A guy misses his colleagues.*

With no shop and no cash, slipping back into a cush scene upon release was not going to come easy. Dodson had an even worse problem: He reminded the prudent folk of 1993 that they once believed in fun—drug-addled, brazen fun—and it shamed them to the bone.

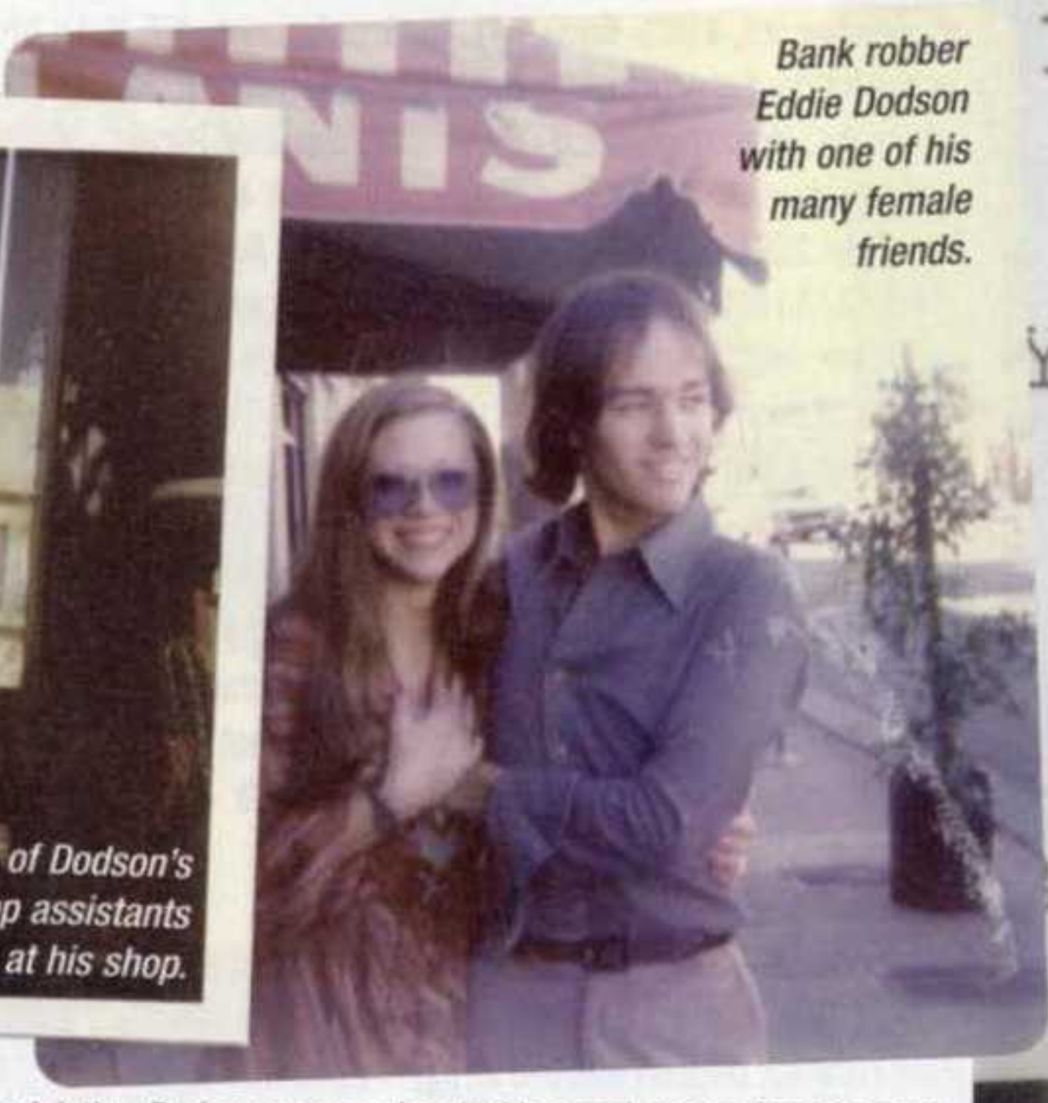
Dodson needed *sleek*—models and Björk and fashion photographers, the glib and the self-assured, the bright, understated hustlers who never sweat—to vibe on the casual power of culture kings. *Let me in the ring.*

But Dodson was old news—an ex-con with his hand out and nothing to offer but bad memories.

Jack Nicholson is the opposite of a fair-weather friend. Perhaps drawn to the romance of the legendary desperado, he offered Dodson a job "house-sitting." In exchange for the lightest of duties, Dodson got a cool pad with a pool, spa and tennis court, a 4x4, a cell phone and a salary. Jack used the place a couple of days a year.



One of Dodson's shop assistants poses at his shop.



Bank robber Eddie Dodson with one of his many female friends.

Dodson struggled to stay clean and failed. His federal parole officer sent him to long-term drug treatment. Nicholson kept Dodson's job until he got clean and healthy. Dodson relapsed and had to return to treatment; Nicholson once again held his job.

When Dodson started using cocaine and heroin heavily in the final year of his parole, Nicholson had to throw him out. Dodson said his greatest shame was betraying his benefactor's trust. (Dodson had absconded with a few things, as a sort of severance pay, only to be shamed by a large severance check from Nicholson.)

Two weeks after his parole ended, Dodson started robbing banks. Again.

Regarding the moment he decided to rob more banks, Dodson was crystal clear: "It was at the unemployment office after losing my job when the lady asked, 'Well, you're unemployed; you don't have work skills, so where do you live?' I told her I was staying with friends. 'So you're homeless?' I had to say 'Yeah—homeless.' That was the moment. It was all about pride."

TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK.

Charlie Fine and singer Tilghman Branner were grabbing a bite at Swingers, by the Farmer's Daughter. Fine nodded toward the counter. It looked liked Dodson with a shrunken head, his skin ghastly. Branner remembers thinking, *Where'd ya get that pencil neck, Eddie?* Fine was struck with a Howard Hughes-

meets-Popeye image, since Dodson's forearms were swollen from shooting coke, and his hair and fingernails were long and greasy. In spite of his appearance, Dodson managed to be sweet. Fine and Branner promised to help him.

Dodson showed up the next night at Branner's. "He told me he was robbing banks and thinking of heading east. I asked him, 'What're you going to do, strap a bale of heroin on your car for the trip?'"

Dodson asked if it were that obvious. "It scared me that he asked," Branner recalls. "I promised to help him."

Coming home on April 27, 1999, Branner listened to a message on her phone machine with bullhorns in the background. "Eddie cried, 'I love you, and if I don't see you, I'll see you on the other side. I gotta go now.' It was terrible."

So here he was in court, again, awaiting the cruel gavel for the sin of multiple bank robberies. As Dodson's liver was so bad when he was arrested the second time, the court preferred to not burden the Bureau of Prisons with a medical liability. Judge Rafeedie imposed a stunningly short term of 46 months.

Dodson was planning to accept a retired FBI agent's invitation to join him on the lecture circuit, speaking to bank and police groups about bank robbery. His liver, however, would not cooperate. On February 21, 2003, Eddie Dodson died at the UCLA Medical Center.

Dodson's most amazing feat was that he kept his spirit intact through 14 years of prison. When asked for his perspective on where he was going, Dodson was brief: "Just listening to jazz and watching *The Simpsons* and being with the girl of my dreams who just happens to love baseball as much as I do.

"But at the same time I do still have this underlying beat of the jungle drum—you know? I know that I still want to rock the casbah. And I probably will. Not anything like before. No more banks. How am I going to manage that? Not use. Stay clear, write a book, maybe go on the talk circuit, help others and definitely live it up with my 21-year-old sex kitten."

Eddie really only wanted to thank FBI agent Andy Chambers for not killing him and to call his 21-year-old fiancée, Priscilla, in Vegas, "just so she knows I'm thinking of her."

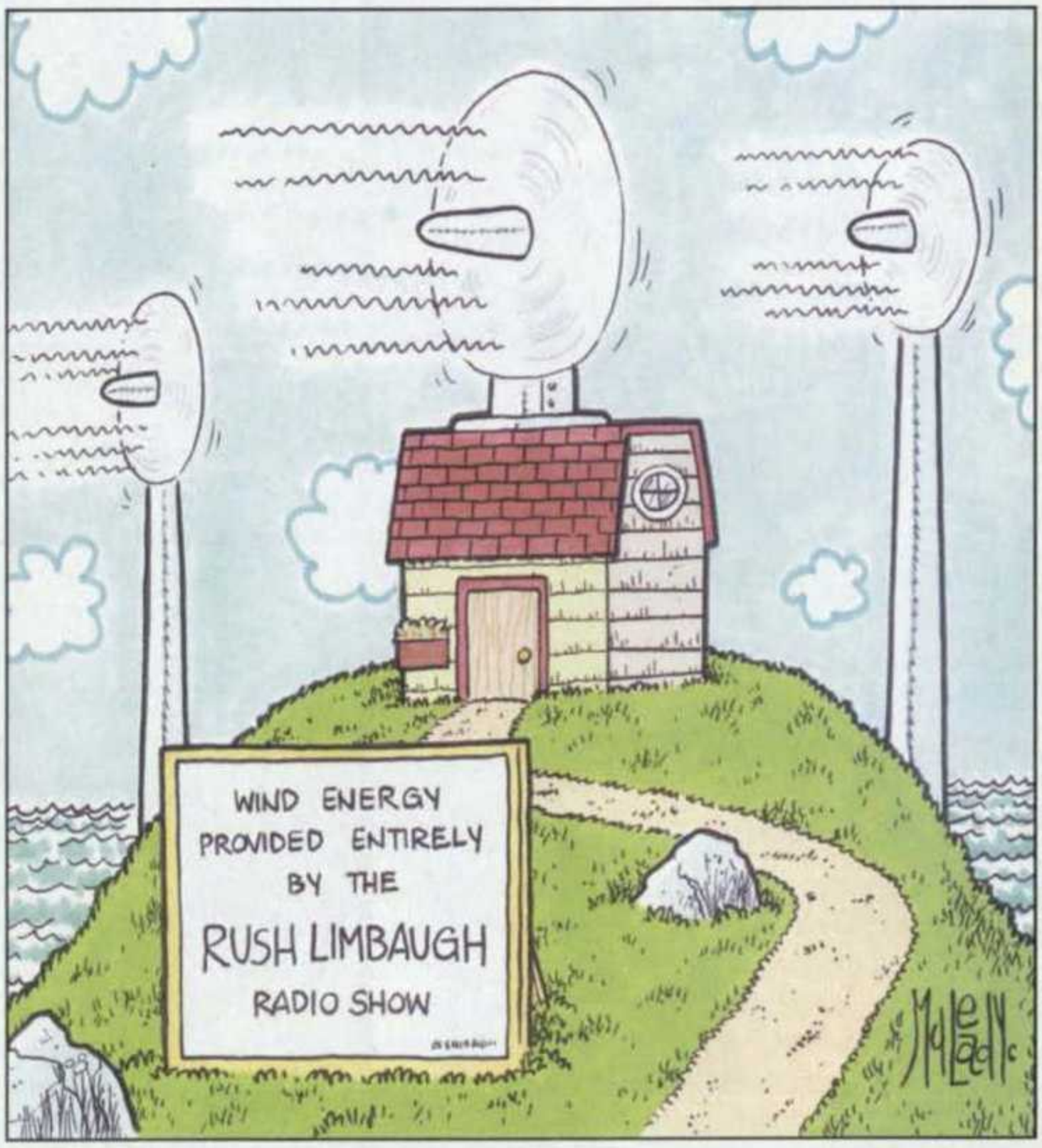
"He's a good man—the best man I've ever known," Pris liked to say.

"To me," Dodson insisted, "love is it. I've made mistakes before, but who hasn't? You always look for the one, don't you? I never thought I'd find her."

So who was this guy Eddie Dodson really, this erstwhile bro? Was he a witty, thick-skinned Narcissus, as many who chose to turn their backs on the "Dodson/party" years preferred to think? Was he a charming, tragic hero in a cruel Nathaniel West version of *The Great Gatsby*?

Or could he be something without which we could not grow up—the Jungian archetype of the poetic cupid-thief, who at our urging fueled our spirits into the night—until the night, like Dodson, no longer had a hold on us?

As to what he would have done differently if he had to do it over again, Dodson got thoughtful. "I'd play the field more, for the variety."



Retro Raunch Part 2

THE '50s

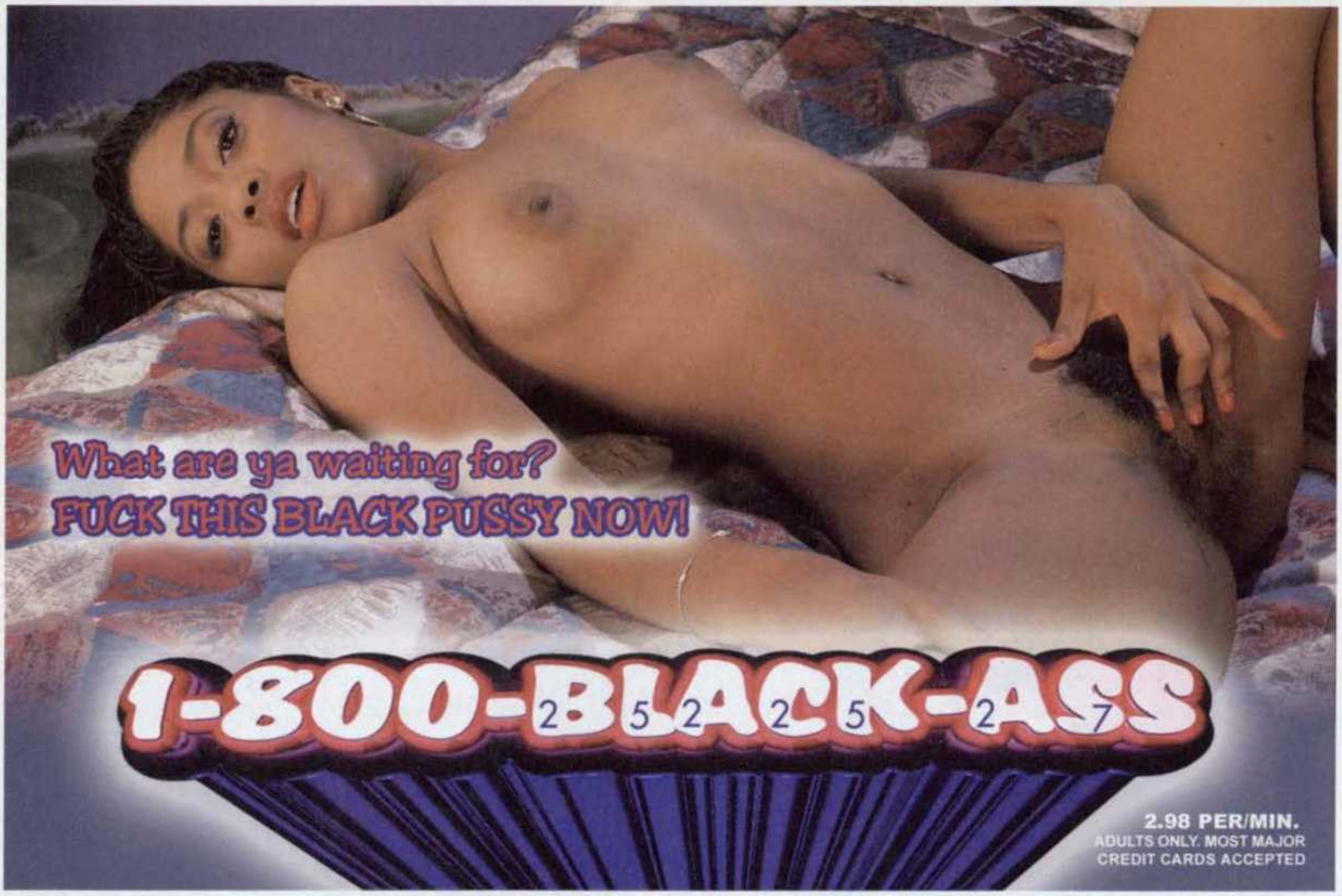
BY KEITH VALCOURT

More old-school porn for that nostalgic bone.

LAST MONTH we introduced you to an Internet site dedicated to preserving and showcasing the wonderful world of antique porn. RetroRaunch.com is a virtual treasure trove that offers almost 50,000 vintage black-and-white images from days gone by, some dating back to the Civil War. Impressed by Retro's titillating material, both cheesecake and hard-core, we decided to present a second helping. So here's a collection of some spicy pics from the fabulous 1950s to enjoy. We think you know what we mean by *enjoy*.

For a monthly subscription of $19.95, this ultimate amateur site allows you to travel back in time to ogle a bevy of naked ladies, maybe even your own grandmother! That's sort of sexy—in a sick way.

Check out all the provocative smut of yesteryear at RetroRaunch.com.


What are ya waiting for?
FUCK THIS BLACK PUSSY NOW!
1-800-2B5A2C5K-AS7
2.98 PER/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

1-800 WETTEEN
1 800 938 8336
"PLAYFUL TEENS GETTING YOU OFF."
"..LIKE TO HAVE A GO WITH THIS!"
"Whoops..Look what just slipped off!"
ALL GIRLS 18+
$3.99 per min VISA / Mastercard / Discover / American Express Must be 18

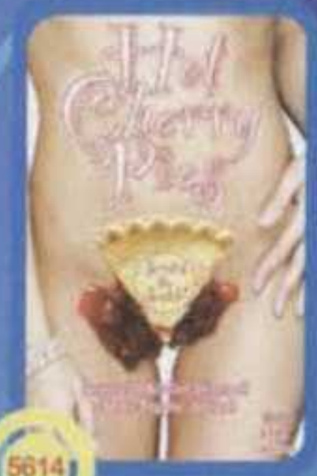
PICK ANY 5 DVDs... FREE

2129

4217

6267

5617


5614

3247

4795

2760

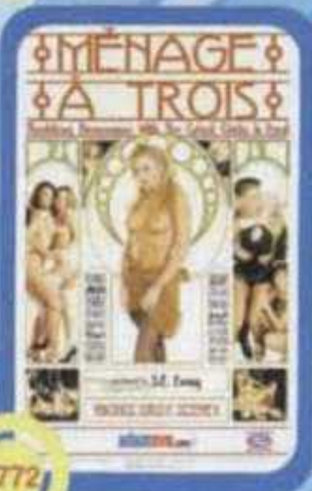
5084

8499

5714

5644

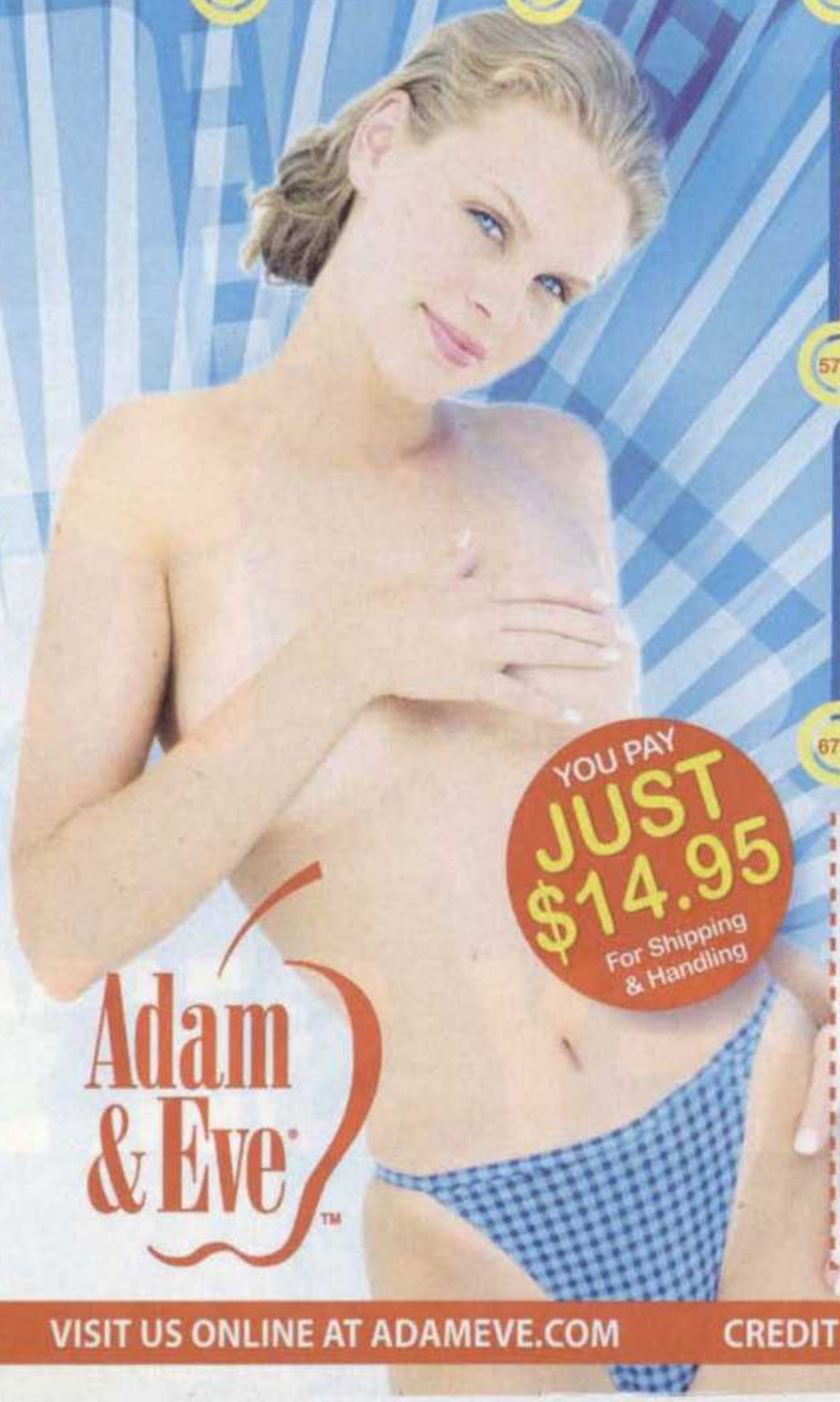
5619



6772

4708

6946



YOU PAY JUST $14.95 For Shipping & Handling

Adam & Eve™

DVD 1	PICK 5 DVDS YOUR CHOICE	FREE
DVD 2	POSTAGE & HANDLING	$14.95
DVD 3	RUSH PROCESSING ADD $2.00	$2.00
DVD 4	HOT ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION	FREE
DVD 5	ORDER TOTAL	

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)

CHARGE MY: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

ACCT.#

SIGNATURE

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT) I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 OR OLDER.

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. HH472 CARRBORO, NC 27510

VISIT US ONLINE AT ADAMEVE.COM CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL 800/274-0333 DEPT. HH472

BRITTNEY SKY
BODY CHEMISTRY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

Looking at this luscious California chick, you might think we created her in a genetic laboratory. Just look at this creature! With piercing green eyes, a tight little body and jutting 32DD breasts, she's the picture of perfection. You might think that Brittney Skye is a dream, and she is—a dream come true!

E

RADIATION
-CAUTION-
RADIATION AREA

The 29-year-old goddess has been peddling flesh since 2001, and she has made a whopping 250 adult videos. "Even though I've been doing this for a little while now," Brittney says, "I still consider myself pretty new. I guess I have a positive attitude when it comes to fucking on film." Brittney's motivation for being in the XXX business is simple: "I love sex! I've always been into having it, and being an adult actress allows me to make a living while getting banged."

What does the 5-foot-5 dynamo like in the bedroom? "I'm really into guys," Brittney replies. "Nothing against women, but strong, powerful men who don't mind ordering me around get me off in a big way. I love being dominated."

If you think you've seen Brittney before and are a golf fan, there's a reason. "I stripped at the 2003 U.S. Open in front of all the golfers," the Honey declares. "It's the craziest thing I've ever done." Well, that and a lot of fuck flicks.

FRAGILE

When not hard at work, the video vixen splits her spare time between surfing the Internet—"I really love MySpace"—and doing home improvements. "The sex industry has been so good to me," she chirps. "I just bought my first house. I hope to stay in the business as long as I'm pretty. After that I hope to just be a rich housewife."

See Brittney Skye sparkle in *HUSTLER Centerfolds #5* and *Busty Beauties #4* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

"I'M AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!"

XOXO
Brittney Skye

CAUTION

HUSTLER®
HONEY

JUNE 2006

CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)

CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

00525
USE NO STAPLES

Pedro was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place. Looking up toward heaven, he beseeched, "Lord, take pity on me. If you find me a parking place right now, I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of my life and give up drinking once and for all."

Miraculously, a parking spot appeared. Pedro looked up again and muttered, "Never mind, Lord. I just found one."

A young man went up to his father and asked, "Hey, Pop, can I have 20 bucks for a blowjob?"

"I don't know about that, son," the father remarked. "Are you any good?"

Question: What was President George W. Bush's position on *Roe* v. *Wade*?

Answer: He didn't care how the people got out of New Orleans.

A woman asked her husband to stop off at the market on his way home from work and buy some organic vegetables. He went into the store and looked around, but couldn't find any. He approached a tired-looking employee standing nearby and muttered, "I need to pick up some vegetables for my wife. Have these been sprayed with any poisonous chemicals?"

The produce guy looked at him and said, "No, sir, you'll have to do that yourself."

Two farm boys were talking about their first sexual experiences. "It was great!" the older one exclaimed. "There I was, humping away, when all of a sudden her mother walked in."

"Didn't you get in trouble?!" the younger one asked. "What did her mom say?"

"She looked at us and went, 'Baa, baa!'"

Question: What should a guy do when his girlfriend forgets to take her birth control pill?

Answer: Give her a good tongue-lashing.

"Good evening, ladies," Sherlock Holmes said as he passed three women eating bananas on a park bench.

"Do you know them?" his companion, Dr. Watson, asked.

"No," Holmes replied. "I've never met the nun, the prostitute or the bride we just walked past."

"Good Lord, Holmes, how in the world did you know all that?!"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," the private eye replied. "The nun ate her banana by holding it in one hand and using her other to carefully break the fruit into small pieces. The prostitute grabbed with both hands and crammed the whole thing into her mouth."

"Amazing!" Watson exclaimed. "But how did you know the third lady was a newlywed?"

"Because she held the banana in one hand," Holmes pronounced, "and pushed her head toward it with the other."

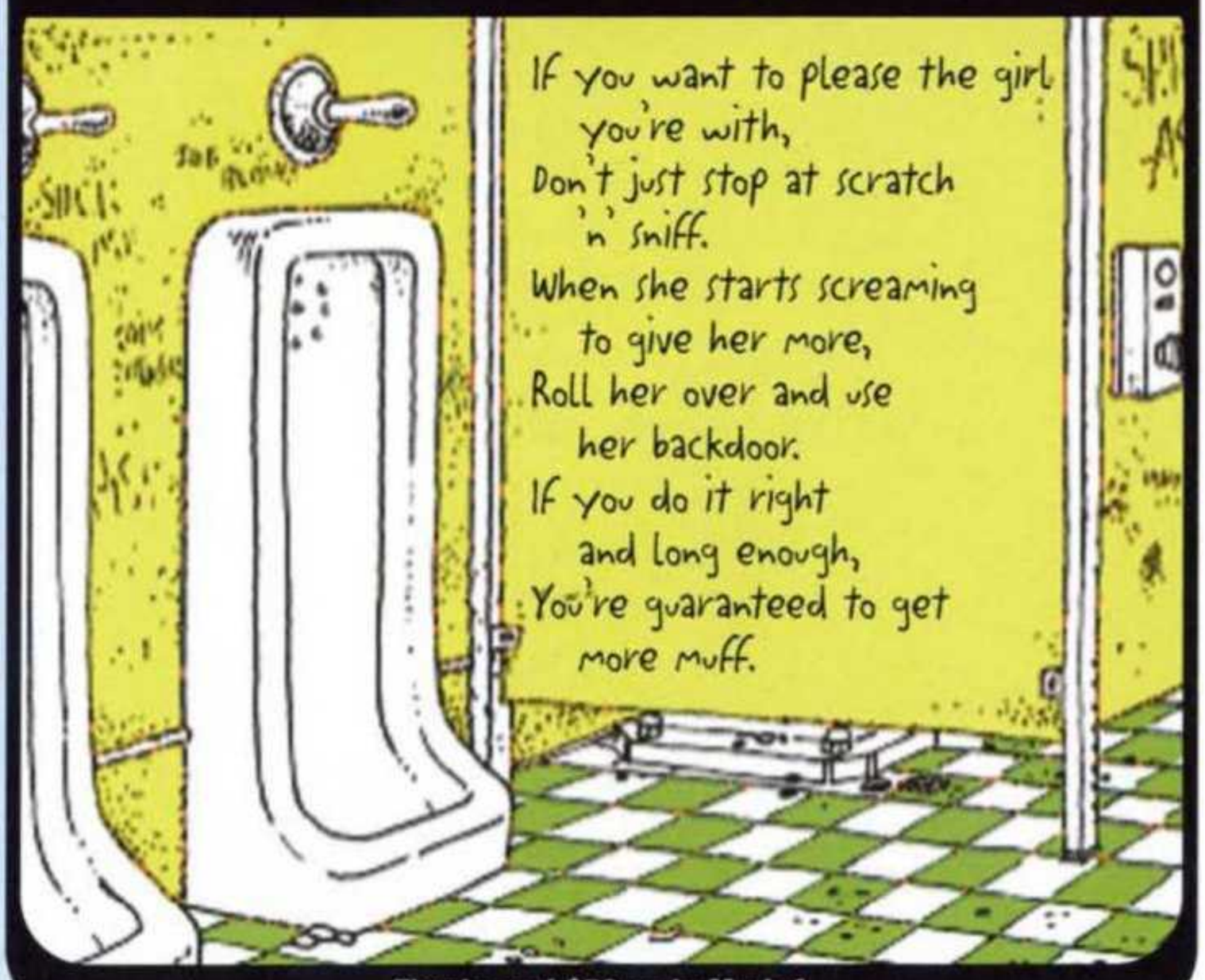
A bartender spotted a twentyish blonde down on her knees at the opposite end of the bar. He ambled her way and offered, "Can I help you with something?"

"My diamond ring fell off, and I can't find it," she grumbled.

"Did you lose it right around there?" the barkeep asked.

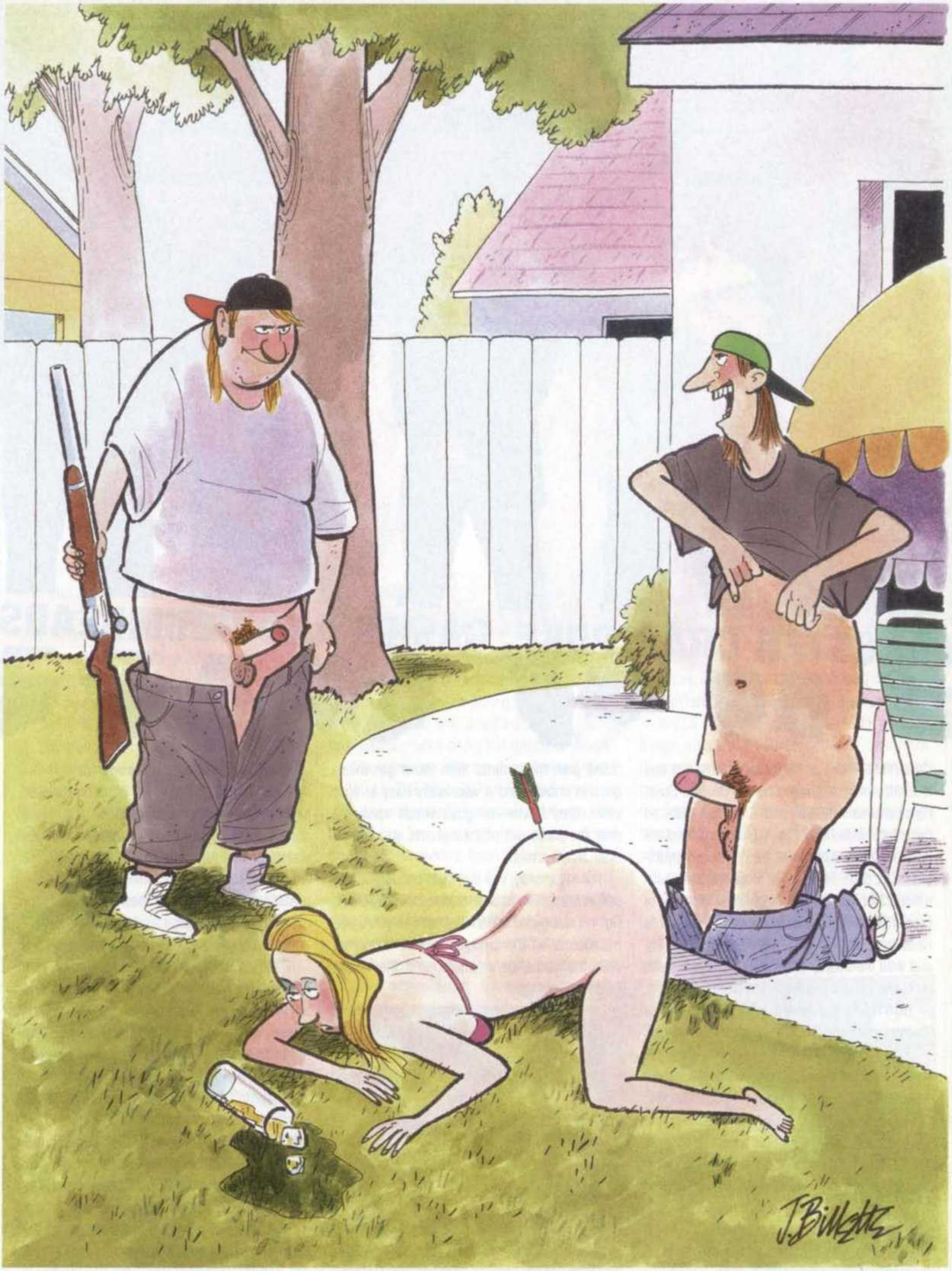
"No, it came off outside the men's room," the blonde huffed, "but the light's much better over here!"

GRAFFILTHY



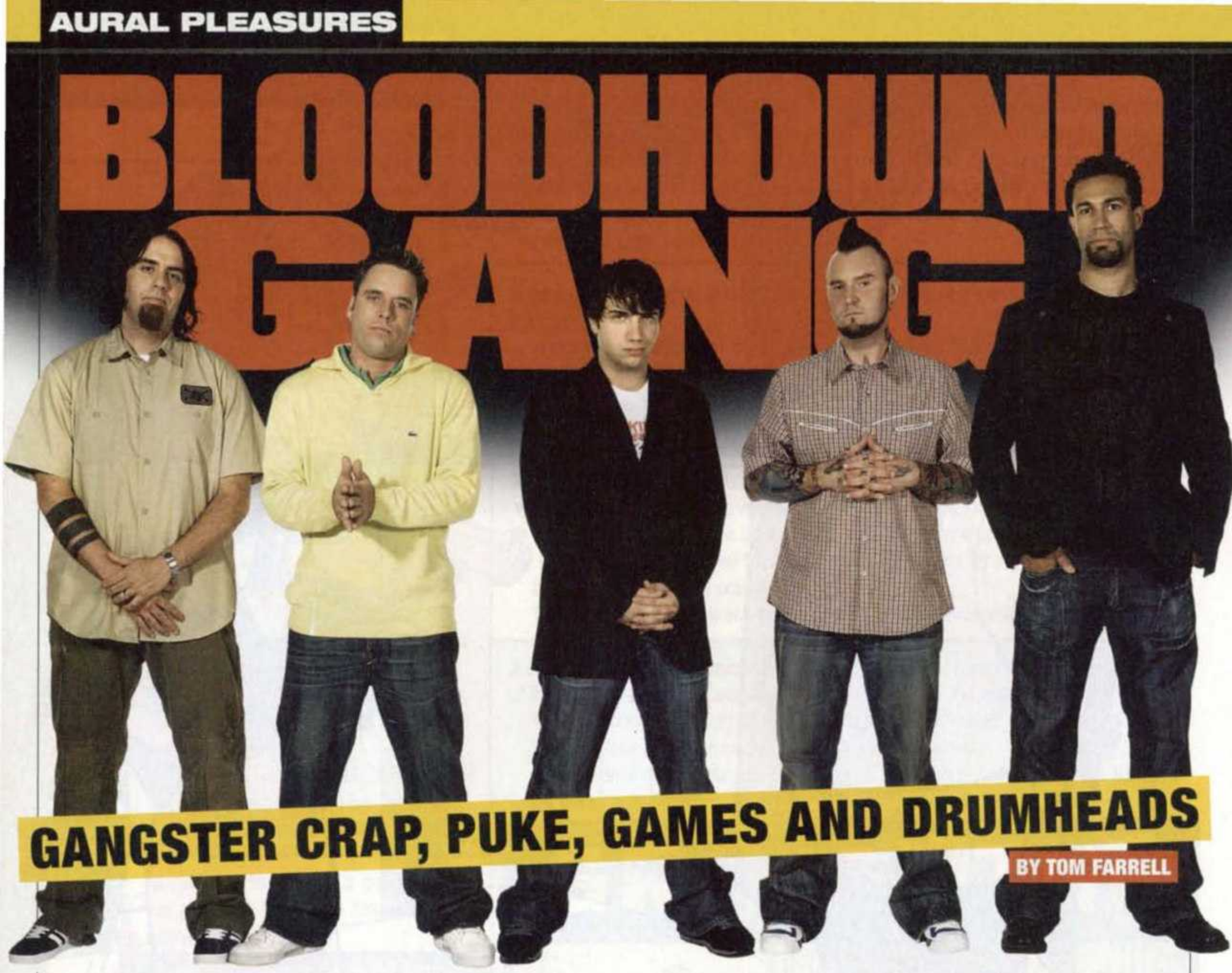
Thanks and $50 go to Mark A.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"How long do we have before the tranquilizer dart wears off?!"

BLOODHOUND GANG



GANGSTER CRAP, PUKE, GAMES AND DRUMHEADS

BY TOM FARRELL

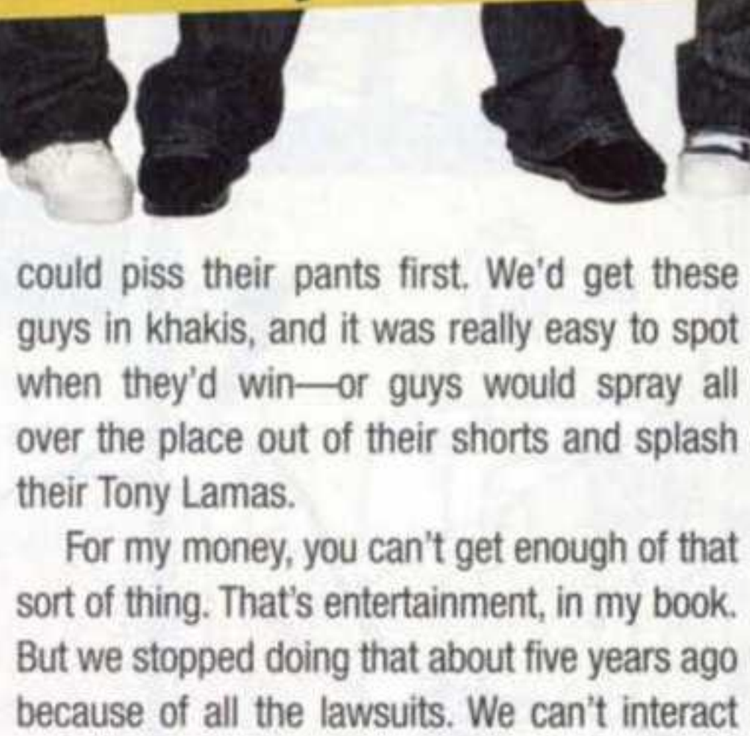
CARRYING THE TORCH for the puerile frat-boy mentality once espoused by the Beastie Boys, Pennsylvania's Bloodhound Gang are back on the attack with *Hefty Fine*, which continues the beer-'n'-titties attitude of their previous multi-platinum disc, *Hooray for Boobies*. Entertainment Editor Tom Farrell caught up with a pair of Bloodhound Gangsters, bassist Evil Jared Hasselhoff and drummer Willie the New Guy, and was thoroughly grossed out by what some B.G. fans will eat to get into the band's concerts.

HUSTLER: We heard you guys used to throw up in one another's mouth onstage.

EVIL JARED: Oh, that was just for laughs. We really want to be an interactive band. So we'd have audience members come up onstage, and we'd pay 'em $100 to drink warm Dr. Peppers; give 'em $50 if they could roll a coin down their nose and catch it in their underpants; then we'd pour a gallon of milk down their underwear while they weren't looking. Crap like that.

We used to have what we called a "piss off." We'd have guys come up onstage and stand on our amps, and we'd give $30 to whomever could piss their pants first. We'd get these guys in khakis, and it was really easy to spot when they'd win—or guys would spray all over the place out of their shorts and splash their Tony Lamas.

For my money, you can't get enough of that sort of thing. That's entertainment, in my book. But we stopped doing that about five years ago because of all the lawsuits. We can't interact with the audience anymore, and they can't come up onstage.



What did you guys get sued for?

EVIL: Ridiculous things. Someone would jump off the stage, land on someone, and they'd sue us. That's like someone sitting there and watching the *Morning Workout With Denise Austin*, jerking off and falling off the couch, breaking their wrist and then suing Sony for making the television.

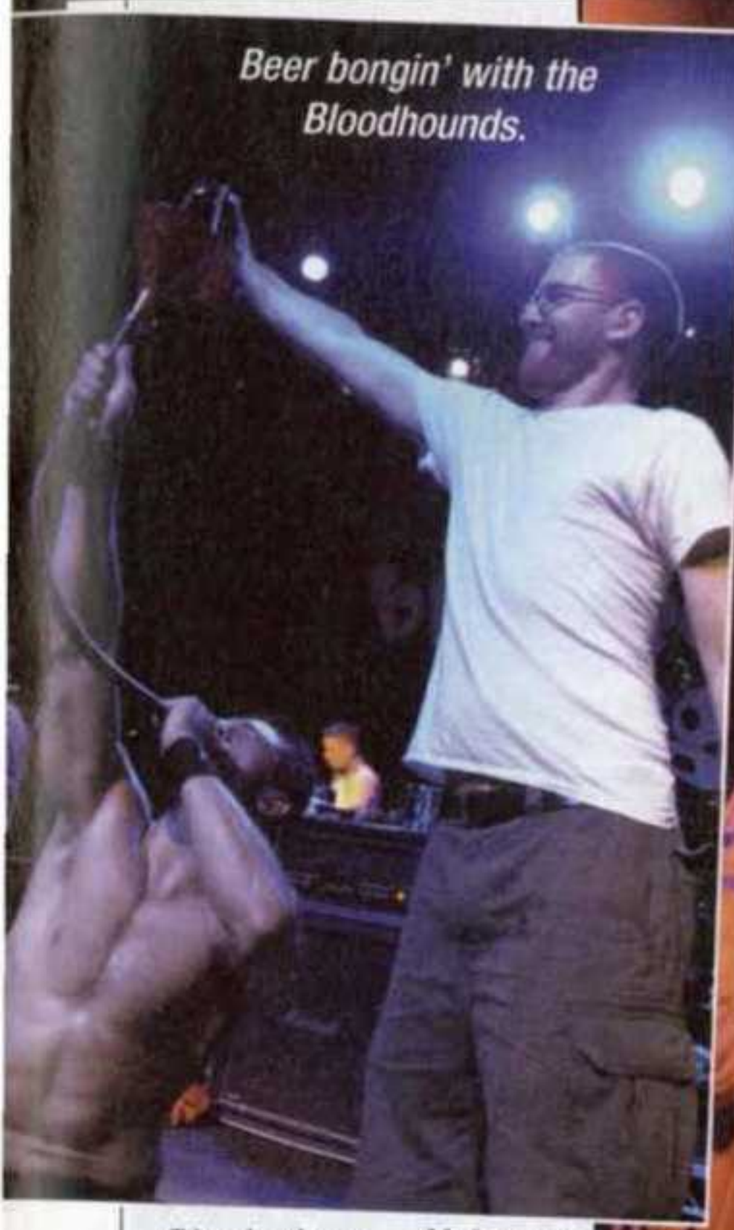
So let's get back to the puking.

EVIL: Well, after all the lawsuits, we weren't allowed to interact with the crowd anymore, so we had to come up with things where we only abused ourselves. So we started puking on each other, peeing on each other and letting the crowd spit on us. I figure that couldn't hurt. Unless we get hepatitis C, which we inevitably will.

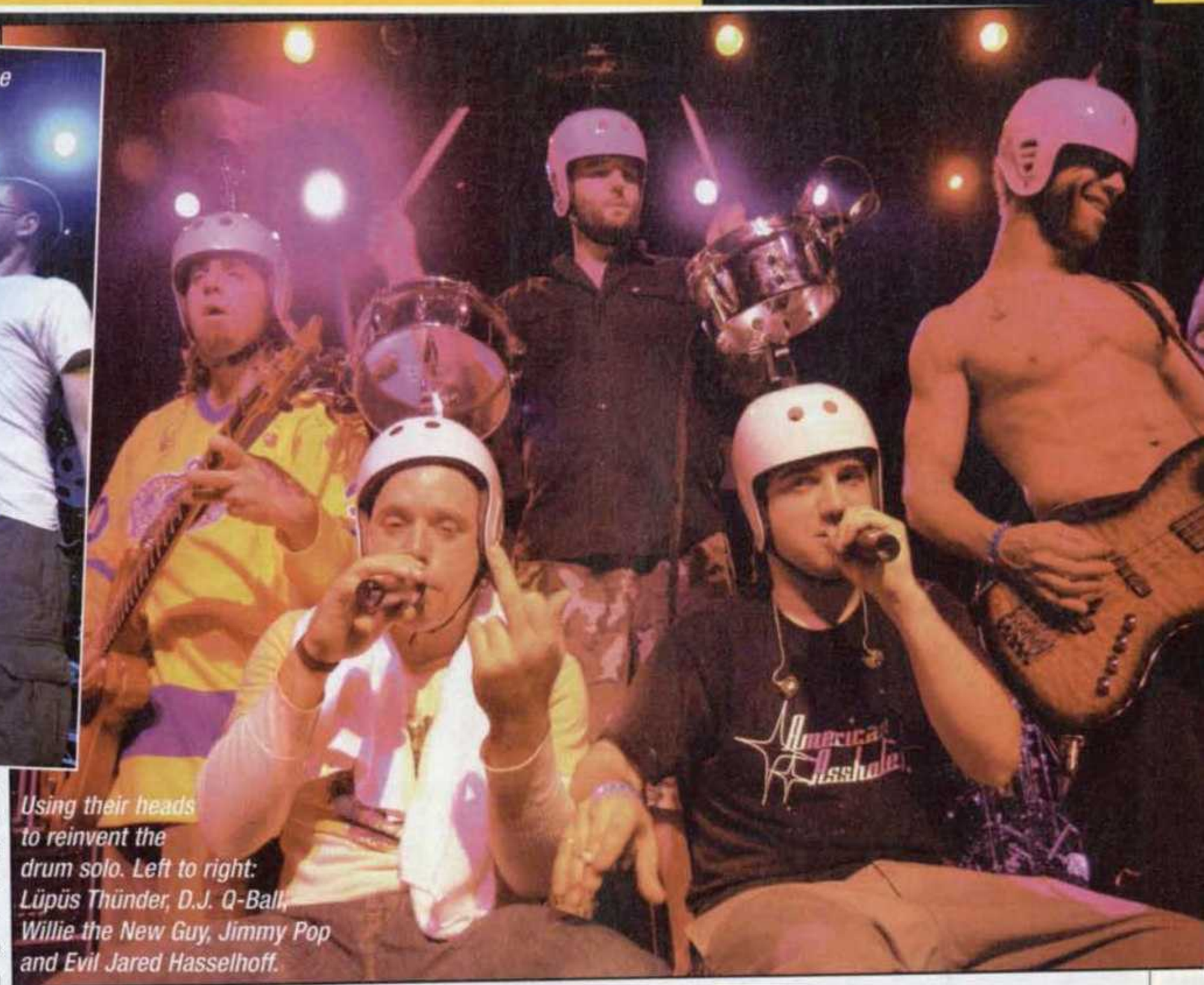
You gotta figure a group like Bloodhound Gang attracts its share of unusual groupies. What's the most outrageous thing you've ever encountered on the road?

EVIL: A lot of times I think we don't go far enough, but there was one time when I think we actually crossed the line. We were in

PHOTOS BY ANNETTE OVENESIAN



Beer bongin' with the Bloodhounds.



Using their heads to reinvent the drum solo. Left to right: Lüpüs Thünder, D.J. Q-Ball, Willie the New Guy, Jimmy Pop and Evil Jared Hasselhoff.

Birmingham, Alabama. There was some filthy guy who wanted to get in—he wanted four tickets. That was a lot of tickets. So I told him, "I'll give you one ticket if you shove this banana up your ass and then eat it; two tickets if you let your friends pee on it before you eat it; and four tickets if you take a crap on it and eat the whole thing."

I figured he'd try to lowball me and work something out—that there was no way he'd crap on it and eat it. He shoved the banana up his ass, he crapped it out onto a paper plate, his friends pissed on it, and then he crapped on it and ate it.

That's Atkins-friendly, right?

EVIL: I'm not sure, but there was no bread. A banana has complex carbs, but he was very thin-looking—very Mary-Kate Olsen. The guy ate the crap for $28 worth of tickets.

You guys should play with GWAR.

EVIL: We did play with them once—at Dragon*Con, which is a big sci-fi convention. We went on right before the costume contest. People were shouting at us to get off the stage, yelling "Get off! We want C3PO! Bring on the wookies!" There was actually some stagediving, and this Jawa guy jumped off the stage and landed on this chick in a wheelchair. (*Laughs.*) Landed right on top! I figured, she's already paralyzed, so it couldn't hurt her anymore.

Any messages for Bloodhound Gang fans?

EVIL: Yes, if the B.G. fans are hot HUSTLER Honeys, tell them or anyone else to go to our MySpace page and send us the filthiest, nastiest pictures of them taking a dump on anything. Send it to Evil Jared's attention. I want the hottest chicks doing the grossest things.

Who came up with the drum helmet idea?

WILLIE THE NEW GUY: Evil Jared came up with it one day during rehearsal. It was a little difficult for me because I've never played drums on someone's head before. It's a little fun to beat on them, but it's not very practical.

Plus, you've brought back the drum solo. I think those went out with Foghat.

WILLIE: Which is an unfortunate thing, being a drummer. Nah, honestly, I gotta admit it, sometimes drum solos are...well...even the great ones, 13 minutes into it... y'know?

So you're a big video game head. You reviewed some stuff for us?

WILLIE: I hear the PS3 is amazing—staggering graphics.

Yeah, they showed us some test screens for the PS3, and we couldn't tell the difference between PS3 and reality.

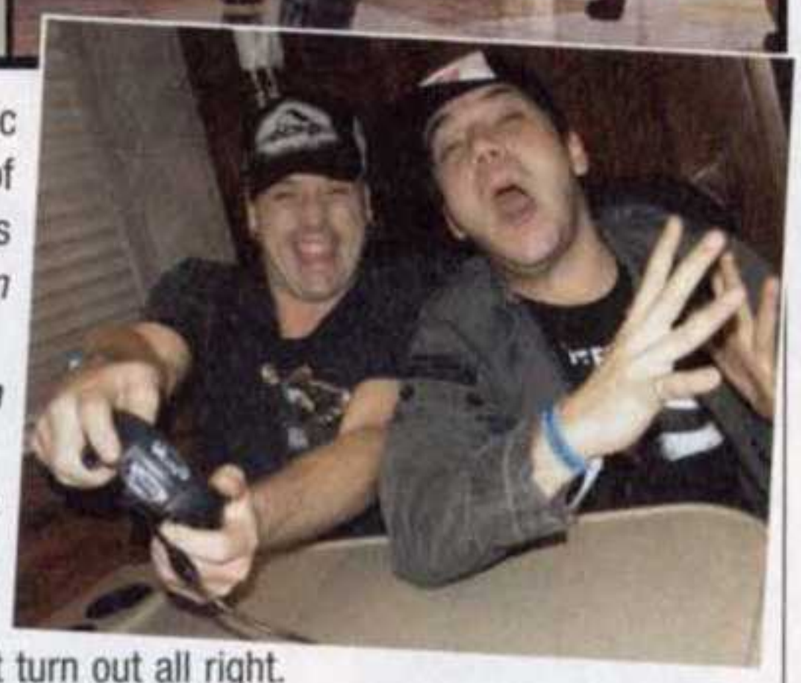
WILLIE: Wow! Yeah, I've heard a lot of good things about it. I reviewed *Beat Down* from Capcom, which was cool. It really reminded me of the Tekken games, but more with a Rockstar Games kind of edge. The corniest thing was when you'd go to each mission, whatever guy or girl you were playing said, "I'll remember that!" or something like that.

We would've had them say, "All right, who wants to drive me to the hospital?"

WILLIE: (*Laughs.*) There you go! But the gameplay for *Beat Down* was great, and it's

The Bloodhound Gang get their game on, but Willie's devotion is out of control.

MORE

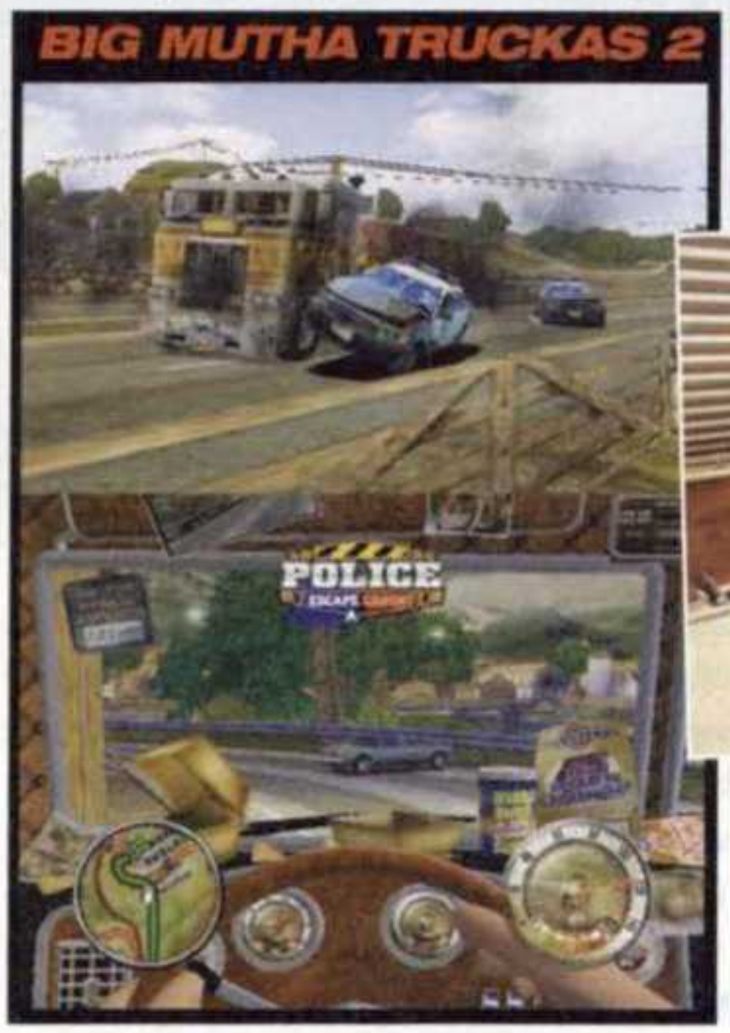


BLOODHOUND GANG

gory and a lot of fun. It's unrealistic because you're kicking the shit out of people with all these moves. But it was very entertaining. I liked *Beat Down* overall; it had classic controls.

What did you think of *Big Mutha Truckas 2*?

WILLIE: I wasn't a huge fan of the first one, and this one was kinda more of the same. I was disappointed overall. Something about it just didn't turn out all right. It was a great idea, but it didn't hold my interest very much. The gameplay was a little rough around the edges. The graphics were good. It's really white trash and pretty explicit, but it just didn't work for me.



And what did you think of Ubisoft's *187 Ride or Die*?

WILLIE: I liked it a lot. I'm as white as they come, and it's a total ghetto gangster game. I really dug it. Really good idea for a game. You can play it in tandem and have someone drive while you're riding shotgun and killing people. Then you got the Biggie Smalls kingpin guy pointing you toward these different missions. It was really cool. It had smooth gameplay. I was intimidated at first because I played it by myself and you have to drive and shoot. But once you pick it up, it's cake. ■

SIX-PACK

A HALF-DOZEN CDs AND DVDs OF INTEREST

FRANK ZAPPA
Frank Zappa's The Dub Room Special!
Eagle Vision
In low-res wraparounds shot in 1982, the late F.Z. introduces '74 and '81 TV studio concerts featuring his side-freaks (including a young Steve Vai). This DVD won't score any converts, but most Zappatistas will want to own it. *—Donald Ambrose*

MARY J. BLIGE
The Breakthrough
Geffen
Miss Mary has worked through the drama and come out swinging with a more mature-sounding effort that's still packed with the level of emotion and power you'd expect. The reigning queen of R&B is joined by U2 (on a cover of their song "One"), Jay-Z and the Black Eyed Peas' Will.I.Am. No one brings the soul like Mary. *—Michelle McCarthy*

PATTI SMITH
Horses/Horses
Columbia
Patti Smith became punk rock's poet laureate and one of the most influential female rockers of all time on the strength of her groundbreaking debut album, *Horses*. Columbia celebrates the 30th anniversary of this proto-punk masterpiece with a newly remastered, two-disc Legacy Special Edition. Disc two captures a powerful 2005 live performance of the album in its entirety, featuring original band members Lenny Kaye and Jay Dee Daugherty, plus Television guitarist Tom Verlaine and Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers. *—Kevin Wright*

BUCKETHEAD & FRIENDS
Enter the Chicken
Serjical Strike Records
Buckethead joins forces with System of a Down's frontman for this release on Serj Tankian's label. Tankian produced the CD and lends vocals to "We Are One" and "Waiting Hare." Eleven guest singers in all team up with the enigmatic guitar virtuoso for a diverse but hard-rocking record. *—K.W.*

FRANZ FERDINAND
You Could Have It So Much Better
Domino/Epic
These hyper Glaswegians sound closer to a faux '60s Brit-Pop Invasion band like New Jersey's Knickerbockers, but the '80s dance beats and glam Bowie/Kinks cops are still cool. The glam-slammin' "Do You Want To" is Gary Glitter-meets-Ziggy. *—Roy Trakin*

BAUHAUS
Shadow of Light/Archive
Beggars Banquet
Two long-out-of-print '80s videotapes from the legendary post-punkers are finally resurrected on one essential DVD. Fans of the goth-rock progenitors can sink their teeth into all of the group's commercially released videos and live concert footage from their heyday. A highly visual band revered for their dark, dramatic flair, daywalkers will be surprised by how much Bauhaus rocks. *—K.W.*

Ray Manzarek

"CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

TO CELEBRATE the release of The Doors' CD *Live in Philadelphia '70*, HUSTLER had a psychedelic sit-down with keyboardist Ray Manzarek, who spoke about Jim Morrison's Presidential aspirations, changing the world and giving an earful.

JIM MORRISON

THE DOORS

PHOTO BY BRICH

HUSTLER: What did Jim Morrison have as a frontman that other singers don't?

RAY MANZAREK: As a performer, total immersion in the moment and a wild and crazed Dionysian persona. [He was] willing to let it all hang out and do whatever he felt like onstage—the wilder, the better. Although sometimes he was completely still and could hypnotize an audience too. Plus, he was intelligent, handsome and skinny. I asked him once how he was so thin. He said he wasn't eating, just living on acid basically.

We were trying to change the world. We wanted to stop the war in Vietnam. We wanted ecological purity. We wanted a decent, clean planet where we could drink the water, breathe the air and eat food that was good for you.

If Morrison were still alive, do you believe the legacy of The Doors would be as great as it is today?

From my perspective I'd rather Jim were alive. [He died in 1971.] We'd have made movies. Be making records. We even spoke about politics. In 1967 we talked about someone in show business becoming President of the United States. We were going to wait till Jim was 35 and then give it a shot. I miss him, man.

You must have some wild groupie stories.

The sex was amazing. Every orifice was valid—even the ears. If you had a girl with large ears, you could get the head in a little there. That was good ejaculating. Coming in a girl's ear is an interesting thing. You can kind of fill it.

Morrison is guilty of many group sex scenes. I even heard of Jim and three girls. What the hell are you going to do with three of them? A man's got to be in good shape to actually handle three women at one time. All the stories I ever heard from the girls was that Jim was a great lover. All very happy and satisfied customers.

The only problem he had was with his main squeeze, Pam. Jim had a tendency to drink. And as we all know, when you drink, the "tool" is rendered inoperative. One time Pam wrote on the mirror in blood-red lipstick, "Some sex symbol. Can't even get it up." Ouch! But it was her way of hurting Jim for all his carousing and hurting her.

Nico [a singer/model and part of pop artist Andy Warhol's Factory crowd] was giving Jim head when Andy Warhol walked in. Jim said, "Andy, we're a little busy and would like some privacy." As Nico is on her knees in front of him, Andy said, "Can I watch, Jim? Just let me watch."

Jim made Andy Warhol get on his knees and bark like a dog. Then Jim made Andy go into the corner. All the while, Nico is working her magic with that flicking little tongue right underneath the head. That sensitive place there. Nico knew all about that. She was a great lover. Andy had to kneel down and watch from the corner. When it was finished, Andy asked Jim if he could see it. Jim says, "No, Andy. I don't think so." He zips up, and he and Nico go out into the party at Andy's loft, leaving Warhol in the corner.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE DOORS MUSIC COMPANY. COLOR PHOTOS BY PAUL FERRARA

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

Aeon Flux

Based on Peter Chung's popular MTV animated series, and set in the world of Paramount Pictures/Lakeshore Entertainment flick ***Aeon Flux***, this action-packed video game was developed by Terminal Reality, creator of Majesco's hit series ***Bloodrayne***. ***Aeon Flux*** the video game features the voiceover and likeness of Academy Award-winning actor Charlize Theron (as Aeon) in a futuristic world where disease has wiped out most of the population, save for one walled city-state. The game taps many elements of the animated series and film, allowing you to slow down time using "flux" to better aim your attacks. You can combine maneuvers and stunts for super attacks, use cool sci-fi gadgets and weapons, and be judged on a style-o-meter for getting the deed done in proper fashion. For PS2 and Xbox.

By the way, if you can't get your fill of ***Aeon Flux***, you must check out the new three-disc DVD set from our pals at Paramount and MTV. The box set featues all ten episodes of the original animated series, including the original pilot episode, several companion shorts, two featurettes and more. ***Aeon Flux*** originally appeared on MTV's late-night program *Liquid Television*, which showcased groundbreaking animation.

Matrix Path of Neo

Atari's current installment in the successful ***Matrix*** video game series puts you in the shoes of Neo and takes you through the movie, with interactions from all the main characters. The game features actual movie sequences during the segues and draws you in as part of the flick. You'll feel like you're the One. Overall, a great shooter with jaw-dropping graphics set in a milieu you can't beat. For PC, PS2 and Xbox.

Indigo Prophecy

Imagine regaining consciousness in the bathroom of a New York City diner with a dead body at your feet and blood on your hands. Another double date with Robert Blake? Oh, yeah, laugh now, funny guy, but as you sink deeper and deeper into **Atari**'s paranormal thriller ***Indigo Prophecy***, that smirk will be replaced by manly screams of horror. As the Big Apple gets rocked by a series of grisly killings, this awesome game drops you into a Hitchcockian murderfest that makes you feel like you're in a horror flick as you struggle to clear your name. Totally free-flowing, ***Indigo Prophecy*** allows you to run up to four characters, whose actions decide the final outcome. The challenging, nightmarish spectacle is heightened by the more than 50 stuntmen and actors used to motion-capture in-game characters and present an environment rife with realism and high-caliber Hollywood action sequences. For PC, PS2 and Xbox.

NOBODY KNOWS *F.E.A.R.* LIKE JOHN CARPENTER

WHEN LEGENDARY HORROR FILMMAKER John Carpenter puts his stamp of approval on something, it's time to pay attention. That's because when the guy who's been scaring the hell out of people for years finds something that frightens *him*, it's cause to write about. Recently, Carpenter gave his nod to Vivendi Universal's terrifying, atmospheric shooter ***F.E.A.R.*** (*First Encounter Assault Recon*), a suspenseful, action-packed game that will have you begging to leave the lights on.

In the first of a two-part HUSTLER exclusive, the frightmeister discusses his attraction to ***F.E.A.R.***, terror's successful transition to video games and why *Sonic the Hedgehog* still has a place in his heart.

HUSTLER: How did you first become aware of *F.E.A.R.*?

JOHN CARPENTER: I was invited down to the facility to take a look at ***F.E.A.R.*** and give my opinion. I watched it being played and was amazed. I asked myself, *What kind of a step forward is this in gaming?* So they let me play it, and I was totally on board. I really wanted to be part of this game. It was the closest I've come to playing a movie. When you look at a game, you look for a couple of things. You look at the graphics and how close they are to photorealism. And you look at how smooth and how effortless it is. This game has it all. It's also scary. The scariest game I've ever played.

Watching one of your movies is like slowly walking up a shadowy staircase, and with each step it gets scarier and scarier, then *boom!* How does *F.E.A.R.* sync up with that?

That's exactly what ***F.E.A.R.*** is. There's a story going on that you have to keep track of. It's a combination of first-person shooters and some of the Asian horror films of recent years. You're playing the game, you're walking through your environment and trying to protect yourself so you don't get killed. And very quickly you become totally immersed in the game. So it's very similar to walking up the stairs and having something jump out at you.

How hands-on were you with the game?

Luckily for me, not at all. (*Smiles.*) It was already done. I'm simply here to be a spokesperson for the game. As a director and someone who has worked in horror, this game has got it. It's fabulous!

There are a ton of incredible horror games on the market, especially the *Resident Evil* and *Silent Hill* series. What made *F.E.A.R.* so superior that you'd publicly endorse it?

The graphic content; the way the graphics are treated and rendered are exceptional.

In *The Thing* you drove viewers insane by combining basic psychology and cutting-edge technology. What elements of *F.E.A.R.* appeal to your high-tech sinister sense?

I don't think there will ever be another movie like that. We didn't have computer graphics back then, so we had to do things the old-fashioned way. [*The Thing* made its theatrical debut in 1982.] It was imagination that created that monster and the whole concept of the film. So many horror movies of today rely entirely on CGI [computer-generated imagery], and it's not that believable.

I'm a big Ray Harryhausen fan. I'm also a gamer. I date back to *Pong* and *Asteroids*. I started playing console games with *Sonic* [*the Hedgehog*]. I just love *Sonic*. I still do. I guess there's a new one coming out—*Shadow* or something—but I guess he shoots people? I still love the platform games—cartoonish games, adventure games. I love 'em. I love first-person shooters, NBA games—I love 'em all. And ***F.E.A.R.*** is an exceptional step forward. If you play ***F.E.A.R.***, you will have a terrifying experience. Guaranteed.

Next month, John Carpenter talks about his mastery of horror and his love of video games—and porn.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

JEANIE MARIE, ASHLEY GRAC

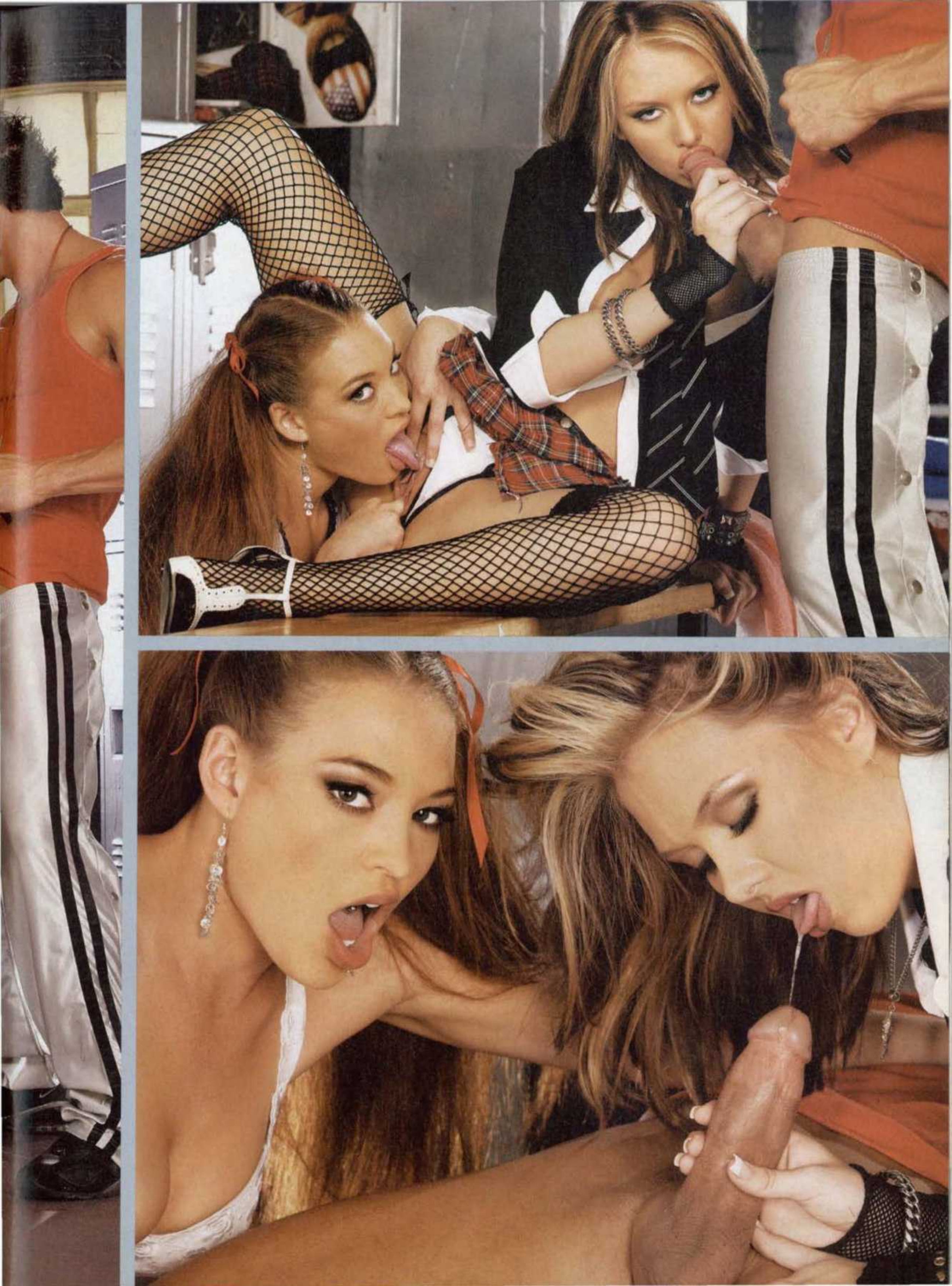
TAKE ONE FOR T

The Head Cheerleader (Ashley Gracie) has absolutely nothing in common with the Dirty Girl (Jeanie Marie), except they're both failing phys ed. Ordered to report to detention in the gym, the mouthwatering girls become instantly attracted to each other. The pom-pom shaker has never tried smoking before, but she wants to be bad. When the Coach (Tommy Gunn) catches them in the act, he vows they'll be punished. Then he notices how sexy the young ladies are. At first, the older man feels he shouldn't take advantage of the situation. He's also worried about getting canned if the school board finds out. But once the Coach sees the Cheerleader's tasty twat, he says to himself, *Fuck it!* After all, the gig doesn't pay squat. That, plus the horny chicks are both 18 and totally smokin'.

E & TOMMY GUNN

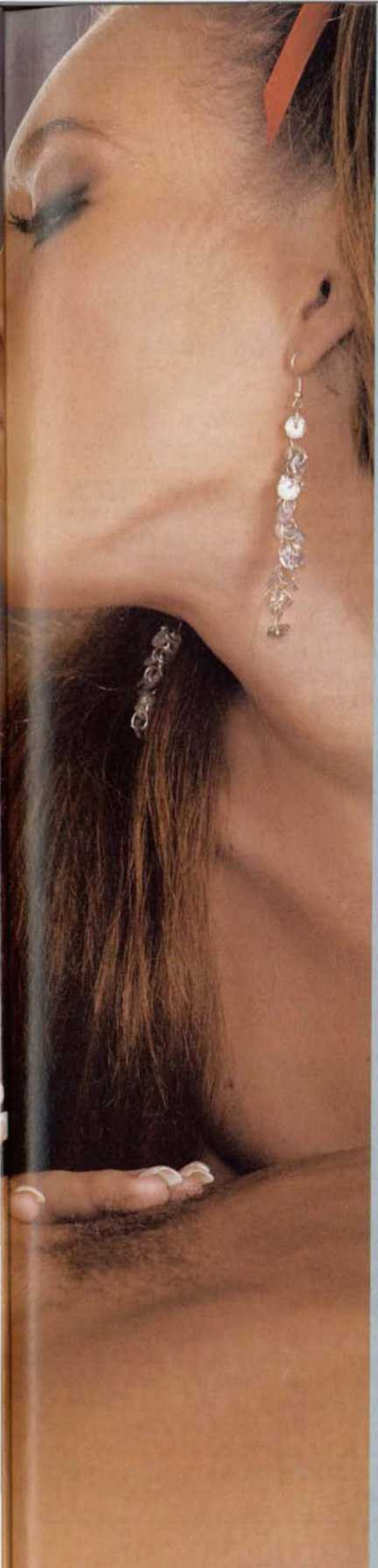
THE TEAM

Under the tutelage of a stiff taskmaster, the eager students endure a vigorous workout. Although the longtime educator thinks he's seen it all, the promiscuous whippersnappers actually teach him a thing or two about physical fitness. The Dirty Girl and Head Cheerleader soon take turns blowing more than the Coach's whistle.



By the end of the day, both *F* students have aced the course with honors, including the prestigious Summa Cum Swallow.

See Jeanie Marie get frisky in *Barely Legal #52* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.



TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

START YOUR ENGINES! ▶

Created by a race fan who wanted to enjoy commentary while at the track, these acoustic, isolating earphones effectively provide 42 decibels of noise reduction across the entire sound spectrum. Not just for the NASCAR crowd, RaceQuiet earphones maximize listening comfort in extreme-noise environments. Weighing only 1.5 ounces, they are perfect for anywhere you want to catch some music, like outdoors or during air travel (cool-looking case included). Race out and get yourself a set today. Available at ***RaceQuiet.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.95.

IT'S NOT THE SIZE ▲

Don't let the size of this camera throw you. It may be small, but it packs a lot of punch. The DXG-506V combines an mpeg-4 video recorder, 5.1 megapixel digital still camera, MP3 player, voice recorder and PC camera all in a compact unit that is roughly the size of a bar of soap. The sleek and stylish camera has 32 MB of built-in memory, a slot to add a removable SD card for more storage and runs on four AA batteries. For once you don't have to be embarrassed by your small unit. Available at ***DXGusa.com***. Suggested retail price: $159.99.

CONTROL YOUR GAME ▶

The Xbox 360 was the hottest tech item of the past holiday season, and now Logitech's Harmony advanced remote is the state-of-the-art accessory for the game console. Gamers and home entertainment enthusiasts alike can control the Xbox 360 and any other electronic components with a single device. Just push one button on the Harmony remote, and the Xbox 360 and all the appropriate gadgets are set to the required readiness for gameplay. The ultraslim-looking unit features white finish, chrome accents and easy-on-the-eyes green backlighting. Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

TIME FOR MUSIC ▼

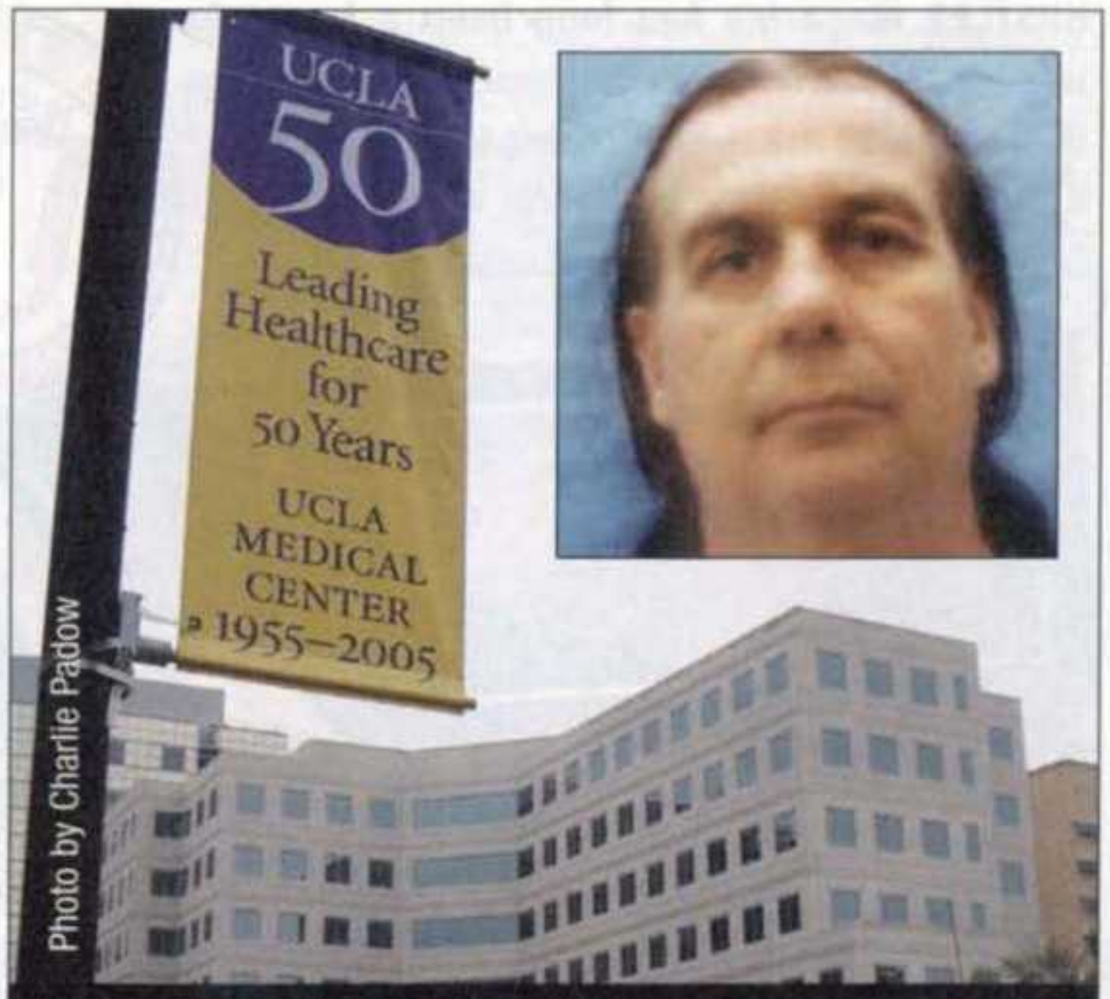
On the TV show *MacGyver* the star could turn everyday household items into high-tech gadgets. This MacGyver watch, based on the adventure series, is more than just a timepiece. It has a built-in MP3 player with 1 GB of memory that can hold up to 300 songs, a voice recorder (with microphone) and an integrated USB cable. The MacGyver has a separate power source by which you can recharge the battery and transfer files through the USB cable. Comes with a free pair of Skullcandy's Smokin' Bud earphones (a $24.95 value). This watch will totally rock your wrist. Available at ***Skullcandy.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.95.

▲ WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' IPOD

Looking for an economical alternative to an iPod from Apple? Then check out the latest MP3 player from iriver. The U10 is not only an MP3 player, but it also features an ultrabright 2.2 color display for videos, games and photo slideshows. The unit is just 2.7 by 1.8 inches and supports both download and subscription services. The top-of-the-line model features 1 GB of memory, which allows up to 34 hours of play. Fuck iPod. Get iriver. Available at ***iriverAmerica.com/eStore***. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

BODY PARTS BEDLAM

As Charlie Padow reports, the University of California's medical domain has been plagued by mishaps, misdeeds and headline-making scandals.



UCLA was a pioneer in obtaining willed bodies to advance medical research, but in 2004 program director Henry Reid (inset) was arrested for allegedly selling remains to outside parties. He was subsequently released from custody and relieved of his duties.

The University of California's five teaching hospitals are nationally recognized for excellence in patient care, the training of future doctors and medical research. However, in recent years, program closures and costly lawsuits—not to mention a litany of scandals—have undermined decades of public service and trust.

In the spring of 2004 it was revealed that the head of UCLA's Willed Body Program had purportedly been selling human body parts for his own profit. Since 1950, UCLA—the first American institution to establish such a program—had been receiving about 175 bequeathed bodies a year for medical research, teaching and transplants.

The project was immediately suspended after it was discovered that Director Henry Reid had allegedly charged non-UC employee Ernest Nelson over $700,000 between 1998 and 2003 for harvested body parts from almost 800 donated cadavers. Although Reid and Nelson were arrested, no charges have been filed against either individual, and the case remains under investigation. According to documents obtained by the authorities, Nelson may have been a middleman for a number of large medical research companies, notably pharmaceutical giant Johnson & Johnson.

Facing a class-action lawsuit filed by the decedents' family members, UC announced there would be a comprehensive overhaul, including requiring its medical schools to implant radio transmitters to systematically track cadavers. Additional security measures, improved centralized management and new recordkeeping guidelines were also mandated.

Under a new name, UCLA's Donated Body Program resumed activities in late 2005, but wasn't immediately accepting any new cadavers.

Ironically, Reid had been hired in 1996 to restructure the organization after another embarrassing scandal. It was alleged that medical waste and animal remnants were mixed into the ashes of cremated donors, then carted off to a garbage dump. A lawsuit related to the illegal disposal of human remains was ultimately dismissed.

The University of California's Irvine medical center has also suffered from several snafus in the past decade. Most recently, its liver transplant program was shut down in November 2005 after losing federal funding because it didn't employ a full-time transplant surgeon and failed to meet minimum requirements for survival rates and overall proficiency.

Before the ax fell, UCI ostensibly misled federal regulators, claiming it had a full-time resident surgeon. In fact, the specialist in question—Dr. Marquis Hart—also worked at a hospital 90 miles away and planned only to assist part-time.

UC Irvine now faces several wrongful-death lawsuits filed by families of patients who succumbed while on the transplant waiting list. By the time the program was curtailed, the list exceeded 100, and in a two-year period 30 or so had reportedly perished. Meanwhile, UCI accepted less than 10% of the 543 livers donated for transplants.

It appears UC Irvine is no stranger to scandals. In 1999 a staffer sold spines from donated cadavers, and cremated remains were returned to the wrong parties. In 2004 the UC system agreed to pay $500,000 to family members who'd been given the ashes of another willed body donor.

Additional University of California medical scandals have come to light over recent years: eggs and embryos stolen from patients by fertility doctors and implanted in other women; cancer patients being improperly charged for experimental treatments; and more than $2 million in government funds earmarked for cancer research being misspent by a doctor using unauthorized software.

It's a good thing that UC has top-notch law schools. Apparently, some of the university's medical personnel just might need a sharp lawyer.

Charlie Padow is a freelance political cartoonist who's pursuing a master's degree in social welfare at UCLA. As an undergrad at the University of California, Santa Cruz, he was editor of the campus publication The Fish Rap Live!

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

WE'RE PAYING CA$H FOR HOT STUDENT BODIES!

HUSTLER Magazine has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

"I have a lot of fun Down Under! So do my friends!"

MINDY

"I'm an outgoing sort of girl," declares Mindy, a horny American who's majoring in physical fitness at Australia's **Chase College**. "I have no problem showing off my friends." Perky, aren't they? Born in Michigan, the spry freshman now resides in the Gold Coast city of Carrara and lists her pastimes as "sex, rock climbing, backpacking, nude sunbathing and watching porn." And look at what she's learned. "I like being on top and giving blowjobs," pipes Mindy, 26, whose return to academia has been very eventful. "I met a bloke in class," she recalls, "and we got it on in the front seat of my car. By the time I realized we were parked near the faculty's picnic area, our goose was cooked. Luckily, no one stopped us, and we both passed our courses." —Photos by Roommate

COMING ATTRACTIONS

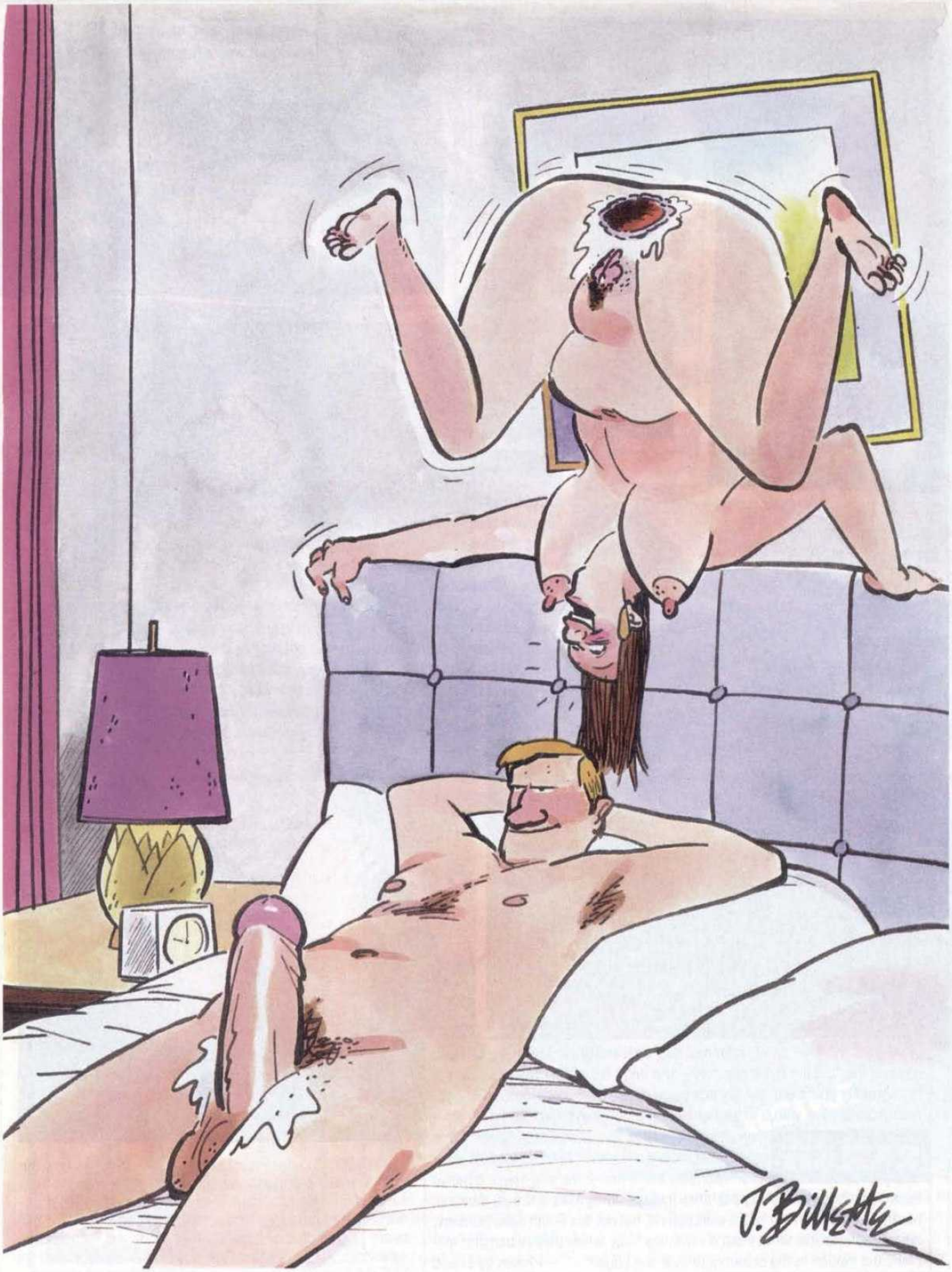
Hats off to Real College Girl SONIA (December '04), who just graduated from **Northern Illinois University**. Look for her naughty mortarboard photos in an upcoming issue. Meanwhile, **KEIRA** (April '05) is still enrolled at **Indiana University** and alluringly matriculated at KeiraModel.com. She too will be rolling over for us again soon.

"At a football game, I'd love to get naked in a huddle and get to call one play!"

SARAH

"I've had a lot of sex," confides this **University of Texas at El Paso** sophomore, "but I'm not a nympho—or a nun." No matter where she fits in the carnality spectrum, the bodacious 20-year-old has commendable bedroom habits. "I'm wild, I'm straight, and I'll do everything, but I do have a favorite position. Oh, do I love doggy-style!" What about quarterbacks, Sarah? "I like *all* football players!" exclaims the 5-foot-2 nursing major, a native Hawaiian whose less-frisky pastimes include riding ATVs and hula dancing. Sarah may have left her grass skirt behind, but not her South Seas heritage: "Guys can't believe what I can do with my body when they're banging me! I take the motion in the ocean right over the edge!" —Photos by Friend

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, please follow detailed instructions in model release that appears on page **133** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at HUSTLER amateur models' annual $5,000 grand prize!



"Wow! An anal orgasm. Who knew?!"

PRISCILLA

"My fantasy is to be fucked for the first time on my wedding night!"

"I like to be kissed all over, even my pussy," says this nurse's aide from Manila, Philippines, but apparently porking is taboo. "I'm still a virgin!" exclaims Priscilla, 23, who digs tanning and running around naked at the beach. Is the Asian pixie pulling our leg, folks, or have we uncovered the ultimate cocktease? —Photos by Friend

ELISE

A cleaner by trade, this slender 23-year-old also does a nice job sprucing her muff. "I love being eaten," explains the 5-foot-8 resident of St. Louis, who's also fond of painting, video games and "fucking my boyfriend." Asked if her pretty pussy has welcomed unusual intruders, Elise replies, "A candle and sake bottle are the biggest so far!" That's pretty heady stuff for a gal who claims to be shy—"until I'm under a blanket." The Show-Me Stater's fantasy is "dressing up like a schoolgirl and being seduced by the smart, sexy headmaster (my horny boyfriend)." —Photos by Boyfriend

PHIFFER

"I have the highest sex stamina of any woman I know," boasts this lanky housewife from Park City, Montana, who points bed partners in the right direction. "Everyone in town thinks I'm a pervert. I just love sex, cameras and hard fucking. I'm insatiable!" No wonder Phiffer, 29, has just one fantasy: "I want to be a porn star!" —Photo by Husband

SUNFLOWER

Here's a laid-back rock fan from Boulder, Colorado, who also digs shopping, traveling, camping and hiking. "Guys say I have a nice body," says Sunflower, 24, "and I'm wild and crazy sometimes. But let me tell you, being naked in a magazine is the wildest and craziest thing I've ever done!" Partial to doggy-style, the skin-mag virgin probably could live with any position for her headbanger sex fantasy: "I want to do James Hetfield, Metallica's lead singer!" —Photo by Boyfriend

MS. TIGHTANIA

"Ninety-five percent of my body is an erogenous zone," claims this 5-foot-10 restaurant owner from Navaree, Florida. Thirtysomething Ms. Tightania, whose hobbies are "turning heads, being flirtatious and great sex," longs for "another group of men having their way with me at the beach as the rain pours down." —Photo by Friend

CHRISTIE

"Since getting married," coos this 23-year-old housewife from Arlington, Texas, "I'm doing all sorts of things I never imagined doing—and on a regular basis. My husband has turned me into a pervert!" With a new pool at home, Christie (an avid reader, we learn) has another place to be "freaky," but her biggest rush is "doing it on a Harley." The sleek, 5-foot-8 filly sends us packing with a wild desire: "My sexual fantasy is to dominate another woman and teach her *exactly* how to suck my man's fat rod!" —Photos by Husband

NYKY

Basking in her birthday suit—the nature lover hits the 26 marker in June—is a homemaker by way of Charleston, South Carolina. "I'm a sweet Southern girl who enjoys making love in the woods," chirps Nyky, a fishing, skinny-dipping, singing and poetry-writing aficionada. "I'm basically into girls," the 36C-cupper tells us. "I love to have my tight pussy eaten out. With men, I like to get on top and be done in the back way!" Nyky's either-way fantasy is "having sex while riding bareback on a horse."

—Photos by Friend

LUCIA

"My husband's into my body," declares this zesty homemaker from Wilmington, North Carolina. "He thought I should send in my pictures. Now I feel sexier than ever." Lucia may be 39, but she isn't slowing down. "My hobbies," she spells out, "are working out, running, naturalist camping (no tan lines rule!), hiking, going to the beach (lamenting that I can't find a nude one close by) and watching porn with my husband. I like to be kinky and come up with new ideas." On that note, Lucia fantasizes about "an experience (including strap-on toys) with a beautiful blond girl." —Photo by Husband

PINK SNO BUNNY

With a name like hers, and no *hair* down there, this homemaker from Sacramento, California, must be a load of fun. "I love being tied up and blowjobs," reveals the uninhibited 28-year-old, who no doubt misbehaves during another kick—"long drives to the ocean." An aquatic type, Pink Sno Bunny yearns "to have sex with my husband under a waterfall." —Photo by Mr. Sno Bunny

ROSE

"I'm always up for something exciting, but nothing excites me more than getting a man up by showing him what I have to offer!"

"I've been a wild child for a long time," proclaims Rose, 22, a Colorado Springs denizen who waitresses at an ice cream shop. "I love getting nude for older men and making their fantasies come true." And talk about a menu for all tastes. "There isn't anything I haven't done," the art and music buff admits. "I'm into bondage, girl/girl, even anal!" Soon Rose, whose love nests include a cemetery, will fulfill a fantasy of her own. "I'm going to be a Suicide Girl," Rose discloses. Well, the 5-foot-4 Beaver is a to-die-for babe. —Photos by Friend

GINGER

"I have to orgasm at least seven or eight times a day," says this health care worker from Richmond, Virginia. But don't think that Ginger, who enjoys writing erotic poetry, is self-indulgent. "Sexually, I love it all," she pipes, "but sucking cock is my favorite. I'm very subservient. I get off pleasing men." Turning 45 in June, the mother of six adds, "I look better now than when I was in my 20s." The first-timer's fantasy is "to find a guy who can keep up with a nympho. Until then, I use my finger and wait for a good fuck!" —Photo by Friend

JENNA

"Being in *Beaver Hunt* is something I can always look back on," says this 21-year-old waitress from Santa Rosa, California. A baseball fan and aspiring golfer, Jenna is also very sporting in bed. "I'm kinky and bi," she confides, "and I love foreplay and doggy-style." The adventurous delight dreams of "having sex in a public place." —Photos by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

Beaver Hunt *newbie Dakota Cameron and mentor Nicole Brazzle are treated equally in the end.*

Hot newcummer D'Monica is one of porn's hungriest new ***Beavers.***

Beaver Hunt

DIRECTOR: WILL RIDER. **STARRING:** MICHELLE MAYLENE, DAKOTA CAMERON, LORETTA SCARS, AZALEA LEE, D'MONICA, NICOLE BRAZZLE, BRETT ROCKMAN, CHRIS CHARMING, SASHA, ROSS AND JAMES DEEN. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

Amateur porn stars don't come any hotter than the inaugural honorees in HUSTLER's latest video series, *Beaver Hunt*. Out of the thousands of hopefuls, the five who made the first cut truly represent the cream of the crop. Cute and sweet as she is, Michelle Maylene prefers being fucked piledriver style. The perky 18-year-old is wide-eyed and bushy-tailed, with a great ass and tons of energy. After getting blowjob lessons from seasoned veteran Nicole Brazzle, Valley Girl Dakota Cameron starts flailing away like Animal from The Muppets on drums. Things really pick up when tantalizing redhead Loretta Scars swallows Sasha's dick whole while on the phone with her jealous boyfriend. Lending her expertise, Nicole pops in on this scene too. Luscious Azalea Lee also has what it takes to go pro, while James Deen puts a huge smile on 18-year-old D'Monica's face—not to mention a huge load. Fans of HUSTLER Magazine's *Beaver Hunt* section can expect great things from this action-packed XXX upgrade. ***—Kevin Wright***

Beaver Hunt *fresh face Azalea Lee is up to the challenge.*

Wane's World

TAYLOR WANE

NOW DOING DOUBLE DUTY as a XXX performer and head of her own production company, Taylor Wane has just released *The "DD" Adventures of the 7 Year Bitch*. Starring the busty British lass herself, the movie focuses on how marriage ultimately leads brides and grooms astray. Besides, as Wane puts it, "seductive kissing, massive titties, huge cocks and nasty fucking," the flick boasts Houston's final hard-core scene and the comeback of another venerable mega-boober. "We'd been working on bringing Lisa Lipps back to the screen for two years," Wane says, "and we're thrilled she came back and wanted to work with us. Our production company worked very hard on this movie, and we hope it makes the viewers very hard."

Looking for other outlets to titillate her whopping fan base, Wane is the star of *Vamptrix*, a sexy comic book detailing her fascination with bloodsuckers. If you want to get interactive with the Bristol bombshell, check out *Trilogy*, a box set of three steamy DVDs that allow you to control Wane for your sexual pleasure. Whether dolled up as a nurse, secretary or French maid, the nympho comes through with flying colors.

All of the aforementioned goodies—plus a full line of fuck flicks (notably, three installments of Wane's *Voluptuous Vixens* series), sex toys, undies, stockings, lingerie, shoes, lunchboxes, trading cards, mousepads, license plate holders, custom-made videos, posters, Polaroids and more—are available at **TaylorWane.com**.

"What?! No doughnuts!" Kelly Wells learns the nasty truth about porn-set craft services in ***Barely Legal Corrupted #5.***

Janine's Been Blackmaled: *Hungry Janine is the luncheon meat in the pumpernickel love sandwich of Sean Michaels (left) and Mr. Marcus.*

More bad news from craft services? ***BLC#5****'s Tiffany Rayne takes it from the tap.*

Barely Legal Corrupted #5

DIRECTOR: BOBBY MANILA. **STARRING:** TIFFANY RAYNE, NADIA HILTON, MIA BANGG, CASSIE COURTLAND, KELLY WELLS, KURT LOCKWOOD, TOMMY GUNN, DIRTY HARRY, RICK MASTERS, TALON AND BRAD BALDWIN. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

Barely Legal Corrupted #5 stars a bevy of hot, young blondes who move to the head of the class when it comes to kink. Ass-poundings, face-fuckings, footjobs, dildos, dirty talk, internal cum-shots, chains, anal beads and swilling jizz like a cocktail all come into play—and that's just the first scene! Kurt Lockwood doesn't have to try hard to corrupt Tiffany Rayne, but the stud still gives her all he's got. Nadia Hilton lives up to her notorious surname when she titty-fucks a ball-gagged guy. Meanwhile, Mia Bangg enjoys being gagged and whipped with a riding crop as a precursor to being the meat in a love sandwich. Sex-crazed Kelly Wells goes to the mat for her D.P. After being verbally berated, she springs to action like a rabid animal, cussing like a sailor from start to finish. Proving she can dish it out as well as she takes it, the young thing swallows an anal cream pie. For coming-of-age sluts, it doesn't get any nastier than *Barely Legal Corrupted #5.* ***—K.W.***

*Janine and Julian paint an erotic canvas when paired in **Janine's Been Blackmaled**.*

*Janine doubles her pleasure in **Blackmaled**.*

Janine's Been Blackmaled

DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. **STARRING:** JANINE, EVE LAURENCE, CYNTHIA PENDRAGON, JAMIE BROOKS, TAYLOR KNIGHT, MR. MARCUS, SEAN MICHAELS, JULIAN, CHRIS CANNON, VINCENT AND EVAN STONE. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Janine's first interracial threeway is rightfully the centerpiece of this top-notch Vivid release, but *Janine's Been Blackmaled* has a lot more to offer. Appearing in three hard-core boy/girl scenes, the sexy blonde is feeling her oats and more than a little kinky. If the nympho had balls, they'd be to the wall when well-hung Mr. Marcus and Sean Michaels work her over—or, more properly, when she works them over! Janine attacks the two dudes with furious energy, obviously fulfilling a long-simmering personal fantasy. After a career of legendary girl-on-girl encounters (chronicled in five bonus scenes), Janine is finally cutting loose and getting totally nasty. For more titillation, as if any were needed, there's Eve Laurence's spectacular rack to ogle. Plus, Jamie Brooks does anal during a threesome with Cynthia Pendragon and Vincent. But majestically interspersed is the reinvented Janine, who has only herself to top after a three-pack of all-out performances in *Janine's Been Blackmaled*. **—K.W.**

"Look, Ma, no teeth!" Eva Angelina keeps her fangs outta Jack Venice.

Inside Moves

DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. **STARRING:** LEXIE MARIE, LIZA HARPER, EVA ANGELINA, SATIVA ROSE, KURT LOCKWOOD, JACK VENICE AND STEVEN ST. CROIX. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Paul Thomas, the Hitchcock of XXX, always brings a special feel to what otherwise would be just another sex flick. As always, the talented director has a bevy of beauties to work with. This time he has Sativa Rose and Eva Angelina, who superbly complement Vivid in-house hottie Lexie Marie. The story orbits around Lexie, who portrays a decorator who runs into venerable fuck queen Liza Harper for some juicy lesbo loving. Harper then moves on to Kurt Lockwood for a hot sucking-and-fucking session that concludes with Lexie stepping in. Boasting gorgeous sexpots and scorching action from start to finish, *Inside Moves* once again proves that Vivid Entertainment is the Rolls-Royce of porn. ***—Billy Williams***

Steven St. Croix puts the **Inside Moves** on Lexie Marie while Sativa Rose plays second fiddle.

Anal Princess Diaries

DIRECTOR: PATRICK COLLINS. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, SAMMIE RHODES, JENNA HAZE, LEAH LUV, JACK NAPIER, JOHN E. DEPTH, TEE REEL, BENJAMIN BRAT, BRANDON IRON, BUSTER GOOD, JUAN CUBA, VAN DAMAGE, OTTO BAUER AND RANDY SPEARS. **DVD & VHS:** ELEGANT ANGEL VIDEO.

If Hillary Scott didn't have porn star written all over her before *Anal Princess Diaries*, she does now. Hillary is showcased in all five scenes, with a little help from hotties like Sammie Rhodes, Jenna Haze and Leah Luv. In a testament to her fresh-faced looks—and her acting chops—the innocent act that Hillary puts on just before her five-guy orgy is totally believable. And that scene comes after two hours of ferocious fucking. First, Hillary takes three big, black cocks in every hole. Then she blows the roof off the sucker. In any other movie a girl/girl scene between gang-bangs would be a bit of a breather. Not so when Hillary and Sammie Rhodes get busy. The sex gets very nasty very fast. Even when there are no guys around—which isn't often—Ms. Scott finds a way to have her ass double-penetrated. *Anal Princess Diaries* is a tour de force for an explosive new star. ***—K.W.***

Anal Princess *Hillary Scott always has dick on her mind.*

Tiffany Holiday goes suckeroo in ***Fuckeroos.***

Fuckeroos

DIRECTOR: DAN SILVER. **STARRING:** MICHELLE B., CHEROKEE, TYLA WYNN, KINZIE KENNER, TIFFANY HOLIDAY, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN, KURT LOCKWOOD AND SASHA. **DVD:** COLOSSAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Fuckeroos may have the dumbest title of the year, but blood flow to the brain is only a temporary distraction when it comes to smut this good. Anyone can round up five of the hottest girls currently gracing the blue screen, throw cowboy hats on 'em and call it a day. But director Dan Silver wrangles something much more elusive—blistering sexual heat. The chemistry between the stars is truly amazing. American-born Tyla Wynn and British babe Michelle B. may not be able to master Western slang and twang, but they'd much rather have cocks in their yappers anyway. Also on tap are yummy Kinzie Kenner and Tiffany Holiday, who deliver a one-two punch in back-to-back scorchers. In an attempt to outdo Tyla's anal piledriver, limber Tiffany balls herself up for a deep dicking, then swallows the cum dripping out of her puckered ass. With heady stuff like this, watching *Fuckeroos* will really tucker yous out. ***—K.W.***

Evan Stone gets his pipe cleaned by Austin Kincaid (left) and Lezley Zen in ***Second Thoughts.***

Second Thoughts

DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. **STARRING:** AUSTIN KINCAID, KERI SABLE, MICHELLE LAY, LEXI LAMOUR, TORY LANE, LEZLEY ZEN, EVAN STONE, RANDY SPEARS, ETHAN CAGE, KRIS KNIGHT, NICK JACOBS, TREVOR ZEN AND CHRIS EVANS. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

While enjoying mainstream recognition for her appearance in the unrated version of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, Stormy Daniels proves she's a XXX triple-threat with *Second Thoughts*. The superstar-turned-writer/director even puts in a Hitchcockian cameo. Actually, the only flaw with this flick is that stunning Stormy doesn't bare all, but Austin Kincaid carries the film just fine on her own. The luminous brunette is a criminally underrated adult actress of the highest caliber. Throw in Keri Sable doing anal and a pair of naughty nurses stripping down, and you have yourself a true winner. The much-maligned art of porn scriptwriting is redeemed by the brainy Ms. Daniels, whose keen insights into relationship dynamics bring sweetness and humor to the raunchy sex. So girls will dig this one as much as guys. Is there a bigger all-around talent in the biz than Stormy Daniels? Here's hoping the success of *Second Thoughts* won't keep the bodacious Southern belle behind the camera indefinitely. ***—K.W.***

NOW PLAYING ON
HUSTLER TV™

TEEN TEMPTRESSES
RED LIGHT'S 110% NATURAL #1
HUSTLER'S 5 PEOPLE YOU MEET IN PORN
BLACK & WHITE SEX NIGHT #2
BUSTY BEAUTIES #11
BARELY LEGAL CORRUPTED #4
HUSTLER'S YOUNG LATIN CHICAS #1
HUSTLER'S SEX TRAP
I SPY POV
YOUNG GIRLS' FANTASIES #9

Shawnie shines in ***Busty Beauties #11.***

*Yes, honey, we think it's a stupid stage name too. "Bad Bob" socks it to Vanessa Lane in **Obsession**.*

*"Say dickcheese!" **Obsession**'s Audrey Hollander and Trent Tesoro mug for the camera.*

Obsession

DIRECTOR: BRIDGETTE KERKOVE. **STARRING:** AUDREY HOLLANDER, MELISSA LAUREN, VENUS, BARBARA SUMMER, VANESSA LANE, SANDRA ROMAIN, TRENT TESORO, OTTO BAUER, ALEC KNIGHT, BENJAMIN BRAT AND BAD BOB. **DVD & VHS:** METRO INTERACTIVE.

Long recognized as a blue-movie vixen, director Bridgette Kerkove proves to be every bit as nasty as her male counterparts with the all-out, anal-themed *Obsession*. Of course, that's easy to do when you have butt-fucking queens like Audrey Hollander and Melissa Lauren on deck. Just cut them loose, and you'll have the sickest thing this side of a German *scheisse* video. A real backdoor trouper, Audrey takes it hard up the ass for almost 30 minutes. Melissa tackles two guys at once, never flinching despite a plethora of slapping, choking and gagging. A smokin' piece of ass like Melissa doesn't deserve that kind of shabby treatment—but she loves it! The blond-again babe burns up the screen during an aggressive D.P. So does uncredited guest star Barbara Summer, who turns Venus's tryst with Benjamin Brat into a sizzling threesome. Apparently, there's nothing Barbara or Venus won't do. The two hotties ATM Brat's schlong out of each other's asshole. Kerkove's dirty *Obsession* strikes a blow for equal depravity. ***—K.W.***

The original, high-quality series from the directing team of Clive & Erica McLean!

BARELY LEGAL® #56

Monica

These Barely Legal sex kittens just turned 18 and can't wait to get de-flowered on camera for the first time! Sit back and enjoy watching these young girls sucking dick and getting their slits licked into submission before massive cocks are guided straight

DON'T MISS THE LATEST INSTALLMENT OF THE BEST-SELLING ADULT SERIES OF ALL TIME!

into their cooze for a hard-core pounding. One Barely Legal darling even offers up her ass for a rim rammin' that leaves her weak and begging for more! These young cuties just won't say no and can't get enough!

HUSTLER VIDEO®

Holly

THESE FRESH, NEW CUTIES ARE NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD AT
www.Hustler.com/BarelyLegal56 OR YOUR FAVORITE ADULT RETAILER.

LARRY'S Angels

Joey has perky tits and a tight, little pussy. She loves to masturbate for hours on end. Whenever she gets herself too worked up, she picks up the phone and makes a booty-call so that she can get some deep dickin'! This girl is serious about sex and she can't wait to show you just how much!

The ANGELS are now available on DVD at

HUSTLER VIDEO®

Meet **Memphis Monroe** and **Joey Hart**– **Hustler Video's** new **contract stars!** They might be the stars of **Larry's Angels**, but they're no angels when it comes to fucking! They love to get hard-core action from young studs and sexy chicks alike.

Memphis is a small town girl who came to the big city so that she could find more cock to make her mouth water and her pussy wet! She's come a long way from her first job at an ice cream parlor. Allow Memphis to introduce herself and her gorgeous ass to you!

www.hustler.com/larrysangels or your favorite adult retailer.

oops, we did it again...britney rears is back...

britney rears 2

Britney Rears returns with a dirty sequel, packed with wild 2-way, 3-way & 4-way sex, 10 gorgeous babes, luxurious mansions, limos, private jets and a full blown pop music video where everybody gets off! Don't miss a back door performance by America's pop-shot princess!

directed by
WILL RIDER

HUSTLER VIDEO

...and so are 10 of her sexy girlfriends!

STARRING

BRITNEY REARS, HILLARY SCOTT,
EVA ANGELINA, JENAVEVE JOLIE,
SHY LOVE, NIKKI HILTON,
NYOMI MARCELA, SUNNY LANE,
NADIA STYLES, KAPRI STYLES

WITH BARRETT BLADE,
JAMES DEEN, SCOTT NAILS,
SETH DICKENS
AND JEAN VAL JEAN

DIRECTED BY WILL RIDER

BRITNEY AND ALL OF HER SEXY GIRLFRIENDS ARE NOW AVAILABLE ON DVD AT www.hustler.com/britneyrears2 OR YOUR FAVORITE ADULT RETAILER.

CAN'T GET ENOUGH...?

HUSTLER .COM

INSTANT ACCESS

XXX RATED

HARDCORE SINCE '74

HUSTLER.COM
INSTANT ACCESS TO HUSTLER MOVIES, XXX PHOTO GALLERIES AND HUSTLER MAGAZINE ARCHIVES.

HUSTLERVOD.COM
HUSTLER VIDEOS WITH NO MONTHLY COMMITMENT. PAY PER MOVIE / PAY PER MINUTE.

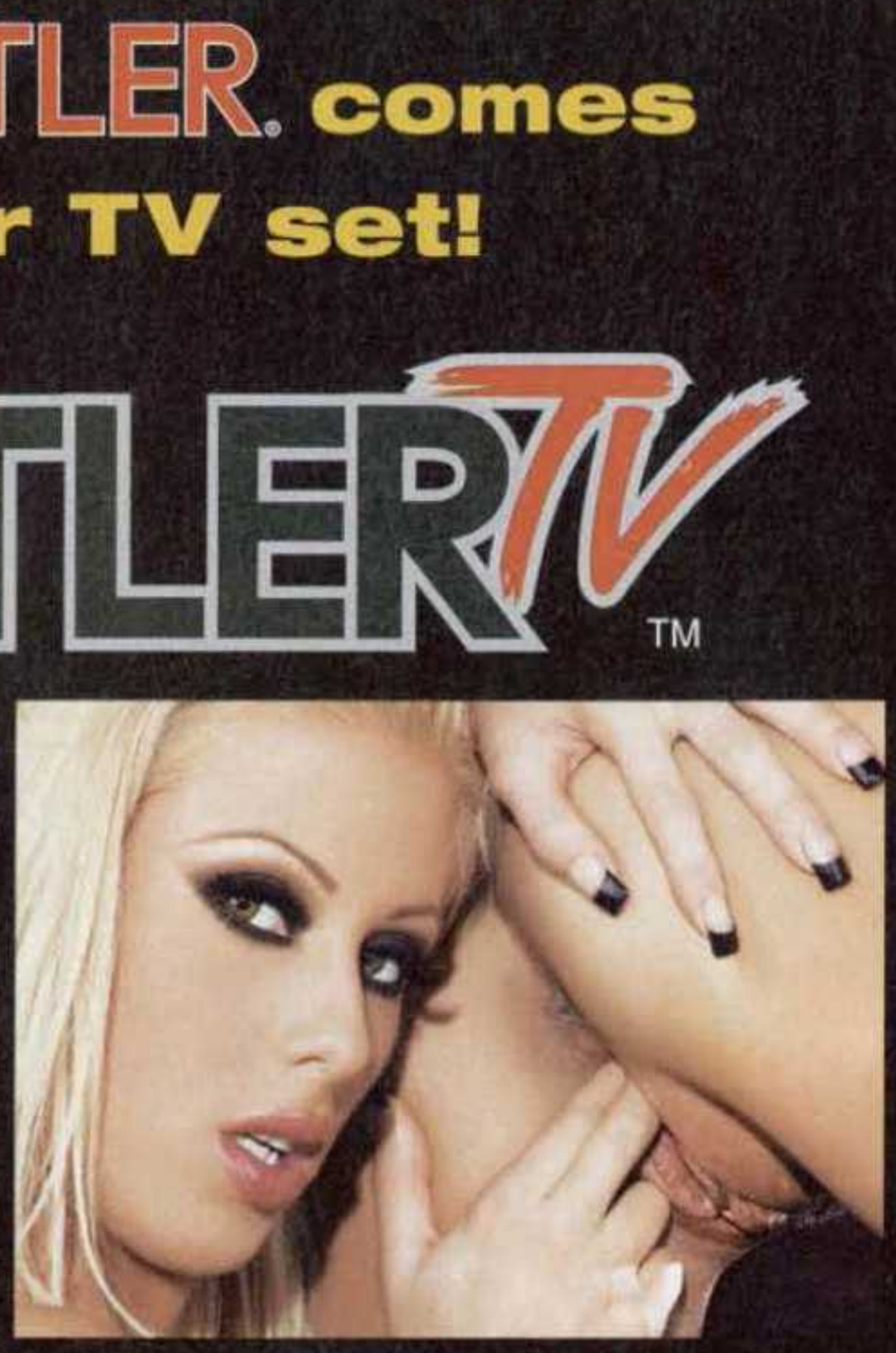
HUSTLERLIVE.COM
24-HOUR REAL-TIME CHAT WITH THE GIRLS OF HUSTLER. LIVE XXX WEBCASTS.

HUSTLERHOLLYWOOD.COM
SHOP ONLINE FOR NAUGHTY GIFTS, SEXY APPAREL, XXX DVD'S AND ADULT TOYS.

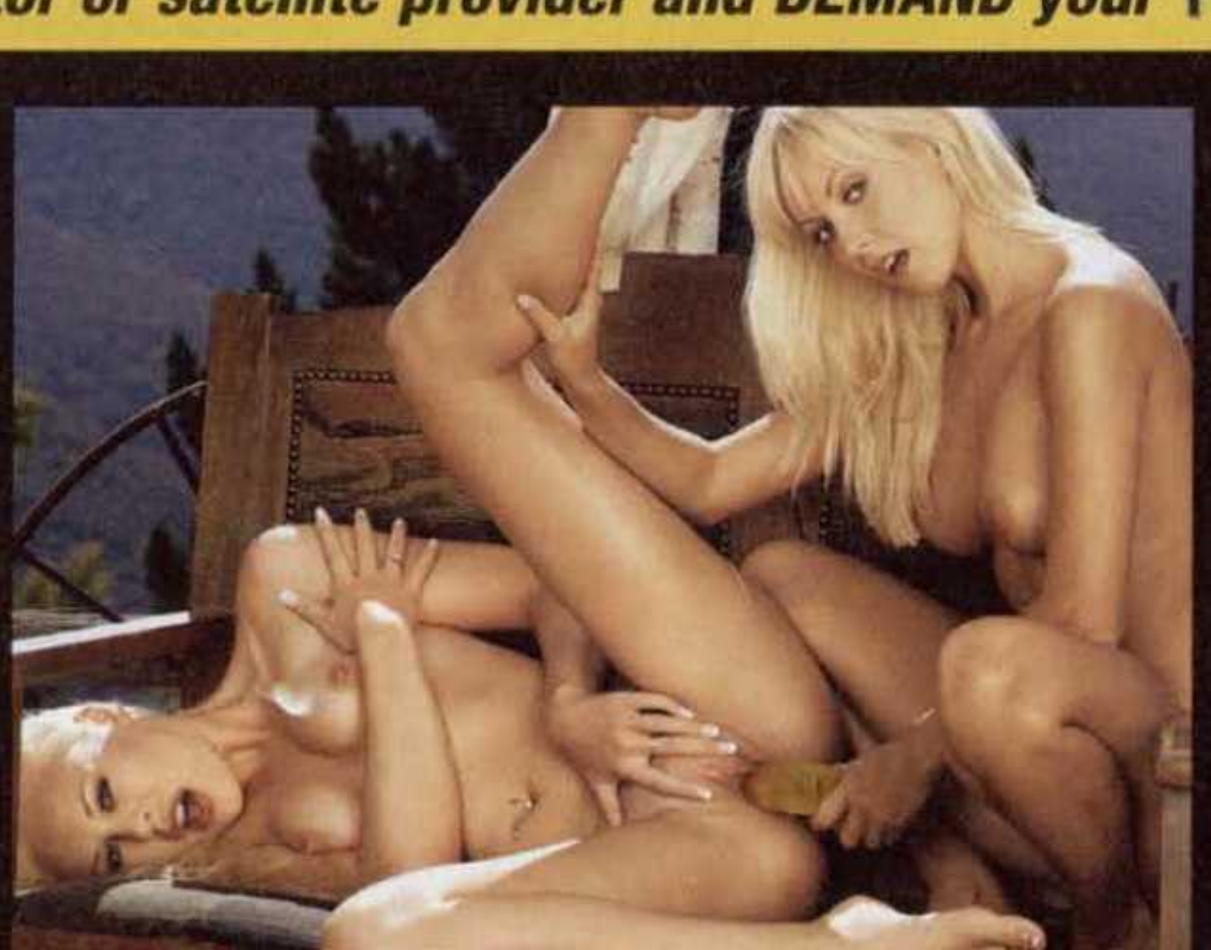
Now HUSTLER® comes to your TV set!

Introducing...

HUSTLER TV™

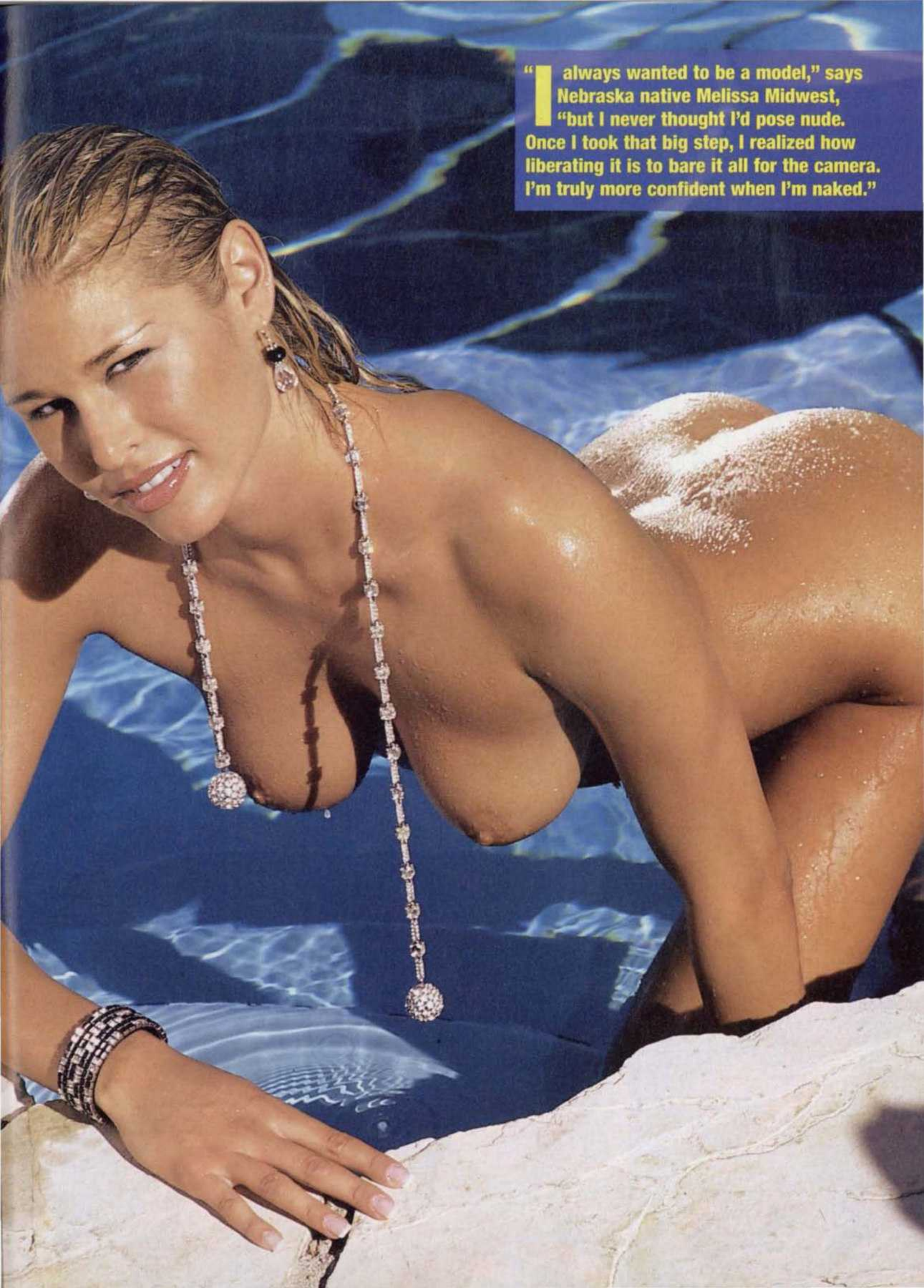


Now the hottest HUSTLER Honeys come to life in your living room 24/7! Available on Pay-Per-View and Video-on-Demand. If you don't already get it, then contact your local cable operator or satellite provider and DEMAND your HUSTLER TV™ today!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

MELISSA MIDWEST
MAKING A SPLASH



"I always wanted to be a model," says Nebraska native Melissa Midwest, "but I never thought I'd pose nude. Once I took that big step, I realized how liberating it is to bare it all for the camera. I'm truly more confident when I'm naked."

Totally self-assured, the 22-year-old beauty readily talks about her spontaneous sex life. "I'm really into doing it outside," Melissa confides. "There's something about the thrill of getting caught fucking in public that makes me wet. I guess the craziest place I ever did it was in a movie theater." What was the film? "I don't remember. I guess the sex was that hot!"

When not heating things up, how does the willowy, 5-foot-7 babe unwind? "That's a tough one," Melissa replies, "because I'm working all the time. I like exercising and living life to the fullest, but my main focus is my adult career. I now have the largest independently run single-girl site on the Web. I do everything myself, like frequent updates and personally answering e-mails. It even has a cool virtual 3-D sex game where you get to do me with toys and have me give you a blowjob. It's futuristic!"

Speaking of the future, Melissa pipes, "Someday I'd like to have a family, but not for a long time. I want to become a huge porn star first." Good plan, sweetheart.

For more of this hottie, check out MelissaMidwest.com.

TEEN GIRLS
All Fantasies & Role Playing Allowed!
"Wanna Play? I Won't Tell!"
ALL MODELS ARE 18+
LIVE! ONE ON ONE
ONLY $1.69 PER MIN.
NO RESTRICTIONS!
1-800-700-1314
VISA/MC/AMEX/CHECKS 18+
SEE US AT: WWW.WETOITR.COM

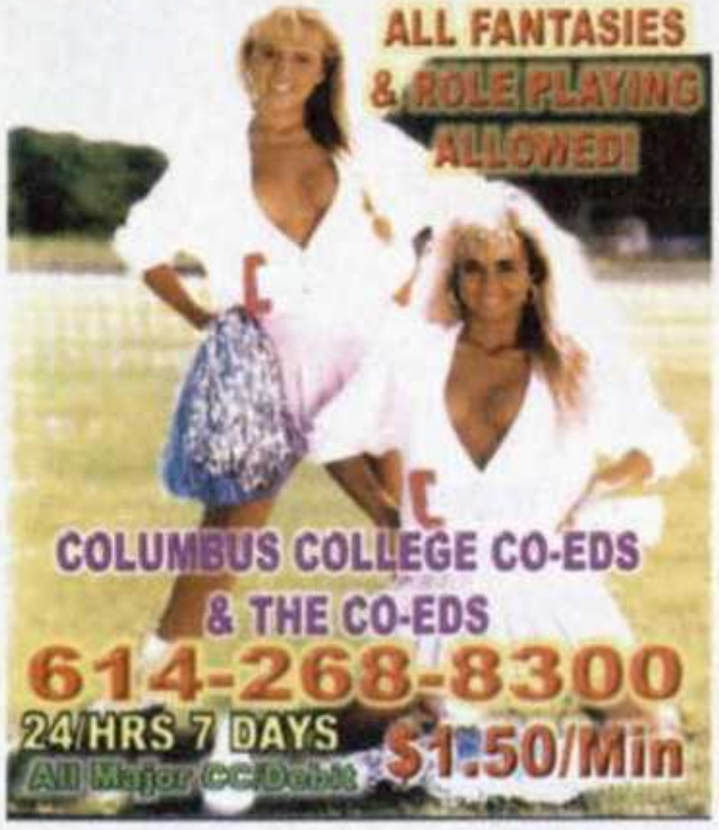
EAVESDROP LIVE 1 ON 1 STORIES SAMPLES
SAMPLES LIVE 1 ON 1
CONFESSIONS SAMPLES
CHEAP & NASTY PHONE SEX
FROM 99¢ MIN
1-800-934-HOT1
(4 6 8 1)
1-900-443-1122
$4.99 Per Min 18+
CONFESSIONS STORIES LIVE 1 ON 1 EAVESDROP

HOT 25¢ MIN 18+ SEX ACTION
NO CONNECT FEE 1-800-930-7779

LIVE 1 ON 1
18+
BANG FOR A BUCK
CALL NOW!
1-866-899-BUCK

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

"my window is open. sneak in and pleasure my teen-clit"
1-800-TEEN-CLIT
(8 3 3 6 2 5 4 8)
MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$1.98 - $3.98 PER MIN.
ADULTS ONLY.
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+


ALL FANTASIES & ROLE PLAYING ALLOWED!
COLUMBUS COLLEGE CO-EDS & THE CO-EDS
614-268-8300
24/HRS 7 DAYS
$1.50/Min
All Major CC/Debit

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

HARDCORE SEX
FROM 29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3825
18+

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
8694673
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

Cock Sucking Sluts!
$10 Buck Phone Fuck!
1.800.440.1147
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
NO Connect Fee!
18+

1-800-SUCK-PUSSY
1-800-782-5787
"We love to FUCK & SUCK!"
VERY HOT & AGGRESSIVE THREESOMES!

1-800-FUCK-TIT
1-800-382-5848
"Fuck my TITS...her CUNT is Wet & Ready!"
1-900-LOVE-CUNT
1-900-568-3286 $2.98

1-800-SUCK-FUCK
1-800-782-5382
JOIN OUR RAW, SAVAGE SUCK-FUCK ORGY.
WILD 1 ON 1 • GROUP ORGY
HARDCORE REDORDED!
Credit Cards • Checks by Phone
$1.98-$3.98 per min/over 18 yrs

1-800-FUCK-SUCK
1-800-382-5782
"LET US TASTE YOU...SMELL YOU...FUCK YOU GOOD!"

1-800-SUCK-YOU
1-800-782-5968

1-800-FUCK-4ASS
1-800-382-5427

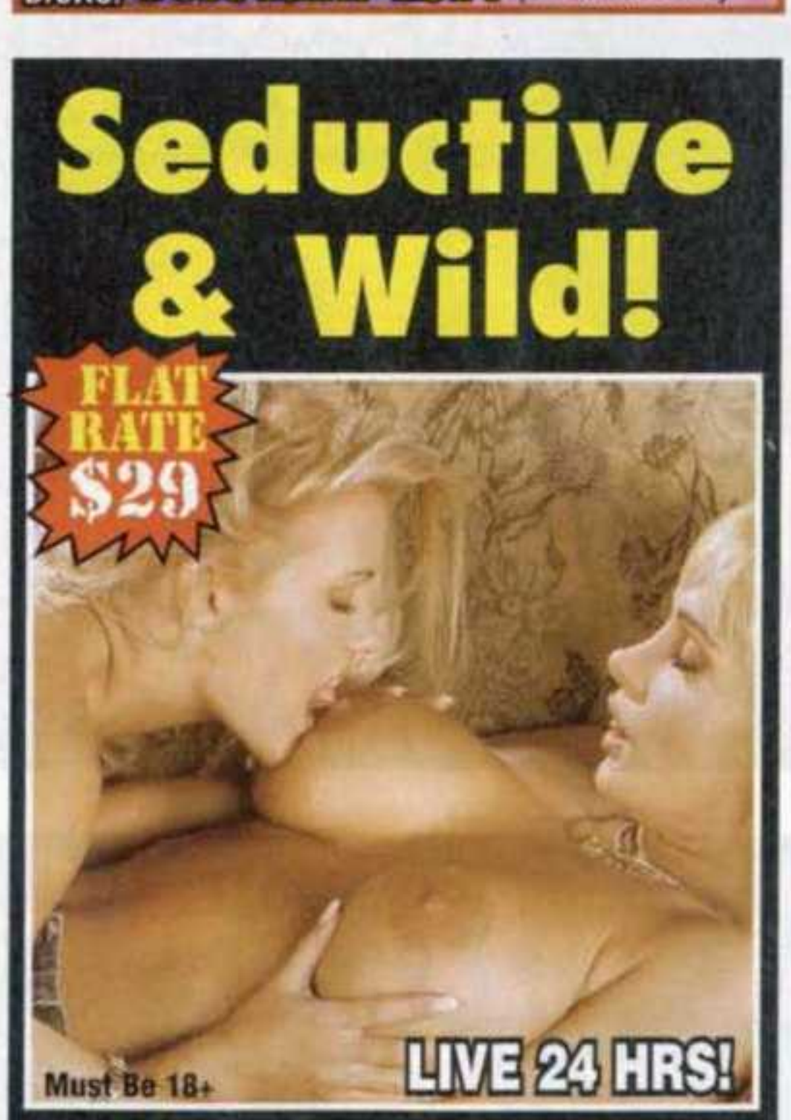
1-900-LOVE-ASS
1-900-568-3277 $2.98 PER MIN.

1.800.613.DATE
$1.98 per minute
!LIVE 1on1! 18+ adults only
most major credit cards accepted
Real girls love to fuck...
1.900.FUN.BABE $2.50 - $3.50 per minute

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
69¢
PER MIN
18+
1-800-644-4666
KINKY COLLEGE GIRLS
EAVESDROP
ORGY

1-800-WE-FUCK-U
(1-800-933-8258)
ALWAYS LIVE!
ASS POUNDING STRAP-ON PENETRATION!
WE'LL DO WHAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND WON'T!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
U4103
CHICKS WITH DICKS!
1-888-RAW-TSTV
(1-888-729-8788)

Let's Explore Our Kinky Fantasies Together!
1-800
669-3D4C2K5
MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 TO $3.98 PER/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY!


Seductive & Wild!
FLAT RATE $29
Must Be 18+
LIVE 24 HRS!
"Unleash your lustful desires with beautiful girls!"
BLONDES•BRUNETTES•REDHEADS•ASIAN•EUROPEAN
BI-SEXUAL•TRANS-SEXUAL•TRANSVESTITES
1-800-256-1253

FUCK MY ASS!
LIVE 1-ON-1
59¢ Min
1-800-520-4SEX
1-900-263-8080
7 3 9
$2.99 Min. 18+

5 MINUTE Quickie PHONE SEX
$10 Live 1 on 1
1-800-574-0914

HOT & HORNY LOCAL GIRLS
WOMEN GET HORNY TOO!
Everyday thousands of local girls call free, looking for guys to share their hot fantasies with. Hear them describe themselves and their secret desires, then choose the one you want to talk with. When you hear her message, it means she's on the line NOW! Remember, Women Get Horny Too! Try it, you'll be surprised!
TRY IT FREE!
18+
1-800-620-3332

HORNY SLUTS
Get You Off!
For Only $10 BUCKS
1.800.995.2FUCK
2 3 8 2
1.900.329.4800
18+

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 664-9444
49¢ Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

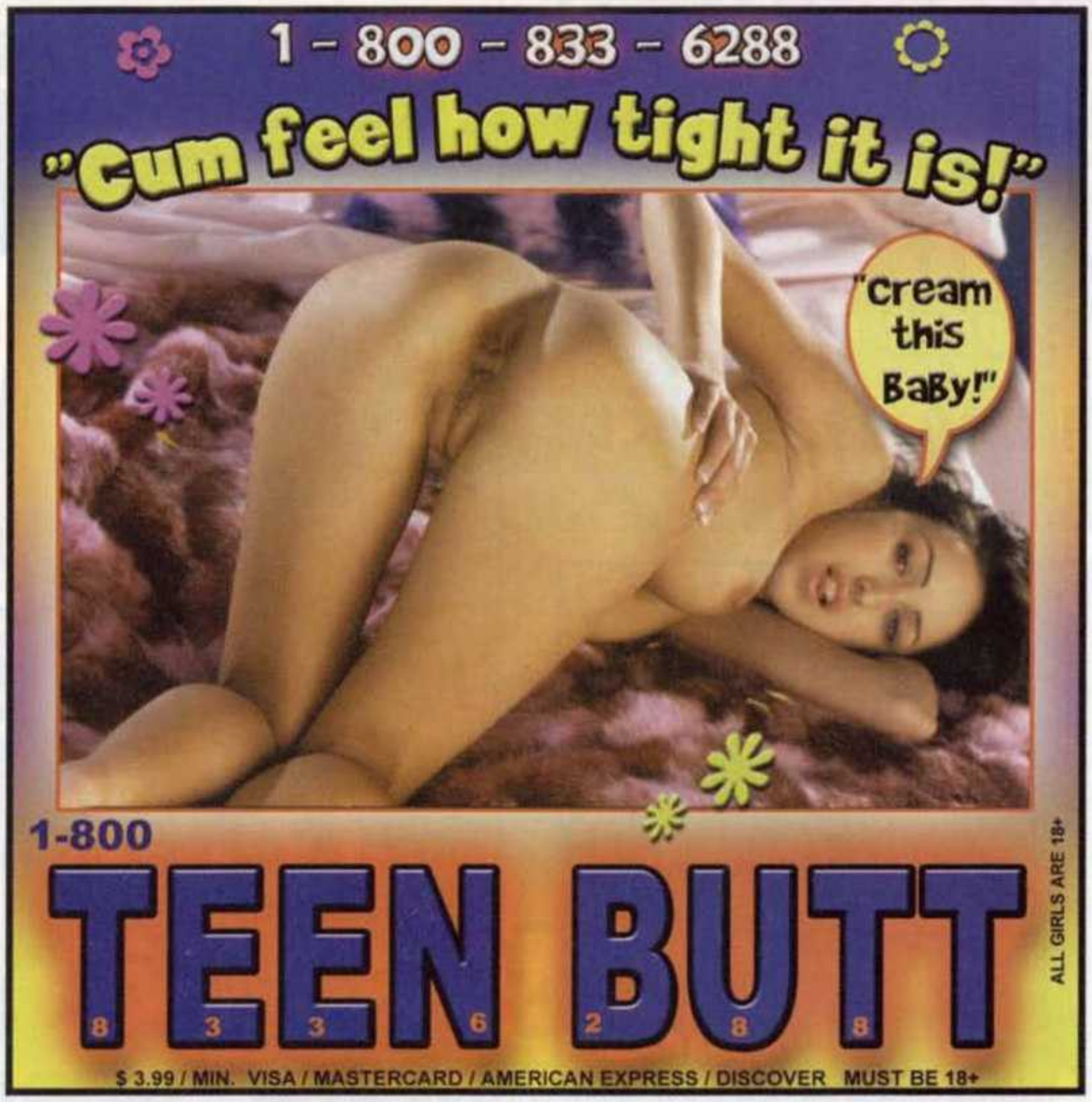
1-800 666-FUCK
3 8 2 5
MY PUSSY ACHES FOR YOUR HARD COCK!
Fuck my mouth... I'll milk your cock deep!
FUCK ME NOW!
1-800 666-SUCK
2 8 6 6
RAM IT HARD-UP MY ASS!
1-800 666-ANAL
2 6 2 5
FUCK ME!
SUCK ME!
DO ME!
JOIN ORGIES
BISEXUAL
AND MORE?
FRESH PUSSY!
ALMOST TOO YOUNG!
1-800 505 TEEN
8 3 3 6
1-800 666-1234
$1.98-$3.98 per minute/18 yrs + over
All Girls are 18+.

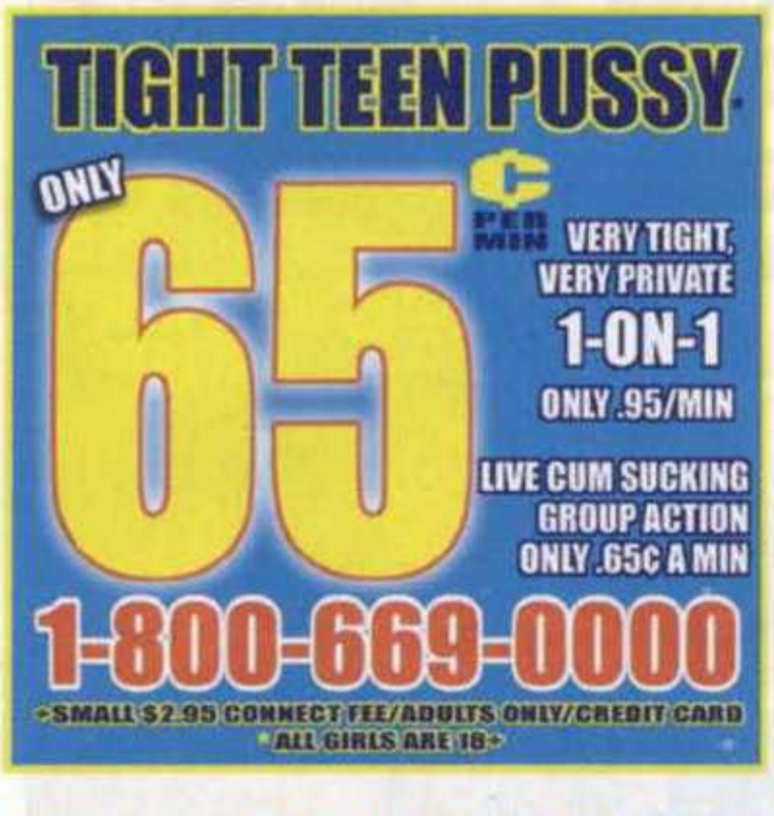
10 MINUTE Jerk Off!
1-800-955-7803
18+

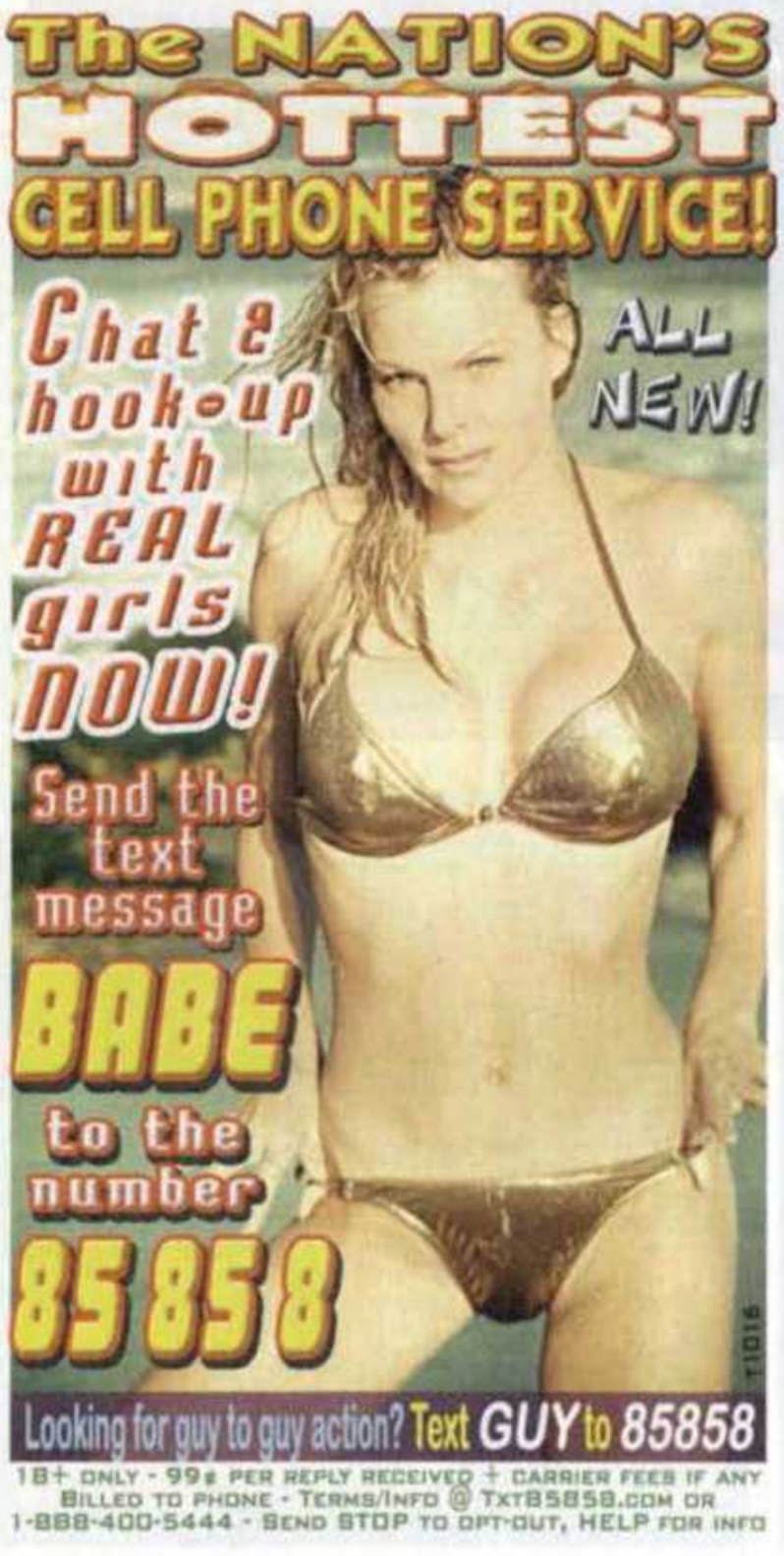
RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY... .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

YOU GOTTA HAVE IT!
1-800 406 LICK
5 4 2 5

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3825
18+


1-800-833-6288
"Cum feel how tight it is!"
"cream this BaBy!"
1-800
TEEN BUTT
8336288
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
$ 3.99 / MIN. VISA / MASTERCARD / AMERICAN EXPRESS / DISCOVER MUST BE 18+


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65c A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


The NATION'S HOTTEST CELL PHONE SERVICE!
Chat & hookup with REAL girls NOW!
ALL NEW!
Send the text message
BABE
to the number
85858
Looking for guy to guy action? Text GUY to 85858
18+ ONLY - 99¢ PER REPLY RECEIVED + CARRIER FEES IF ANY
BILLED TO PHONE - TERMS/INFO @ TXTB5858.COM OR
1-888-400-5444 - SEND STOP TO OPT-OUT, HELP FOR INFO

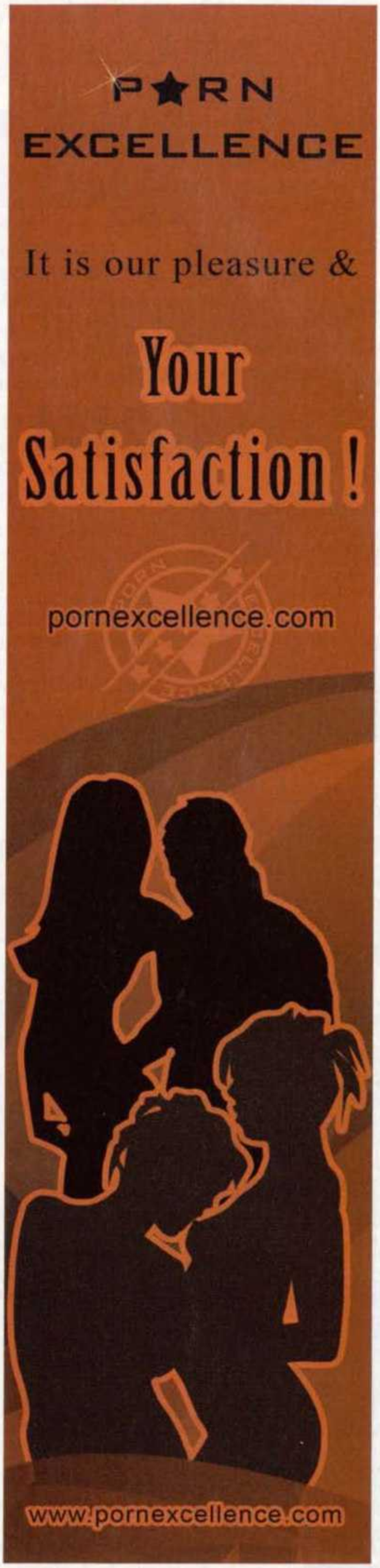
NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800
676-6660
18+

95¢
PER MIN
18+
Phone FUCK
Live 1 on 1
1·800·207·2032

LIVE 1on1
1(800) 800.CUMM
most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 per minute
HEAR ME SCREAM YOUR NAME!!!
1 (900) 646.6666
$2.50 - $3.50 per minute
18+ adults only

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800
775-2228
49¢
Min
1-900-226-8881
$1.29 Min 18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD
RedHot dateline
1•800•WILD•616
www.REDHOTFANTASY.com
RedHot Mobile:
Text HOT to 99899 99¢/msg exch. 18+
TRY FOR FREE CALL NOW!


P★RN
EXCELLENCE
It is our pleasure &
Your
Satisfaction !
pornexcellence.com
www.pornexcellence.com

TEENS READY TO FUCK
ONLY
89¢
PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

MEN WANTED!
GIRLS PAY YOU!
IN YOUR AREA!
HEY GUYS! • MAKE $$$
providing INTIMATE SERVICES to lonely ladies. $500 - $750 per week possible. You'll get real names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to: ROYCE Att. Lori, 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-M9 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154 (U.S. ONLY)

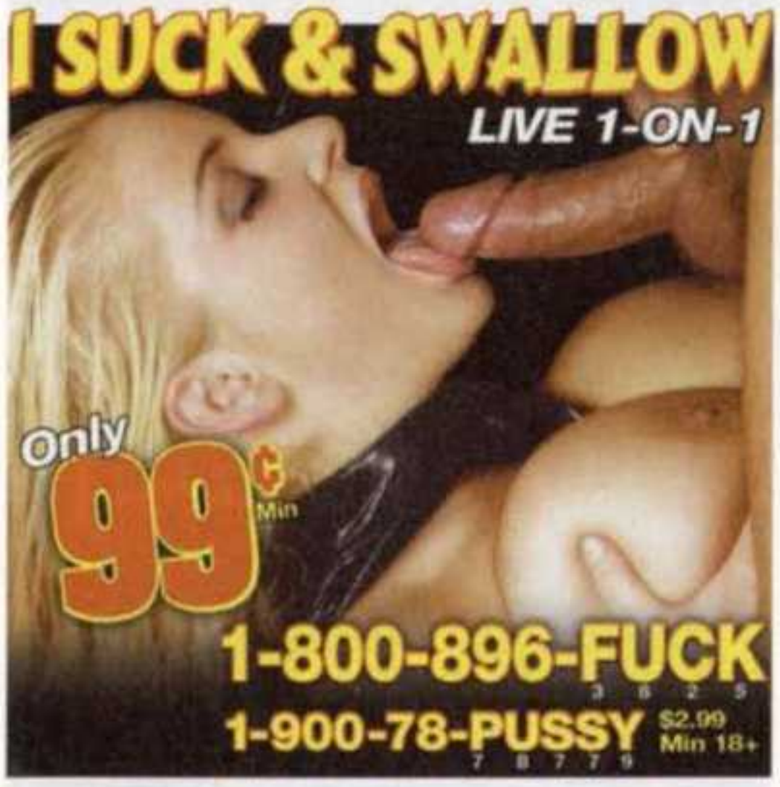
CELEBRATING OUR 25TH YEAR!
(since 1979)
OVER 50,000 SOLD!
www.playhouseproducts.com
The Family Jewel™ ...in a class by itself
★ AND IT VIBRATES!
★ FEEL OF FLESH Safe! Feels and Looks Like Flesh.
★ DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR OR P.O. BOX
FAX your order: (561) 392-7151 for immediate processing! 24 hrs a day...7 days a week!
In plain brown package via Priority Mail.
Send to: Playhouse Products
P.O. Box 880868, Boca Raton, FL 33488-0868
★ Penis size does not include balls.
Please send me ___ handcrafted "The Family Jewel(s)" ™
Size* Non-Vibrator Model Vibrator Model Color
☐ 6-1/4" x 1-3/4" ☐ $44.95 + $5 P&H ☐ $52.95 + $5 ☐ Caucasian
☐ 8-1/2" x 2-1/4" ☐ $49.95 + $5 P&H ☐ $57.95 + $5 ☐ Mulatto
☐ Black
N.J. residents add 6% Sales Tax. US Funds only!
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
or charge ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard in the amount of $_____
No. _____ Expires _____ MO. YR.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
PLUS
FREE Sexual Brochure
H606

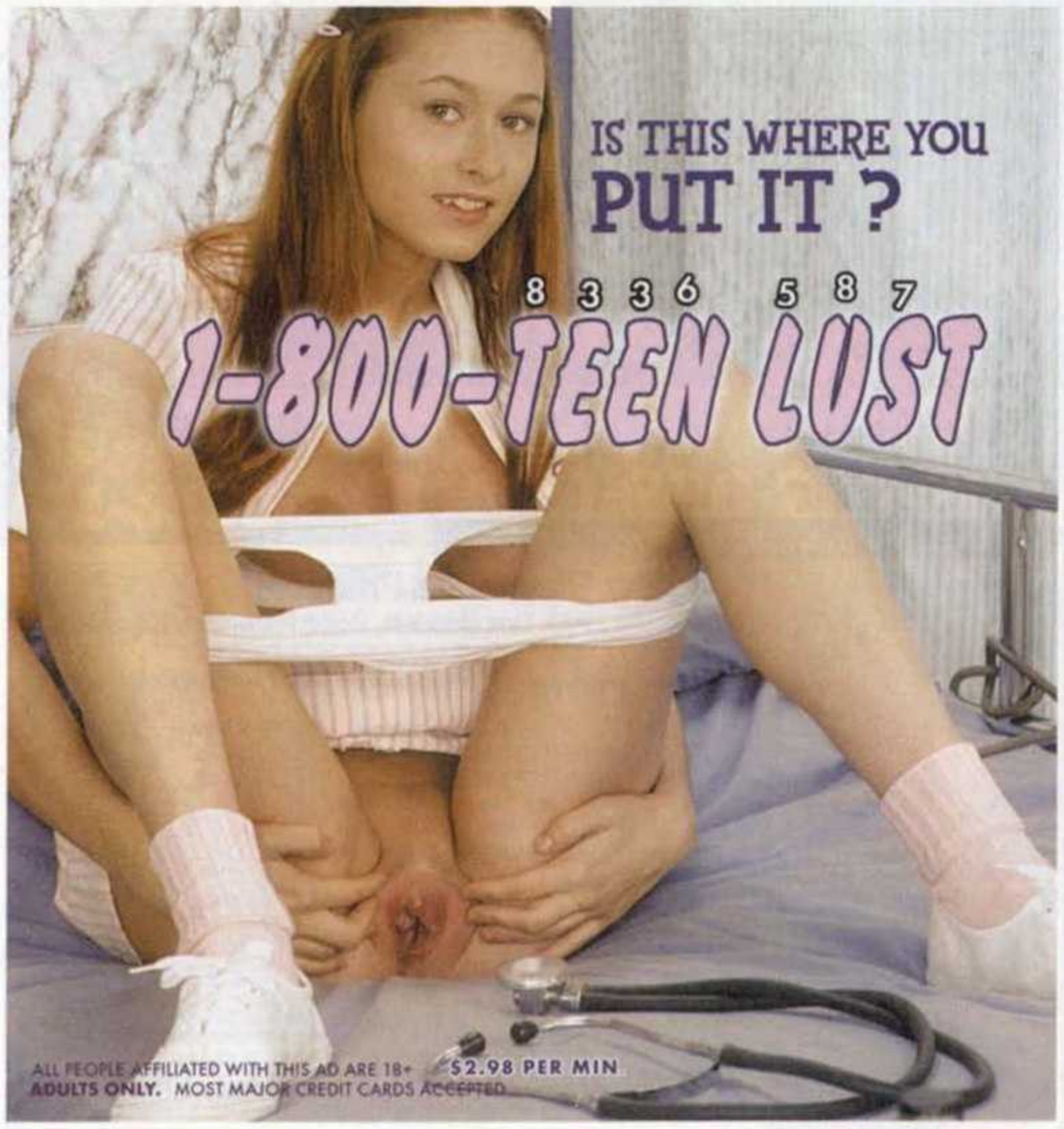
EAVESDROP
ON PHONE SEX CALLS SO HOT
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT!
SECRETLY LISTEN IN...
212-691-2444
Only 99¢ MIN 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

SEX STARVED SLUTS
1-900-329-5800
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED $4.99 18+

1-800-448-SLUT
FUCK FOR A BUCK
1-800-250-TITS
MUST BE 18+




IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT IT ?
1-800-TEEN LUST
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 PER MIN

DIGITAL EMPIRE

is cutting out the middle man! For a limited time you can have...

8 HOUR DVDS for only $1.00 each title (in quantity)

(ALL GIRLS ARE 18+)

TEEN GUSH ME751 ~~$16.95~~	PAKISTANI POON ME426 ~~$16.95~~	PARTE-NARIES SEXUAL INTERDITS KSV101 ~~$16.95~~	TINY TEENIE ASIAN BODIES ASH201 ~~$16.95~~	TEEN SPIRIT EGH108 ~~$16.95~~	AMATEUR VIDEOS AT HOME AMV769 ~~$16.95~~	SUCK SHE MALE COCK ME759 ~~$16.95~~	OFFICE LESBIANS LSB237 ~~$16.95~~	BARELY LEGAL LATINAS LTH69 ~~$16.95~~	MY SON'S BEST FRIEND ME355 ~~$16.95~~
18 AMV847 ~~$16.95~~	SEX PARTIES FRV559 ~~$16.95~~	IT'S JUST WRONG ME751 ~~$16.95~~	OFFICE SLUT FRV700 ~~$16.95~~	BABY-FACE AMV790 ~~$16.95~~	SWINGER SEX PARTIES KSV652 ~~$16.95~~	MY BLACK GIRL-FRIEND NR315 ~~$16.95~~	BUTT BUSTERS FRV666 ~~$16.95~~	EXTREME ANAL ME994 ~~$16.95~~	PORN FROM THE PAST SPE837 ~~$16.95~~
TAKE THE WHITE GIRL ME751 ~~$16.95~~	FURRY BLACK TEENIES BK240 ~~$16.95~~	FACIAL CUM SHOTS ME751 ~~$16.95~~	GUSHING HOLES EGH114 ~~$16.95~~	DOWN THE HATCH ME679 ~~$16.95~~	THE BEST OF 3SOMES KSV427 ~~$16.95~~	JUST TURNED 18 FME545 ~~$16.95~~	CHICKS WITH ANIMALS ME543 ~~$16.95~~	OH SO CUTE AMV740 ~~$16.95~~	BANGING HUGE TITS KSV651 ~~$16.95~~
AMATEUR AUDITIONS ME623 ~~$16.95~~	AMAZING VIDEOS KSV492 ~~$16.95~~	ALL THE WAY DOWN KSV655 $16.95	JUST LIKE SISTERS ME773 ~~$16.95~~	ACTUAL AUDITION TAPES LTH70 ~~$16.95~~	BABY-SITTER TRAINING ME611 ~~$16.95~~	SEXY RED HEADS FRV665 ~~$16.95~~	BIG BLACK BOOTY ME771 ~~$16.95~~	LITTLE LOVE HOUND ME695 ~~$16.95~~	LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER FRV553 ~~$16.95~~
RAUNCHY 3SOMES EGH122 ~~$16.95~~	2 DICKS FOR 1 HOLE FRV506 ~~$16.95~~	DOUBLE BLACK PEN! ME766 ~~$16.95~~	MY BEST FRIENDS MOTHER SPE996 ~~$16.95~~	MY BEST FRIEND'S DAUGHTER FRV341 ~~$16.95~~	PERVERTED PEN ME562 ~~$16.95~~	GUSHING BLACK GIRLS ME408 ~~$16.95~~	BLACK COCK WHITE ASS ME726 ~~$16.95~~	INTENSE DESIRES ME301 ~~$16.95~~	LONGEST, THICKEST COCK IN THE WORLD BK241 ~~$16.95~~
MONSTER TITS EGH120 ~~$16.95~~	3 GUY CREAM PIE ME776 ~~$16.95~~	INTERNAL OOZE ME389 ~~$16.95~~	AMAZING COCKS ME675 ~~$16.95~~	MASSIVE COCK DEEP THROAT FRV964 ~~$16.95~~	OUTNUM-BERED ME381 ~~$16.95~~	ARE YOU A BUTTMAN FRV710 ~~$16.95~~	PETER NORTH'S GREATEST CUMSHOTS ME548 ~~$16.95~~	OLD LADY & YOUNG GIRL ME680 ~~$16.95~~	A BLACK MAN TOOK MY VIRGINITY ME415 ~~$16.95~~
MY WIFE LOVES BLACK COCK VNR311 ~~$16.95~~	YOUNG CHICKS BIG DICKS KSV603 ~~$16.95~~	MASSIVE WHITE DICKS ME601 ~~$16.95~~	BIG DICKS BIG TITS ME548 ~~$16.95~~	BAD ASS BLACK GIRLS BK127 ~~$16.95~~		LITTLE ASIAN GIRL ME426 ~~$16.95~~	GRANNIES GOT A BIG ASS ME762 ~~$16.95~~	LESBIAN SCHOOL-GIRLS ME805 ~~$16.95~~	OUT-NUM-BERED ME381 ~~$16.95~~

The World Leader in Adult DVD manufacturing is now offering **WHOLESALE PRICES TO THE PUBLIC!**

For a limited time you can buy **8 HOUR DVDs** for as low as **$1.00 Each!**

Each DVD is 8 hours and contains the **HOTTEST XXX ACTION** available on the market today!

Don't miss out on this incredible offer! **SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED!** Order today!

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS:

STEP ONE: Check the boxes ☑ of the DVDs you would like to order.

STEP TWO: Fill out the order form below.

STEP THREE: Mail this entire page to:

DIGITAL EMPIRE
Dept. B61A66
P.O. BOX 64550
Gary, IN 46401-0550
or

Call Toll-Free
1-800-294-3026

MUST MENTION AD# WHEN ORDERING B61A66

or

Order Online At:
www.xxxdigitalempire.com

ORDER FORM (☑ Please Check One)

- ❑ 10 TITLES - $29.95 - $3.00 each
- ❑ 20 TITLES - $39.95 - $2.00 each
- ❑ 40 TITLES - $59.95 - $1.50 each
- ❑ ALL 70 TITLES - $69.95 - $1 each

TOTAL PURCHASE $_____

SHIPPING & HANDLING $ 6.00

TAX CA. 8.25% IN. 6% $_____

GRAND TOTAL $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

(PRINT E-MAIL ADDRESS)

ONLINE SPECIALS _____

SIGNATURE X _____ D.O.B. _____

By signing I certify that I am over 18 years of age. MUST include date of birth.

EXP. DATE ___/___

PAYMENT: ❑ VISA ❑ MC ❑ AMEX ❑ CHECK ❑ MONEY ORDER

ALL DVDS ARE 8 HOURS - GUARANTEED!

www.xxxdigitalempire.com

Due to drastically reduced pricing, Digital Empire must reserve the right to substitute any DVD for a title of equal or greater value.

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

TRY IT NOW
GET OFF
Sexy • Dominant • Kinky Women
FROM ONLY 69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
$4.99 Per Min 18+
PHONE SEX FOR LESS

TRAINING ACADEMY
YOU'VE BEEN VERY BAD! CALL NOW!
1 ON 1
PARTY LINES
RECORDINGS
ROOMMATES
New Mistresses
MC-Visa-AMEX Discover-Checks US & Canada
1-800-990-0002
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MINUTE
1-800-990-0003
$49.95 FOR FULL 1/2 HOUR

1.800 800.CUMM
WANNA GIVE US SOME HOT CUMM?
$1.98 per minute
most major credit cards accepted
18+ adults only
1.900.646.6666 $2.50 - $3.50 per minute

BLACK GIRLS BLACK GIRLS BLACK GIRLS
$10 BUCK PHONE FUCK
Live 1 on 1
1-888-404-COCO

Command Me Master!
• Fantasy Role Playing
• Spankings
• Humiliation
• Submissive Slaves
1-800-TIE ME UP
1-900-446-4400 $2.99 MIN 18+

1-800-WET-TSTV
Suck me off & I'll fuck you!
1-800-938-8788
FIRST TIMERS WELCOME
NEW TSTV DATE LINE!
1-800 ASK-TSTV
1-800-275-8788
• LIVE
• 1 ON 1
• GROUP
• Totally Discrete
ALL MODELS 18+

1-800-WET-TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)
Fresh 18-21 year olds take it in both holes!
ALL LIVE!
1-800-ASK-4-ASS
(1-800-275-4277)

OBEDIENT GIRLS FROM BANGKOK!
I GIVE YOU MUCH PLEASURE!
LIVE 1 on 1!
1-800-960-ASIA
(1-800-960-2742)
1 ON 1 OR GROUP!
& ALL NEW
ASIAN DATELINE
AS LOW AS 96¢ A MIN!

800/888#s Visa, MC, Amex, Discover or Automated Check By Phone as low as 95¢ a min.

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800-555-GIRL
1-800-555-4475
CHECKS BY PHONE!
HARDCORE TALK RIGHT NOW!
TWO RIPE AND READY CUNTS
FUCK YOU 2 ON 1
1-800-TWO-GIRL
Double Juicy Fuck &
SUCK ORGIES • 24 HOURS!
1-800-555-PUSSY
WILD!
WE BABES LICK YOU, SUCK YOU, TASTE YOU, AND SWALLOW DEEP!!!
1-800-555-WETT
1on1 • PARTY LINE • RECORDED
CHECKS BY PHONE • CREDIT CARDS
$1.99-$3.98 per min/18 yrs + over

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD™
RedHot dateline™
1•800•WILD•616
www.REDHOTFANTASY.com
RedHot Mobile:
Text HOT to 99899 99¢/msg exch. 18+
TRY FOR FREE
CALL NOW!

hotwebchat.com
FROM 49¢ PER MIN
TOLL FREE
866-32-DIRTY
3 4 7 8 9
18+ 900-990-9522 $1.49 per min

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

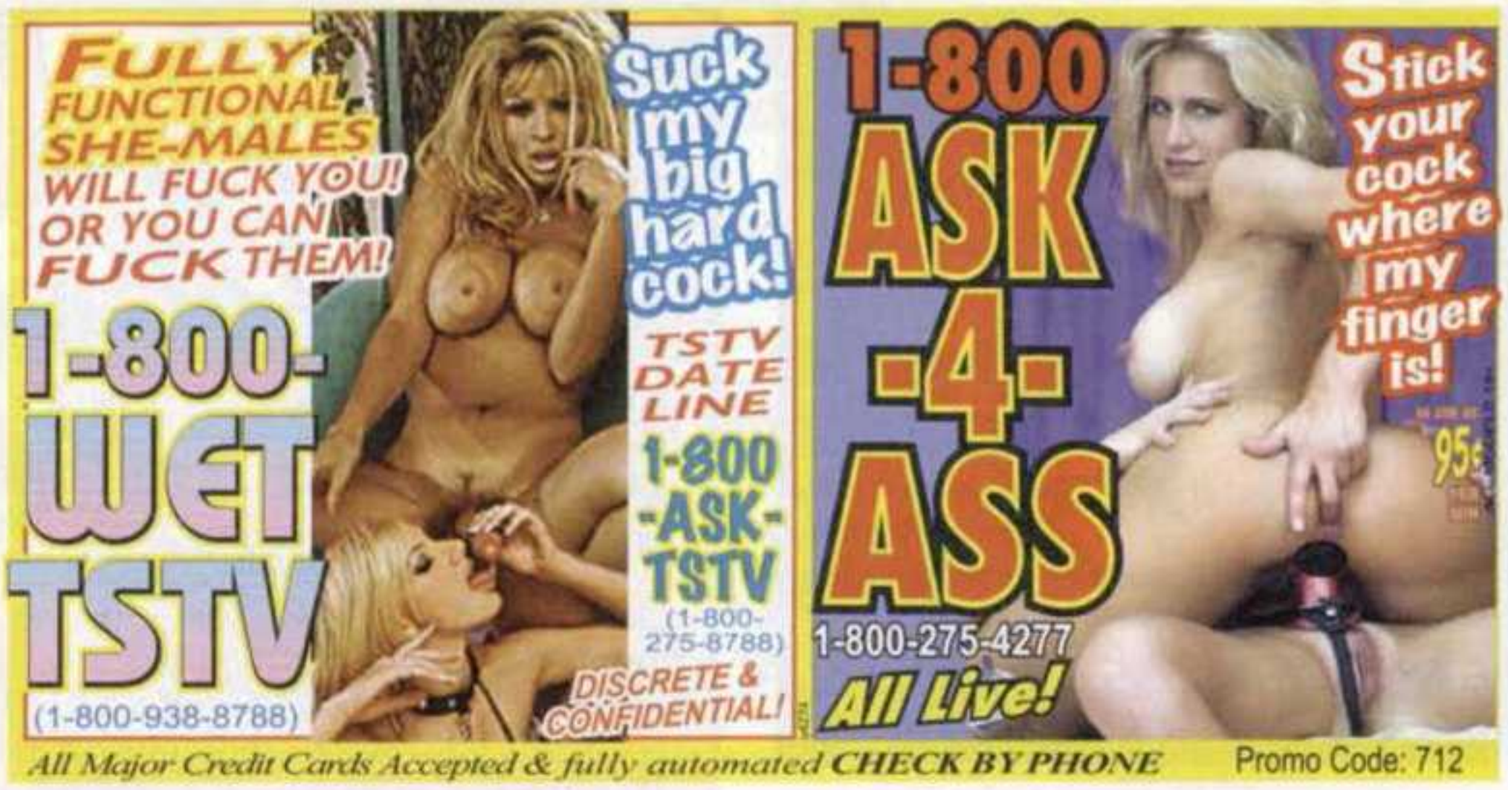
SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
1-800-818-6661
1-900-255-9999 $1.29 Min. 18+

TITS 'N' ASS
1-800 615-6869
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
KINKY FONE FUN
$12
Our Pussies are WET & WAITING!

BUST A NUT
10 MINUTE FUCK
18+
1-888-666-6569

CUMM SUCKING TEENS
1-800 514-FUNN
3 8 6 6

$10 BUCK
PHONE FUCK
Live / on /
18+
1-800-341-1712


FULLY FUNCTIONAL SHE-MALES WILL FUCK YOU! OR YOU CAN FUCK THEM!
1-800-WET TSTV
(1-800-938-8788)
Suck my big hard cock!
TSTV DATE LINE
1-800-ASK-TSTV
(1-800-275-8788)
DISCRETE & CONFIDENTIAL!
1-800 ASK -4- ASS
Stick your cock where my finger is!
95¢
1-800-275-4277
All Live!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & fully automated CHECK BY PHONE
Promo Code: 712

HARDCORE SEX
29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

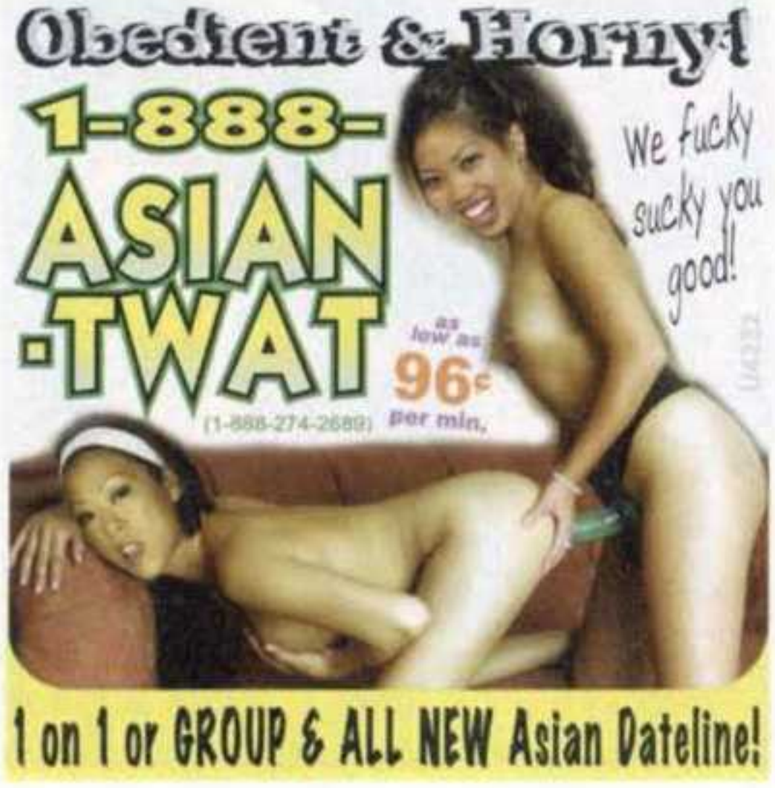
HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE ONE ON ONE
89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

25¢ /min 18+
1 ON 1 · SAY ANYTHING ONE CALL TO GET IT ALL
HOT LIVE CHAT
1-888-25-CENTS
Bi-Curious? 1.888.MANLINE

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 664-9444
49¢ Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+

BADD GIRLS
www.xadultchat.com
69¢ /min 18 +
877-473-ORAL
6725
TOLL FREE
900-990-6610
$1.49 per/min


Obedient & Horny!
1-888-ASIAN-TWAT
as low as 96¢ per min.
(1-888-274-2689)
We fucky sucky you good!
1 on 1 or GROUP & ALL NEW Asian Dateline!

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800-707-KINK (5465)
PREGNANT, & HORNY, THIS GIRL IS BEGGING FOR YOUR COCK!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
PREGNANT CUM CRAVERS
1-900-993-9701

1-900-993-5899
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
1-800-588-BLOW (2569)
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

1-900-993-8577
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
I'M A CHICK... WITH A DICK!!!
HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
1-800-718-MEAT (6328)
HARDCORE SHE-MALE ACTION!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MINUTE
1 ON 1 OR GROUP SEX!
I LOVE IT WHEN A MAN SLIDES HIS COCK UP AND DOWN BETWEEN MY TITS AND CUMS IN MY MOUTH!
ALL LIVE! ALL NEW!
NATION WIDE DATELINE!
1-900-WET-TITS
(1-900-938-8487)
Privately billed at $4.95 / min.
Fuck My...
1-800-WET-CUNT (938-2868)
All major credit cards or Check By Phone
Promo Code: 712

HOT YOUNG TEENS
1-619-364-A2N6A2L5
(Instant Credit. No Credit Card needed) ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
Kinky Wet Coeds
1-619-295-GIRL (4475)
(No Credit Card needed)
SEX IS GOOD
Horny Housewives
1010890-1-868-622-0625
(Toll Charges Apply. No Credit Card necessary)
HOT CURIOUS MEN
1-900-468-M6E3E3T8
98¢ per min
ANAL SLUTS
1-800-568-1110
(Visa/MC/Amex/Discover) $19.95 a call
Cock Hungry Sluts
1-900-346-1111
$19.95 a call
Cum Hungry Cunts
1-900-745-8989
$19.95 a call
KINKY FETISH SLUTS
1-888-370-1661
(Visa/MC/Amex/Discover) $1.98 1st min 98¢ additional
AMATEUR PHONESEX WITH REAL WOMEN!
www.phonesex.com

1-900-745-2595
QUIT COMPLAINING AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
HOT & KINKY ACTION!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
YOU WILL LEARN OBEDIENCE! NOW BEND OVER, SPREAD YOUR ASS AND SHUT UP!
MC/VISA/AMEX
1-800-684-MOAN (6626)

LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
69¢ PER MIN
1-800-883-4999
1-900-945-5566
$4.99 Min 18+ CRE. NY

BANG FOR A BUCK
Live 1 on 1
1-866-900-BUCK
18+

HARDCORE SEX
FROM 29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

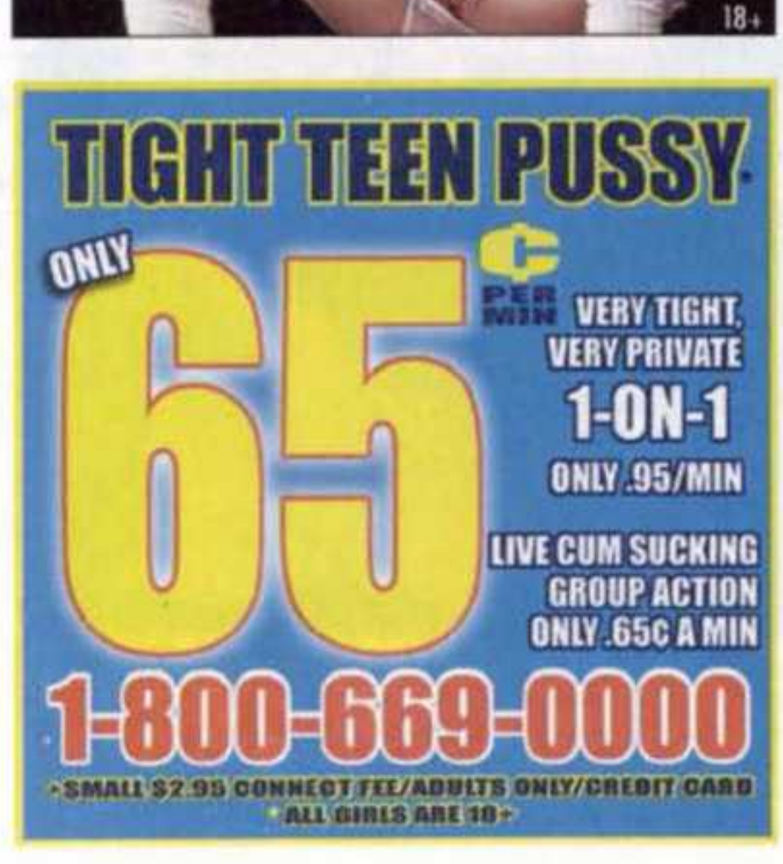
MATURE WOMEN 40+
LOOKING FOR YOUNG STUDS!
1-800-444-BETTY
Boys, what I'm going to teach you will last a lifetime!
ALL NEW LOCAL & NATIONAL!
MATURE LADIES DATELINE
1-800-288-DATE
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISC OR CHECK BY PHONE
96¢ PER MIN
Promo Code: 712
(1-800-288-3283)

1-800-WET-PUSSY
GRAB MY HIPS & FUCK ME HARD!
AS LOW AS 95¢
1-800-938-7877
ALL MODELS 18+
U4141
1 ON 1 OR GROUP + NATIONAL DATELINE
1-900-WET-PUSSY
(1-900-938-7877)
1-800-ASK-4-ASS
1-800-275-4277
All Major Credit Cards Accepted! or by ALL NEW CHECK BY PHONE
MICRO-CHECK All 900 is billed to your phone at $4.95 per minute

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660
18+

FULLY FUNCTIONAL SHE-MALES
You know you want me to FUCK your ASS!
1-800-WET-TSTV
(1-800-938-8788)
ALL NEW NATIONWIDE TRANSEXUAL DATING SERVICE!
1-888-505-TSTV
1-888-505-8788
1-900-WET-TSTV
(1-900-938-8788)

1-800-578-SLUT
18+
(7588)
6 min FREE
with valid cc
PHONE FUCK MY MOUTH
1-900-255-8080 $25/call
LIVE SLUTS


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65c A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc.
Proudly Presents Est.1969

Is she a boy or is he a girl? Sonya loves a good blow job. She gives a great one too! Call our switch hitting babes now and you can decide for yourself.

1-800-698-TVTS

For other exciting fetish lines call 1 (800) 750-LsUaSrTs
or try 1 (212) 986-1777 • 1 (212) 986-1778
as low as 99¢/min• Must be 18+
Check out our NEW Sex-Citing Store online or call 1-212-697-0644
www.michaelsalem.com

HORNY SLUTS
Get You Off!
For Only $10 BUCKS

1.800.995.2FUCK
2382
1.900.329.4800
$4.99 min.
18+

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

MATURE, WE DO IT ALL!

• Lovely older women
• Horny housewives
• Grannies
• Lusty mamas

EXPERIENCE MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE!!
1-888 95-OLDER (65337)
From $1.99 per min.
1-900-ALL-BOOB (255-6622)
$2.99 - $5.99 per min.
18+. Checks also

private school secrets
www.privateschoolsecrets.com
uncensored
H13
18+

1-800-743-5064

Cock Sucking Sluts!
$10 Buck Phone Fuck!
1.800.440.1147
All Major Credit Cards Accepted
NO Connect Fee!
18+

FUCK MY ASS!
LIVE 1-ON-1
59¢ Min

1-800-520-4SEX (7392)
1-900-263-8080
$2.99 Min. 18+

I NEED YOUR HARD COCK!
1-800 961 SEXY (7399)
From $2.49/min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

School's out & we want to play!
We won't tell!
18 & Horny!
1-800-
WET-PUSSY
(1-800-938-7877)
1-900-WET-PUSSY (1-900-938-7877)
ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES DATELINE!
Local & National!
1-800-444-DATE
(1-800-444-3283)

How Would You Like Me?
$1.89
per minute
cc and checks
Live 1-on-1
1-888-921-FUCK

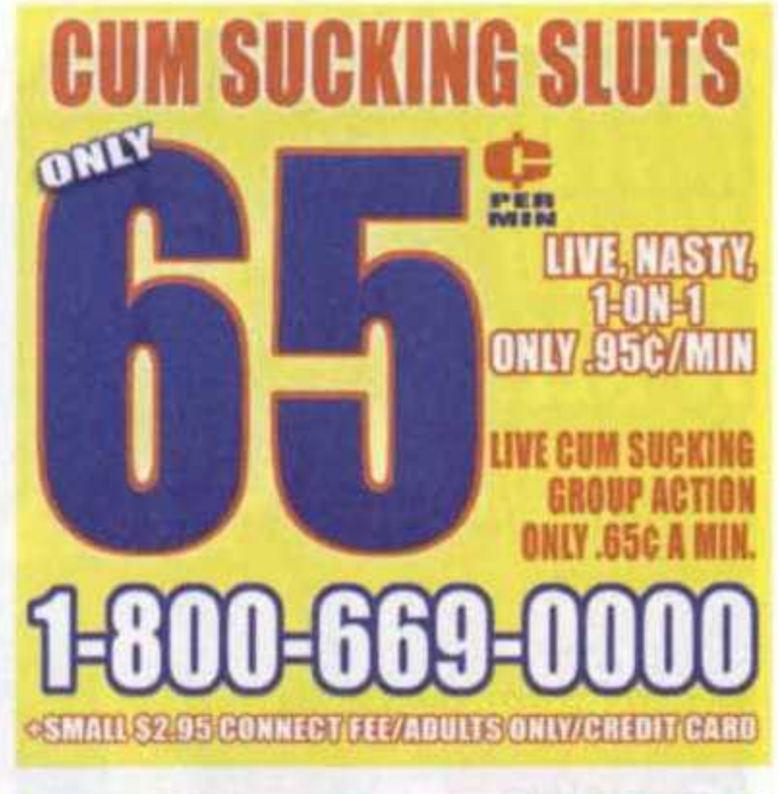
HOT, CHEAP
SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
1-800-443-5678
1-900-329-5600 $4.99 Per Min 18+

EAVESDROP LIVE 1 ON 1 STORIES SAMPLES
CHEAP & NASTY PHONE SEX
FROM
99¢ MIN
1-800-934-HOT1
(4 6 8 1)
1-900-443-1122
$4.99 PER MIN 18+
CONFESSIONS LIVE 1 ON 1 EAVESDROP

18+ Only
HOT LIPS' Cum Sluts Getting Your Rocks Off Since 1994
NO TABOOS
Only $2/min
Credit Card Required
1-800-746-1396

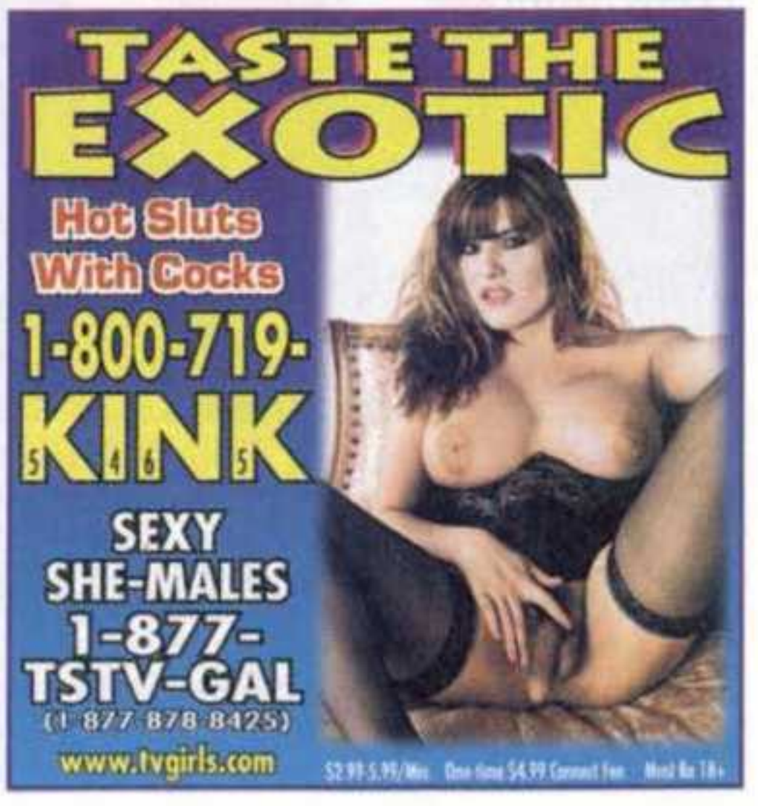
I SUCK & SWALLOW
LIVE 1-ON-1
99¢ Min
1-800-896-FUCK
1-900-78-PUSSY $2.99 Min 18+

1-800-WET-TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)
All major credit cards accepted & Check By Phone
I"ll slam this Bitch in the ass while you FUCK HER!
Join Us NOW!
Promo Code: 712
ALL LIVE XXX!


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

COLLEGE GIRLS!
Live, Enthusiastic & Uncensored!
1-900-346-2633
1-800-794-2633
1-614 263-2633
www.callcoeds.com

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE ONE ON ONE
89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD


TASTE THE EXOTIC
Hot Sluts With Cocks
1-800-719-KINK
SEXY SHE-MALES
1-877-TSTV-GAL
(1 877 878 8425)
www.tvgirls.com

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD™
RedHot dateline™
1•800•WILD•616
www.REDHOTFANTASY.com
RedHot Mobile:
Text HOT to 99899 99¢/msg exch. 18+
TRY FOR FREE
CALL NOW!

FUCK MY HOT...
1-800-
WET-
CUNT
(1-800-938-2868)
All Major Credit Cards & Automated Checks Phone Accepted
NEW 18+ DATELINE
1-800-999-MEET
1-900-WET-CUNT
95¢ A MIN.
LIVE!

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

OVER
FORTY
18+
$10
1-888-OLDER69

1-800
TEEN
CUNT
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
1-800-833-6286
"MMmm... cum taste my clean tight Pussy."
"Squeeze it in... Right here!!!"
$ 3.99/MIN. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED MUST BE 18+

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 775-2228
49¢ Min
1-900-226-8881
$1.29 Min 18+

DEEP THROAT
I'LL EVEN SWALLOW YOUR BALLS!
1-800 797-HARD

Lust Line
Let me be your wildest fantasy!
ANYTHING GOES!
Lana
Party Lines
Recordings
Live 1-on-1
2 Girls on 1
1-800-955-1234
MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC./CHECKS-US&CAN.
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MIN./$49.95 FULL 30 MIN.

DOMINA
cruel and unusual
(cell h18)
1.800.799.7468
www.councildomina.com

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3825
18+

*TEENS READY TO FUCK
ONLY
LIVE ONE ON ONE
89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

Get Ready.
$1.69 p/m
877-922-DEEP
3337
$3.99 p/m
900.950.0600
talktokelly.com
18+

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

Fuck me hard then cum on my...
LIVE 1 ON 1
As low as 99¢ per min.
All major credit cards accepted & Check By Phone
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)

SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
1-800-818-6661
1-900-255-9999 $1.29 Min. 18+

5 MINUTE QUICKIE
PHONE SEX
$10
LIVE 1 ON 1
1-800-574-0915
18+

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

EROTIC SHOP is excited to offer you

7 HOUR ADULT DVDs ONLY 99¢

each title (in quantity)

PURCHASE NEW 7 HOUR DVDS FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR!!

01 Young Gushers 2
02 Midgets Like Sex Too
03 Hot Anal Asians
04 Double Penetrated at Both Ends
05 Sweet Pee
06 Young & Natural Cum Lovers
07 Girls With Toys
08 She Likes it Rough
09 Old Pussy
10 The Black Magic
11 Black Chicks White Dick
12 The King of Cum
13 Sloppy 2
14 Tiny Young Girls
15 Huge Toys for Chicks
16 Pussy from Pakistan
17 Cute Lesbian Girls
18 Farmgirl Desires
19 Pakastani Poon
20 Reverse Gang Bangs
21 Hairy Teens
22 Cum Bath
23 Big Cocks for Little Chicks
24 Rough Fcuks
25 Taking it for The Team
26 Black Chicks White Dicks
27 I've Been a Bad Girl
28 Babysitter Fantasies
29 Me, My Wife & a Shemale
30 4 Man Cumbath
31 Shemale Sex Party
32 Ream Her Holes
33 Everything Asia
34 Fuck My Ass Cum in My Ass
35 Police Pussy
36 Big Latin Ass
37 Generation Gap
38 Amazing Penetrations
39 Raunchy Swap Party
40 His Best Friend's Mother
41 Younger is Better
42 Teens with Tits
43 Ass Play
44 Black Ass Reamings
45 Young and Natural Lesbians
46 Nurse Cocksucker
47 3Somes 2 Girls & a Guy
48 I Love My Secretary

Are they used?

NO. The DVDs are brand **NEW**! We know this because we made them!

Why are the DVDs so cheap?

WE are the manufacturer!

We cut out the middle man and pass the savings on to you!

www.99centxxxdvds.com

Cut out this page and send it along with payment to: **99cent DVDs** P.O. BOX 64550 DEPT B72A66 Gary, IN 46401-0550

❑ 01 Young Gushers 2	❑ 02 Midgets Like Sex Too	❑ 03 Hot Anal Asians	❑ 04 Double Penetrated at Both Ends	❑ 05 Sweet Pee	❑ 06 Young & Natural Cum Lovers	❑ 07 Girls With Toys
❑ 08 She Likes it Rough	❑ 09 Old Pussy	❑ 10 The Black Magic	❑ 11 Black Chicks White Dick	❑ 12 The King of Cum	❑ 13 Sloppy 2	❑ 14 Tiny Young Girls
❑ 15 Huge Toys for Chicks	❑ 16 Pussy from Pakistan	❑ 17 Cute Lesbian Girls	❑ 18 Farmgirl Desires	❑ 19 Pakastani Poon	❑ 20 Reverse Gang Bangs	❑ 21 Hairy Teens
❑ 22 Cum Bath	❑ 23 Big Cocks for Little Chicks	❑ 24 Rough Fcuks	❑ 25 Taking it for The Team	❑ 26 Black Chicks White Dicks	❑ 27 I've Been a Bad Girl	❑ 28 Babysitter Fantasies
❑ 29 Me, My Wife & a Shemale	❑ 30 4 Man Cumbath	❑ 31 Shemale Sex Party	❑ 32 Ream Her Holes	❑ 33 Everything Asia	❑ 34 Fuck My Ass Cum in My Ass	❑ 35 Police Pussy
❑ 36 Big Latin Ass	❑ 37 Generation Gap	❑ 38 Amazing Penetrations	❑ 39 Raunchy Swap Party	❑ 40 His Best Friend's Mother	❑ 41 Younger is Better	❑ 42 Teens with Tits
❑ 43 Ass Play	❑ 44 Black Ass Reamings	❑ 45 Young and Natural Lesbians	❑ 46 Nurse Cocksucker	❑ 47 3Somes 2 Girls & a Guy	❑ 48 I Love My Secretary	

I've indicated the titles and format I would like to receive (above)!

To **Order Now** Call:

1-800 294-3026

24 Hours 7 Days

Must mention Ad Number

B72A66

How many titles:	Sub-total
Qty_____ x 99¢ =	
Shipping & Handling	***$9.95***
CALIFORNIA STATE TAX Add 8.25% INDIANA STATE TAX Add 6%	
RUSH Processing Add $2.00	
Immediate Check Clearance Add $2.00	
GRAND TOTAL	

Name:_____

Address:_____ Apt:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

E-Mail:_____

PAYMENT: ❑ VISA ❑ MC ❑ AMEX ❑ CHECK ❑ MONEY ORDER

Signature:_____ *I AM OVER 18 (required)* Exp:_____

(ALL GIRLS ARE 18+)

B72

LIVE
X-RATED HOT TALK
1-800-238-LIVE
5483
1-900-329-7400
$4.99 per min
ONLY 1.69 PER MINUTE
18+

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

I SUCK & SWALLOW
LIVE 1-ON-1
Only 99¢ Min
1-800-896-FUCK
3825
1-900-78-PUSSY
78779
$2.99 Min 18+

transform yourself
ts/tv fantasies
877-717
LICK
only 5425
$1.69 P/M
900-226
5533
$3.99 P/M
www.eroticneon.com
18+

BLOW JOBS
$10
LIVE TALK 1 ON 1
1-800-615-1488
1-900-988-6800
18+ $4.99 Per Min

We're 21 & we want your cock!
1-900-WET-FUCK
(1-900-938-3825)
1-800-WET-FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
KINK & FETISH DATE LINE
1-800-444-DATE
3283

www.sexualmistress.com
LA MAITRESS
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
† ALL FETISHES
† BDSM
† CBT
† CROSS DRESSING
† FOOT & BODY WORSHIP
† LATEX
† LEATHER
1.866.862.0288
CALL NOW! TOLL FREE
Visit Us On-Line
www.sexualmistress.com
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

1-888-ASS-JAMM
ALL LIVE
(1-888-277-5266)
YOU'RE NEXT! -DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE GENTLE!
FIRST TIME SPECIALIST
PRIVATE 1 ON 1

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1
ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

We just turned 18 & we want YOUR hard cock!
1-800-WET-CUNT
All major credit cards accepted & check by phone
(1-800-938-2868)
Real girls 18-21 want to meet you!
Local & National Dateline
1-800-999-MEET

1-800 MS. BITCH
6 7
2 4 8 2 4
ALL BITCHES 18+
What you NEED is a good.....
SPANKING!
1-800-672-4824
$3.99/MIN. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED MUST BE 18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD
RedHot dateline™
1•800•WILD•616
www.REDHOTFANTASY.com
TRY FOR FREE
CALL NOW!
RedHot Mobile:
Text HOT to 99899 99¢/msg exch. 18+

HORNY STEP MILFS!
95¢
I won't tell your dad!
FUCK...
1-800-
MOM'S BUTT
(1-800-666-7288)
SMILF DATELINE 1-800-MOM-LOVE

1-800 IN-MY PISS
4 5 6 9
7 4 7
Depending upon menu selection 800# as low as $1.99 min. Must be 18+
I'm peeing right now!
1-509-789-5555
99 cents only

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660

BUST A
NUT
10 MINUTE
FUCK
18+
1-888-666-6569

LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

TITTY FUCKERS CALL NOW!
1.800
680
FUCK
3 8 2 5

Don't fight the feeling, my clit is throbbing for you!
All major credit cards accepted & Check By Phone
1-800-
WET-CLIT

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
KINKY COLLEGE GIRLS
69¢
PER MIN
18+
1-800-644-4666
EAVESDROP
ORGY

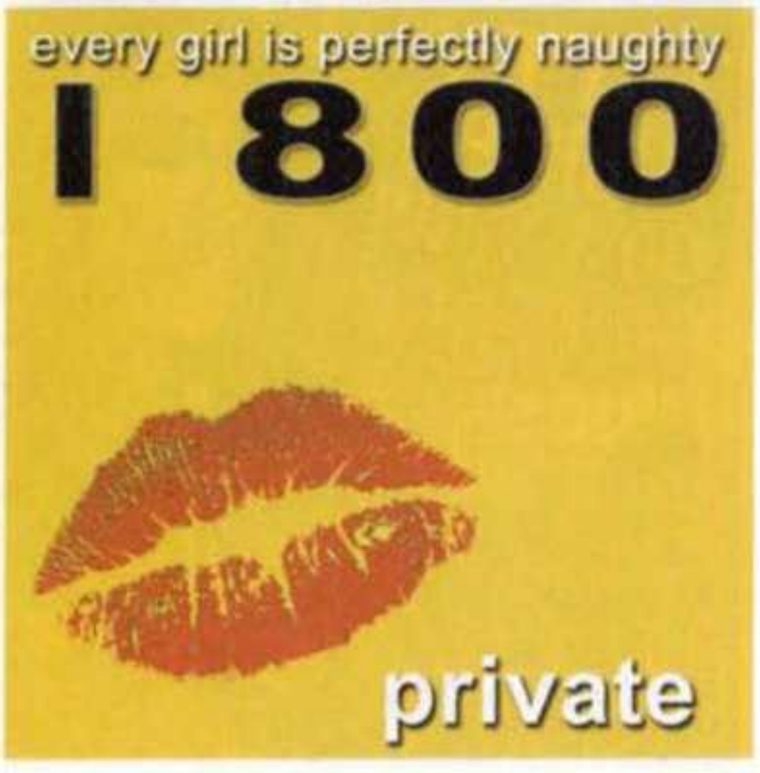
Mother I'd Like to Fuck!
Tired of girls who don't know what to do?
WOMEN with years of experience want to fuck!
1-800-444-0000
MILF DATELINE
1-800-288-DATE
Promo Code: 712
96¢ PER MIN

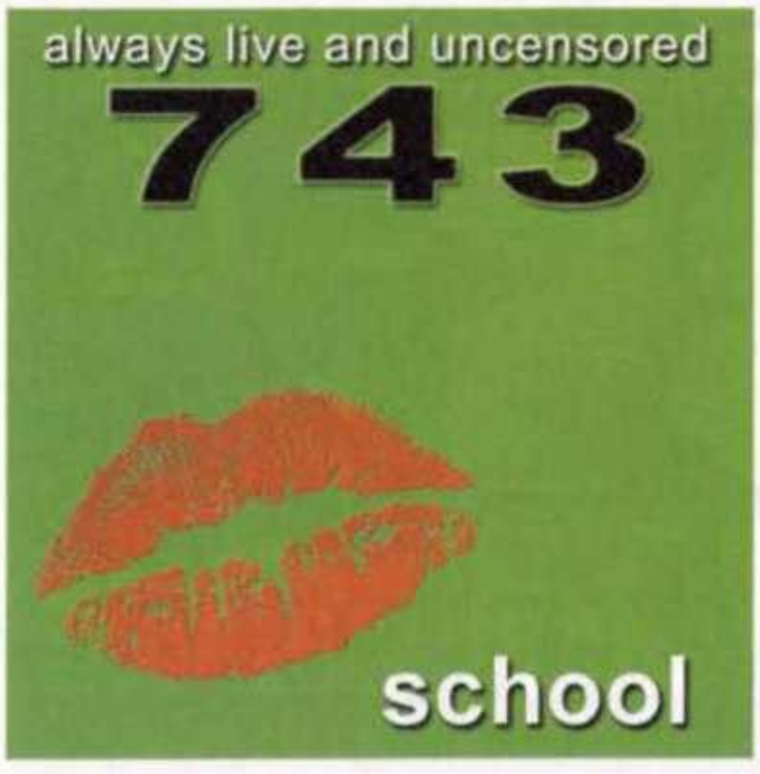
1-800-739-TSTV
LOOK AT ME!
I know I am not for everyone. If you want to try a new sexual experience call me and feel my cock and my soft and real, size C-cup's.
1-509-789-5555

HARDCORE SEX
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

Share Your Fantasy With Me
LIVE!
Only $2 per min.
1·800·
252·0224
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


every girl is perfectly naughty
1 800
private


always live and uncensored
743
school

5064
www.privateschoolsecrets.com
H91
18+
secrets

CHEAP SLUTS
Big TITS Juicy CLITS
49¢ per min
1-800-398-TITS
1-900-388-9400
$4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE. NY

LIVE 1 ON 1
BANG FOR A BUCK
18+
CALL NOW!
1-866-899-BUCK

1-900-993-8583
GAY DUDES WANT TO PLAY WITH YOU!!!
"COME OUT" & PLAY!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
HARD BODIES & HARDER COCKS!
CALL NOW!
...THIS ONE ROCKS!!!
1-800 924 2BOYS
1-800-490 PRICK
AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. • ADULTS ONLY 18+

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

GET OFF
SEXY • DOMINANT • KINKY WOMEN
69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE. NY

Every Fourth Call is Free!
866-473-SEXY
$ 1.69 p/m
900-950-0600
$ 3.99 p/m
snatchthisup.com

866-39-HORNY
TOLL FREE!
10 Minutes $15

FREE PARTY LINE
775-533-3111
NEVER ANY CHARGE!

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
-SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
-ALL GIRLS ARE 18-

1-888-ASS-JAMM
I do things other girls won't do!
LIGHT DOM & FEMINIZATION
LEATHER, LATEX & RUBBER
ROLE PLAYING
SEX TOYS
1 ON 1!
MC Visa Amex Disc or Check by Phone
95¢ per min.
Promo Code: 712
FIRST TIMERS WELCOME
ALWAYS CONFIDENTIAL!
ALL NEW! ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES DATING LINE 1-800-444-DATE

I love to eat WET-PUSSY
1-888-938-7877
2 of us + you = 1-800 WET-3SUM
(1-800-938-3786)
All Major Credit Cards Accepted!

STOP
SLUT UP AHEAD!
65 MPH FUCK ZONE!
1-800 810-SLUT
From $2.97/min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

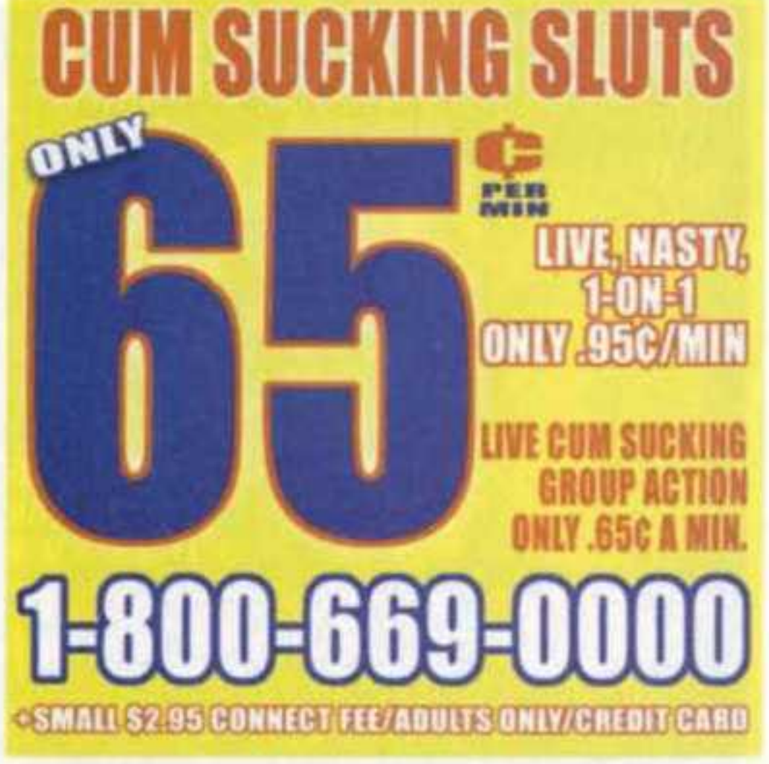
COCK STARVING COLLEGE GIRL
VOTED #1 PHONE SEX
1-800-759-6660
1-619-295-GIRLS
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
HFT, INC. 18+

25¢
/min 18+
HOT • LIVE • CHAT
1 ON 1 • SAY ANYTHING • ONE CALL TO GET IT ALL
1-888-25-CENTS

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

1-800-WET-FUCK
Fuck her doggy style & cum on my Face!
Girls in your area are looking for guys like you!
98¢
(1-888-933-6258)
National Dateline
1-888-WE-DATE-U

HOT, CHEAP
SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
1-800-443-5678
1-900-329-5600
$4.99 Per Min 18+


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
•SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

Command Me Master!
• Fantasy Role Playing
• Spankings
• Humiliation
• Submissive Slaves
1-800-TIE ME UP
1-900-446-4400 $2.99 MIN 18+

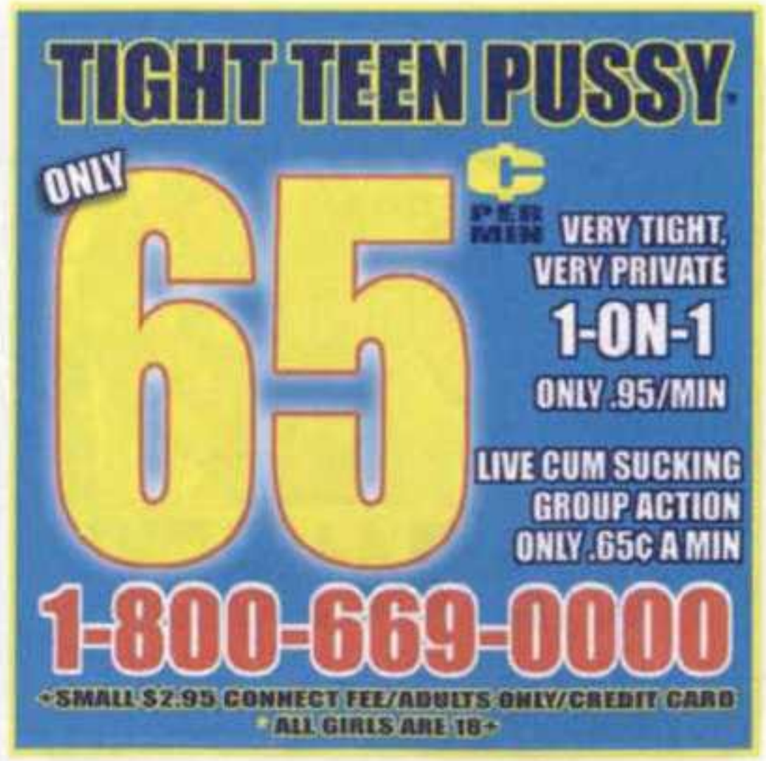
YOUR COCK NEEDS SOMETHING
HOT, BLACK & CREAMY
1-888 489 2660 2660
DO THE NASTY! No Credit Needed!
1-509-789-5555

OOOH... is that for ME?
Hurry — Call Me NOW!
1·800·822·GIRL
$2 per Min. • 5 Min. Minimum
Direct Call Back • Over 18 Only
Major Credit Cards • Discreet Billing

LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

1-800-WET-CLIT
1-800-938-2548
All major credit cards accepted & Checks By Phone
FUCK MY FRIEND & CUM ON MY FACE!
• LIVE
• 1 ON 1
• GROUP
• NATIONAL DATING SERVICE
1-900-LESBIAN
1-900-537-2426
Promo Code: 712

Just $10 Just $10
5 MINUTE
Quickie
$10
1-800-618-7888
1-900 443-7878
$4.99 Min 18+
Just $10 Just $10

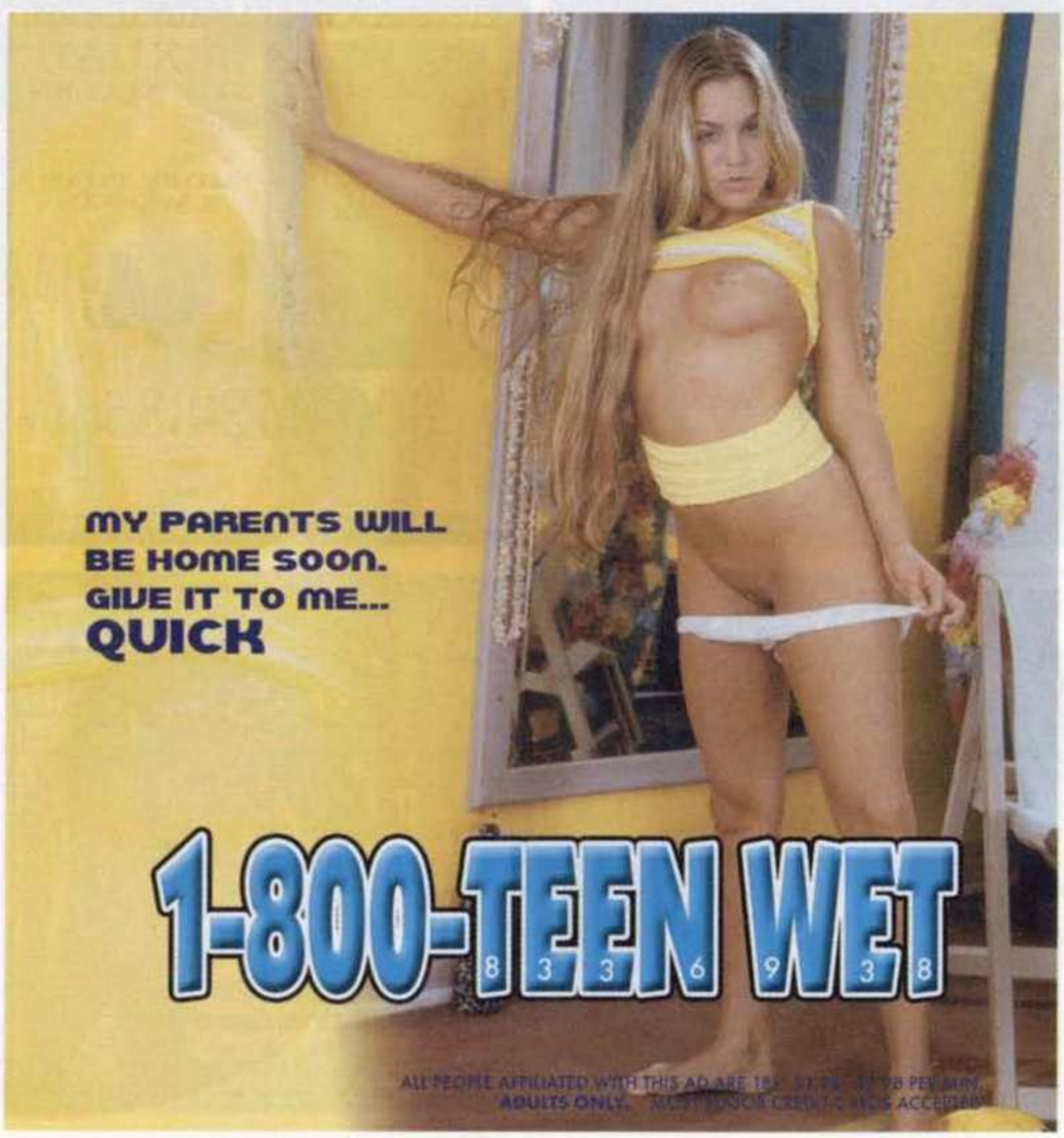

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 664-9444
49¢ Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+

NASTY 1 ON 1
LIVE 99¢/MIN LIVE
866-89-NASTY
900-950-0600
18+ eroticneon.com $3.99 PER/MIN

FROM 49¢ PER MIN
TOLL FREE
866-32-DIRTY
900-990-6610
$1.49/min
18+

Fuck me with your HARD COCK & cum in my 19 year old...
99¢
1-800-WET-PUSSY
(1-800-938-7877)
Meet girls in your area
1-800-888-DATE
(1-800-888-3283)
U4129


MY PARENTS WILL BE HOME SOON. GIVE IT TO ME... QUICK
1-800-TEEN WET
8336938
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+
ADULTS ONLY.

10 MINUTE Jerk Off!
1-800-955-7803
18+

FUCK MY TITTIES!
1-800 608-JUGS
5847

HOT WET
PHONE SEX
FROM
99¢ PER MIN.
1-212-741-SEXY
7399
1-900-329-4300
$4.99 Min 18+

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD - ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

TRY ME FREE

18+
1-800-850-6665

Seductive & Wild!
FLAT RATE $29

Must Be 18+
LIVE 24 HRS!
"Unleash your lustful desires with beautiful girls!"
BLONDES•BRUNETTES•REDHEADS•ASIAN•EUROPEAN
BI-SEXUAL•TRANS-SEXUAL•TRANSVESTITES
1-800-256-1253

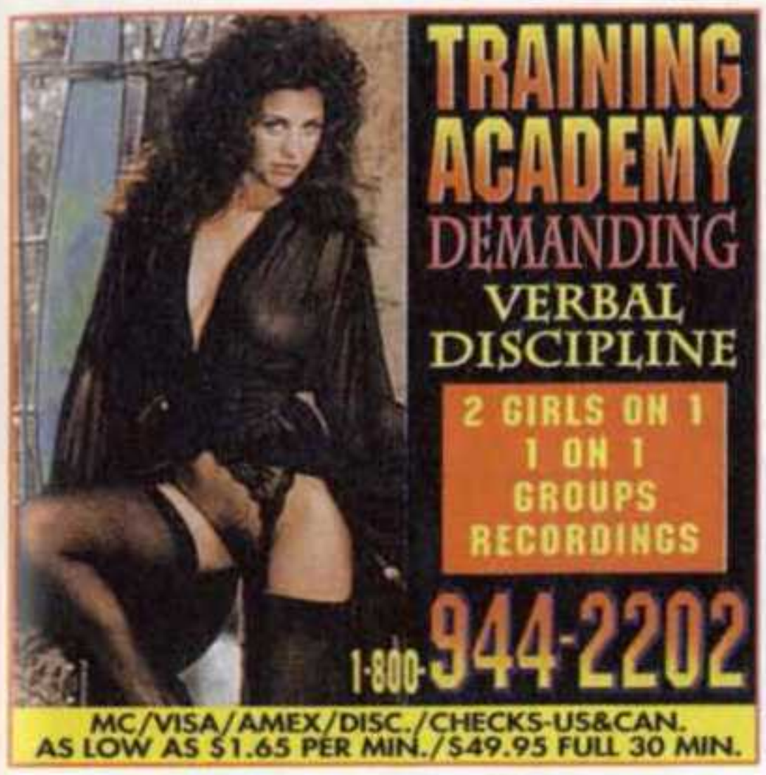
www.privateschoolsecrets.com
1.800.743.5064
H16
18+
uncensored

www.sexualshemale.com
SEXUAL SHE-MALES
MORE THAN A WOMAN
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
LATE NIGHT SPECIALS
800-852-8356
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

1-800-WET FUCK
GRAB MY HIPS AND FUCK MY ASS HARD!
1-800-938-3825
ALWAYS LIVE!
Shoot your cum on my BIG TITS!
1-900-WET-FUCK
(1-900-938-3825)
PRIVATE 1 ON 1 OR GROUP SEX
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)

YOUNG ASIAN SUBS!
ALL LIVE!
1-800-960-ASIA
1-800-960-2742
1 ON 1 OR GROUP
& ALL NEW
ASIAN DATELINE
All models 18+

800/888#s Visa, MC, Amex, Discover or Automated Check By Phone as low as 95¢ a min. 900#s $4.95/min. billed to your phone.


TRAINING ACADEMY
DEMANDING
VERBAL DISCIPLINE
2 GIRLS ON 1
1 ON 1
GROUPS
RECORDINGS
1-800-944-2202
MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC./CHECKS-US&CAN.
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MIN./$49.95 FULL 30 MIN.

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

100% MADE IN THE USA
18+
CALL NOW
1-800 HOT PUSSY
1-900-VIP-PUSSY
www.PHONESEX24HRS.com
From $2.99 + Access Fee

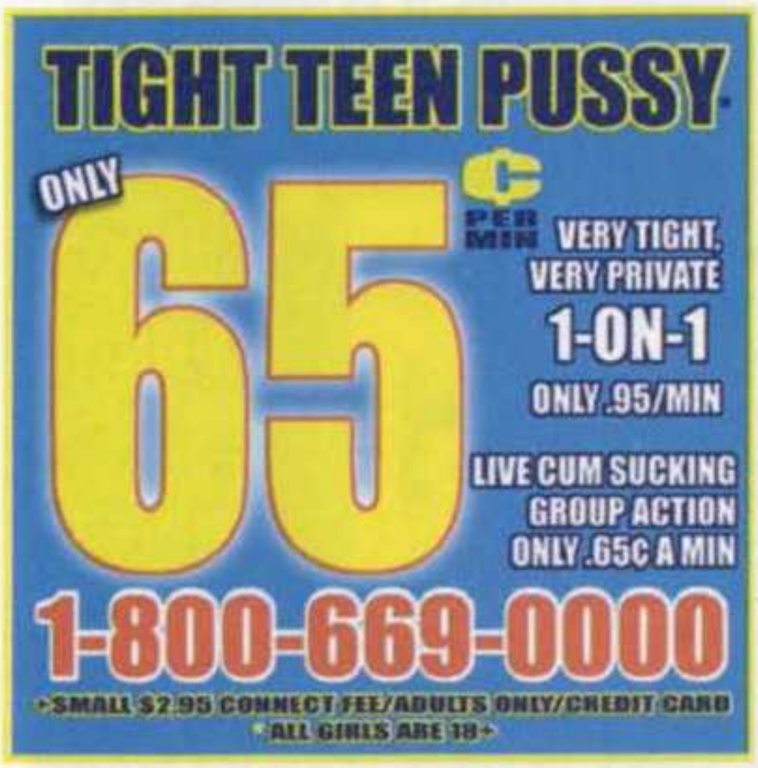
Talk to the woman of your choice!
LIP SERVICE
1-800-753-0244
www.lipservicephonesex.com
$35 / 25 minutes • MC-Visa-Amex-Disc

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE
ONE ON ONE
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

After I fuck her, YOU'RE NEXT!
1-888 ASS-JAMM
I'll make you my pretty little girl-friend!
1-888 -RAW- TSTV

SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
1-800-818-6661
1-900-255-9999
$1.29 Min. 18+

1-800 HOT PUSSY
1-900-VIP-PUSSY
www.PHONESEX24HRS.com
From $2.99 + Access Fee


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65c A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

$10 BUCK
PHONE FUCK
Live / on /
18+
1·800·341·1712

HEY YOU!
Fuck This Pussy!
CALL NOW!
1.800.230.OBEY

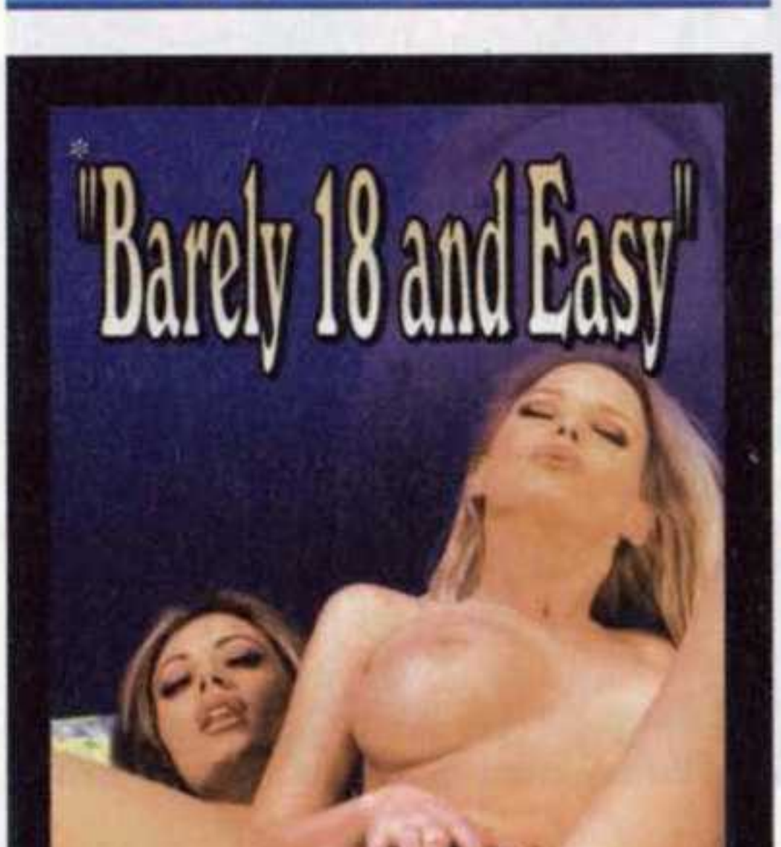
I see you staring at my massive mams...now, I want to see your COCK! Slip it into My...
1-800 -WET- TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)
ALL NEW!
1-900 -WET-TWAT
938 8928
100% confidential
Privately billed at $4.95/min.
Visa, MC, Amex, Disc or Check by Phone

LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

Hot Women Need To
Get Off!
25¢
PER MIN 18+
1-800-219-2525

hotwebchat.com
PHONE SEX
866-598-SEXY 7399
$.99 p/m
HORNY BITCHES
866-67-HORNY 46769
$1.69 p/m
HOUSE SLUTS
900-950-0600
$3.99 p/m
AMATEUR GIRLS
866-96-DIRTY 34789
$.69 p/m
HOT LOCAL GIRLS
900-990-6610
$1.49 p/m

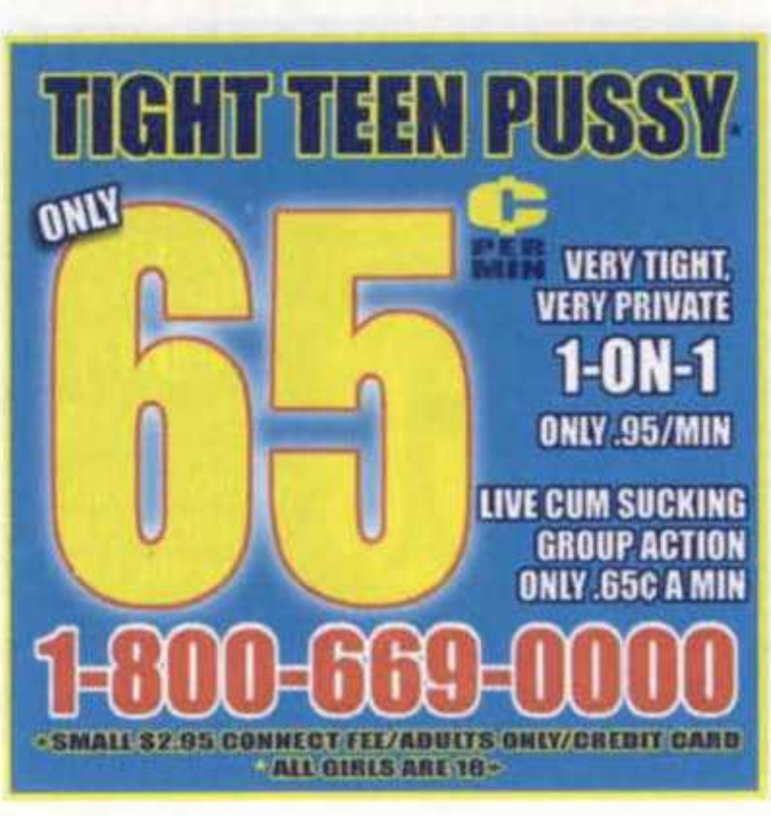
HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3 8 2 5
18+


"Barely 18 and Easy"
1-800
909-5555
$1.98 to $2.98 per minute.
Credit cards accepted. Adults only.
All people affiliated with this ad are at least 18+

My cleavage is waiting for your hard meat!
1-800- WET- TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
New National Dating Service
1-800-999-MEET (8338)
Lick my...
1-800- WET- CLIT
(1-800-938-2548)

I SUCK & SWALLOW
LIVE 1-ON-1
99¢ Min
1-800-896-FUCK
3 8 2 5
1-900-78-PUSSY 7 8 7 7 9
$2.99 Min 18+

Sweet Naughty Coeds
With Hottie Bodies!
1-216 226- 7874
1-900-246-7874
1-800-478-7874
www.callcoeds.com


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

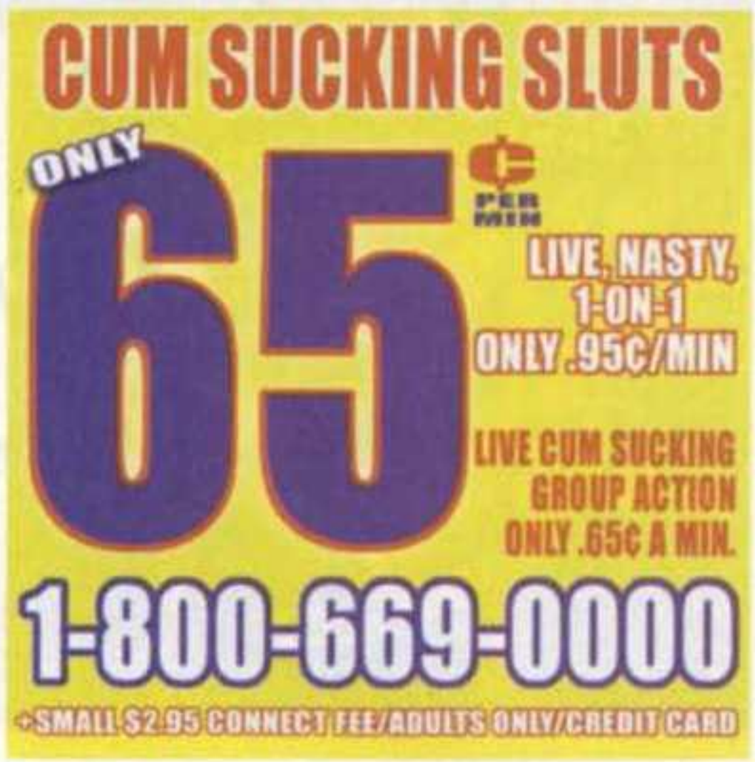
All models 18+ billed to your phone at $4.95 per minute.

UA231

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

BLOW JOBS
$10
LIVE TALK 1 ON 1
1-800-615-1488
1-900-988-6800
18+ $4.99 Per Min

We need your hard cock!
Join our live sex party!
1 on 1 or Group!
FUCK HER...
1-800-WET-CUNT
1-900-666-CUNT
All major credit cards & check by phone accepted.
As low as 95¢ per min


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

900 #s privately billed at $4.95/min & up
1-800-WET-BOYS
Get off with us!
Call Now!
LIVE & DISCRETE FUCKING & SUCKING!
MEET REAL GUYS!
National Gay & Bi Dateline
1-800-230-STUD

GET OFF
SEXY - DOMINANT - KINKY WOMEN
69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE. NY

eroticheat.com
toll free
from 49¢ a minute
(866)94NASTY
62789
900-990-9046
$1.49/minute

www.coedpleasures.com
Coed Pleasures
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
1-866-353-8482
Toll Free
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

Mother I'd Like to Fuck!
You'd be surprised what I can teach you!
1-800-727-0000
MILF DATELINE
1-800-283-MEET
Promo Code: 712

FUCK MY ASS!
LIVE 1-ON-1
59¢ Min
1-800-520-4SEX
1-900-263-8080
$2.99 Min. 18+

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

I'M HOLDING FOR YOU . . .
ONLY $2.00 / MINUTE
Call me at 1-800-232-0337
LIVE ONE ON ONE · PHONE SEX!
PERSONAL CHECKS & MAJOR CREDIT CARDS · OVER 18 ONLY

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660
18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD
RedHot dateline™
1•800•WILD•616
www.REDHOTFANTASY.com
RedHot Mobile: Text HOT to 99899 99¢/msg each.
TRY FOR FREE CALL NOW!

CREATIVE FANTASIES
I Want To Make You Cum! Let's Do It Together
I'M WET & READY NOW- Paris
1ON1
PARTY LINES
RECORDINGS
ROOMMATES
1-800-990-0004
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MINUTE
1-800-990-0005
$49.95 FOR FULL 1/2 HOUR
MC-Visa-AMEX-Discover-Checks
US & Canada

1-800 WET PUSSY
I'M 18 & READY TO FUCK!
(1-800-938-7877)
1-900-WET-TOYS
(1-900-938-8687)
$4.95 per minute, billed to your phone
LIVE 1 ON 1!

perfectly naughty
private school secrets
H14
18+
spankingly uncensored
1.800.743.5064
www.privateschoolsecrets.com

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

LONELY AND HORNY!
I'm your slut from next door. I'll do anything for your hard cock!
LIVE!
FLAT RATE $29 PER CALL 18+
1-888 846-8909
Int'l 1-416-445-9112

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

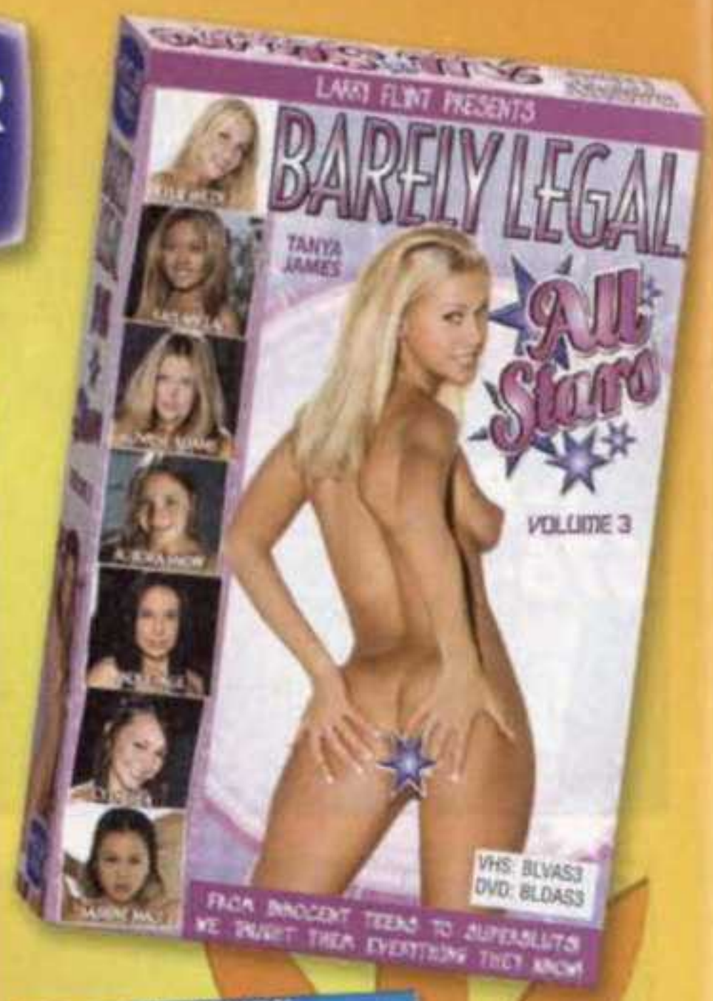
Tired of girls?
MATURE WOMEN 40+ LOOKING FOR YOUNG STUDS!
1-800-888-BETTY
96¢ per min
Promo Code:712
MATURE LADIES DATELINE 1-800-288-DATE

1-800 820-WILD
FUCK ME NOW!

BARELY LEGAL®

HUSTLER VIDEO®

THE HOTTEST SELLING VIDEO SERIES IN AMERICA!



dvd $29.95 each

vhs $24.95 each

buy any 6 for $21.95 each!

ORDER TOLL FREE (877) 325-6464 9:00am-5:30pm (PT) M-F

FAX (323) 651-2463 E-MAIL: merchandising@lfp.com

DVD format: $29.95 each • Any 3 for $24.95 each • Any 6 for $21.95 each

__ BLD1	__ BLD2	__ BLD3	__ BLD4	__ BLD5	__ BLD6	__ BLD7	__ BLD8	__ BLD9
__ BLD10	__ BLD11	__ BLD12	__ BLD13	__ BLD14	__ BLD15	__ BLD16	__ BLD17	__ BLD18
__ BLD19	__ BLD20	__ BLD21	__ BLD22	__ BLD23	__ BLD24	__ BLD25	__ BLD26	__ BLD27
__ BLD28	__ BLD29	__ BLD30	__ BLD31	__ BLD32	__ BLD33	__ BLD34	__ BLD35	__ BLD36
__ BLD37	__ BLD38	__ BLD39	__ BLD40	__ BLD41	__ BLD42	__ BLD43	__ BLD44	__ BLD45
__ BLD46	__ BLD47	__ BLD48	__ BLD49	__ BLD50	__ BLDAS1	__ BLDAS2	__ BLDAS3	

VHS format: $24.95 each • Any 6 for $21.95 each

__ BLV1	__ BLV2	__ BLV3	__ BLV4	__ BLV5	__ BLV6	__ BLV7	__ BLV8	__ BLV9
__ BLV10	__ BLV11	__ BLV12	__ BLV13	__ BLV14	__ BLV15	__ BLV16	__ BLV17	__ BLV18
__ BLV19	__ BLV20	__ BLV21	__ BLV22	__ BLV23	__ BLV24	__ BLV25	__ BLV26	__ BLV27
__ BLV28	__ BLV29	__ BLV30	__ BLV31	__ BLV32	__ BLV33	__ BLV34	__ BLV35	__ BLV36
__ BLV37	__ BLV38	__ BLV39	__ BLV40	__ BLV41	__ BLV42	__ BLV43	__ BLV44	__ BLV45
__ BLV46	__ BLV47	__ BLV48	__ BLV49	__ BLV50	__ BLVAS1	__ BLVAS2	__ BLVAS3	

No foreign orders accepted. We do not ship videos to the following areas: the states of AL, AR, MS, UT, FL zip codes beginning with 320-328 and 344; IN with zip codes 46201-290 and the city of South Bend, TN with zip codes 38101-190; and OH with zip codes 45201-275. We do not ship to correctional facilities. Merchandise shipped to P.O. Boxes is sent via United States Postal Service. LFP Merchandising, Inc. is not responsible for any lost/stolen/damaged merchandise shipped via USPS.

Merchandise Subtotal _____

CA Residents Add 8.25% Sales Tax _____

Shipping and Handling $6.95

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Prices subject to change without notice. ALL SALES FINAL.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order payable to: LFP MERCHANDISING, INC. (U.S. funds only. No cash payments or C.O.D.s please.)

Please charge to my: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

Account Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

X _____

Signature / I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

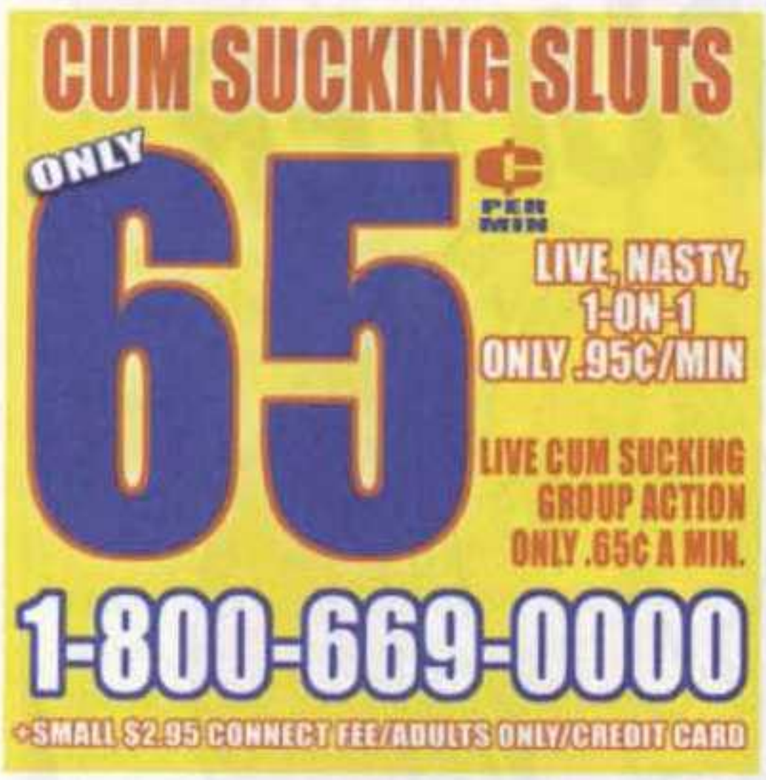
SEND FORM & PAYMENT TO:

LFP MERCHANDISING, INC.
P.O. BOX 17317, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90209
DEPT: BLBL0358

LIVE
1 ON 1!
My full, firm tits are nice. But, I know you want to shove your stiff dick in my...
1-800
-WET-
PUSSY
(1-800-938-7877)
1-900-
WET-
PUSSY
(1-900-938-7877)
Promo Code: 712

CHEAP SLUTS
Big
TITS
Juicy
CLITS
49
¢
per
min
1-800-398-TITS
1-900-388-9400
$4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE, NY

1-900-993-8744
After I Suck You Off, I Want You To Stroke My She-Male Cock And Bang Me Up The Ass!!!
Call Me!!
LIVE
SHE-MALES!!
1-800-983
MEAT
6328
AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. MUST BE 18+. ALL MODELS 18+

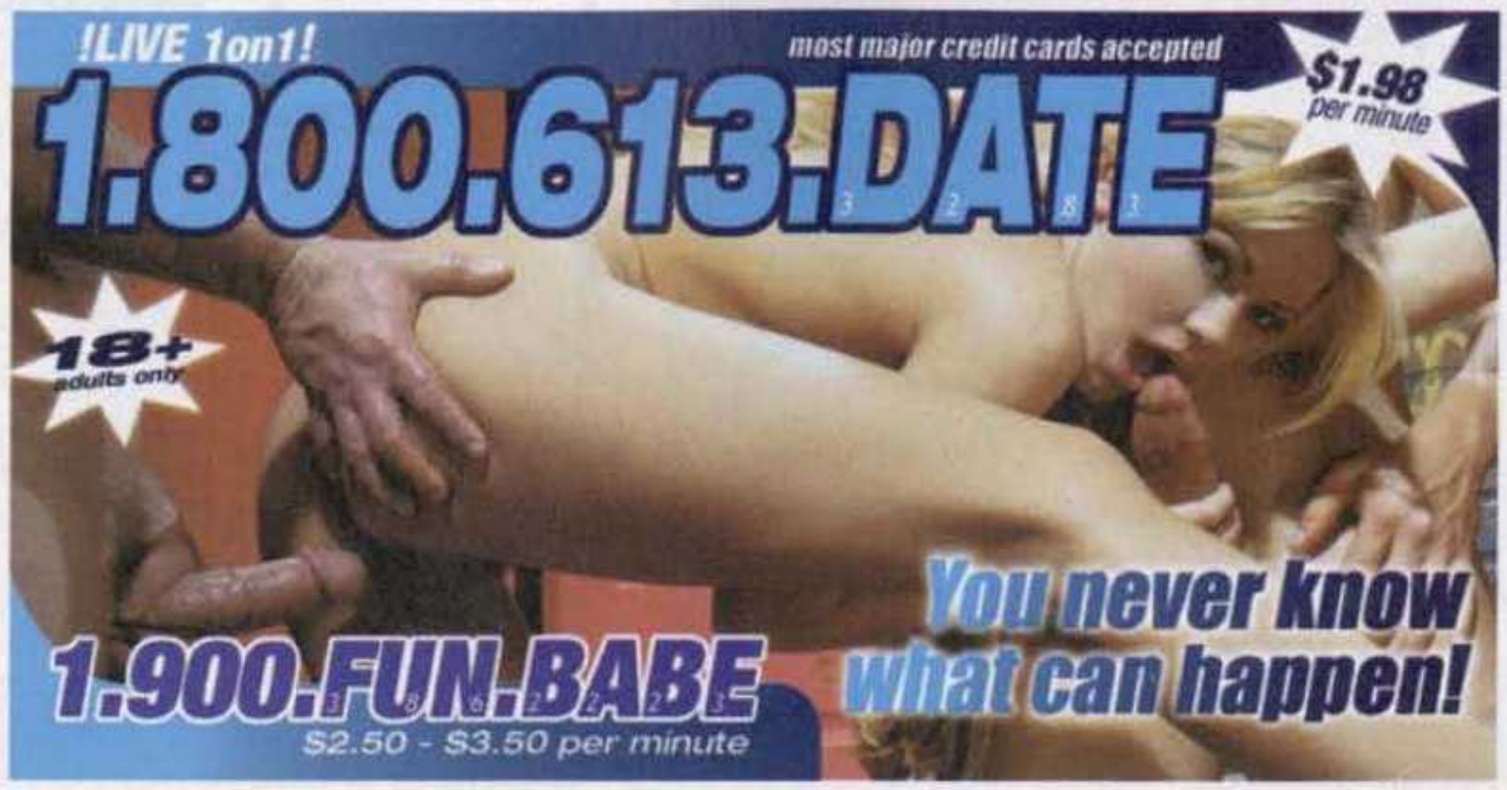

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY
65
¢
PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

www.executivespleasures.com
Executive's Pleasures
Discreet Fantasies
800-331-3310
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

1-800-ASK-4-ASS
ALL LIVE!
(1-800-275-4277)
as low as
96¢
/min
Would you please fuck me up the ass?
Hot Girls Are Looking For Horny Guys!
1-800-
888-
DATE

1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
FUCK ME HARD & spew on my tits!
UA124

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD


!LIVE 1on1!
most major credit cards accepted
1.800.613.DATE
$1.98 per minute
18+ adults only
1.900.FUN.BABE
$2.50 - $3.50 per minute
You never know what can happen!

You'll Be My Bitch!
1-800
927
WHIP
9447

NEW CONSUMER GUIDELINES FOR ANN COULTER BOOKS

ANN COULTER

MAY CAUSE DIARRHEA, PROJECTILE VOMITING, NAUSEA, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, DIZZINESS, ANAL DISCHARGE

Trosley.

(continued from page 13) the guy who reported him to the FCC.

—E. Garcia
Fresno, California

Ripping Mancow

Reading your Q&A with Mancow in the February '06 issue reinforced my belief that he's nothing more than a morally selective, hypocritical conservative. Manqueen (my preferred appellation) looks like a retarded, washed-up Backstreet Boy. He's right up there with his ideological brethren, such as Coulter, Hannity, Limbaugh and O'Reilly. Manqueen uses his silly Bible and religion when deeming abortion and homosexuality immoral, but he finds premarital heterosexual activity, contraception, prostitution, the death penalty and pornography all fine and dandy.

When Manqueen criticizes a true talent like Howard Stern, he exposes his envy of the King of All Media. Manqueen's a no-talent plagiarist and scumbag who knows he'll never be a real success. Drop dead, Manqueen! Fuck George W. Bush and Baba Booey to y'all! HUSTLER rules!

—John the Stutterer
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Not to be confused with Stuttering John Melendez, John the Stutterer appears regularly on *The Howard Stern Show*. Baba Booey is the airwaves nickname of producer Gary Dell'Abate.

To Hell With Politically Correct!

After reading *Polarizing the Workplace: The P.C. Hazard* (March '06), I had to write. While working as a telemarketer, I was told that a pentagram was the equivalent of gang paraphernalia and that I had to remove it. I pointed out to management that if I had to remove my symbolic object, then every Christian at the company should be ordered to remove their crucifixes. The matter was eventually resolved in my favor.

Later I showed up at work wearing a HUSTLER cap. Someone complained that I was creating a hostile work environment. I took this matter to Human Resources. I pointed out that, according to the dictionary, anyone who worked in telemarketing was—in a sense—a hustler.

The head of Human Resources loved my argument and permitted me to wear my HUSTLER cap and shirt whenever I wanted.

The point is, if you use the right channels and tactics, you will never have to bend to the politically correct crybabies. Wasting company time with petty complaints, these people are eventually seen as counterproductive and are dealt with accordingly.

—Wylie A. Hnat
Iowa City, Iowa

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

MY TIGHT VIRGIN PUSSY IS HUNGRY FOR A BIG, THICK COCK!
JUST BARELY OVER 18!
WANT YOURS TO BE THE FIRST?
1-800-892-CUTE 2883
MC/VISA/AMEX
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
YOU CAN THEN SHOOT YOUR HOT, STICKY JIZZ DOWN MY THROAT AFTERWARDS!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-258-CUMM 2863

NOTE: PLEASE READ LEXI'S TALE IN A SOUTHERN DRAWL.

Howdy, pardners. We've got a fine little filly comin' your way, the porn star known 'round these parts as Miss Lexi Sweet. When this layout landed on our desks here at HUSTLER, it caused quite a lot of hootin' and hollerin'—not to mention a massive stampede in our Wrangler jeans.

LEXI SWEET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

RAW DEAL

Gettin' on the horn, we caught the purty young thing at her nude ranch, and she was more than happy to fill us in. "When it comes to sex," Lexi purrs, "I love to be on top and ride that cock like a bucking bronco. I once rode a mechanical bull, and that got me wet. I love a man whom I can just hang onto and ride all night! I also get off when a dude wrangles me from behind."

Well, git along, little doggy, that's a whole lot sexier than the gay-cowboy movie *Brokeback Mountain* our girlfriends dragged us to.

We can only hope that Lexi decides to do a hot girl-on-girl spinoff flick titled *Bareback Mountain*. If she could make that happen, folks, we'd be much obliged. Is that in the cards?

Before Lexi lays down her winning hand, she coos, "Well, I'm open to anything! I love being in porn, and I'd love a chance to do a movie with sexy cowgirls." Yeee-haw!

The July '06 HUSTLER goes on sale May 2, 2006. • Visit our Web site at HUSTLER.com.

McKENZIE LEE

COMING NEXT MONTH

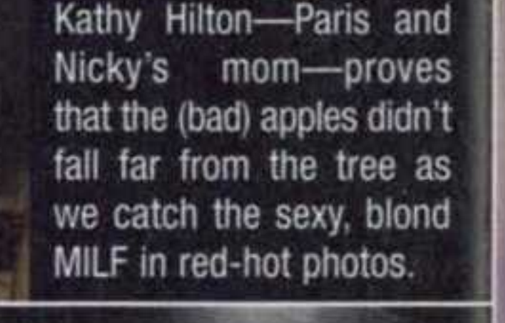
SPECIAL 32ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

NOBEL LAUREATE HAROLD PINTER

Iconoclastic playwright Harold Pinter was awarded the 2005 Nobel Prize for Literature for a body of work that rages against injustice and oppression. During his acceptance speech, Pinter attacked U.S. foreign policy, calling George W. Bush a mass murderer. Read his thought-provoking analysis "Art, Truth and Politics."

WEST VIRGINIA MINE DISASTERS: GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

The West Virginia coal mine catastrophes that recently killed 14 workers and put one in a coma were accidents waiting to happen, according to safety experts. In a damning indictment of mining industry bosses and the Bush Administration, investigative reporter Joshua Greene exposes the rampant corruption that directly led to those tragedies.



THE MOTHER OF ALL HILTON SCANDALS

Kathy Hilton—Paris and Nicky's mom—proves that the (bad) apples didn't fall far from the tree as we catch the sexy, blond MILF in red-hot photos.

SOUTH BRONX FIGHT CLUB

It's strippers versus street hookers in the ultimate knockdown, drag-out girl fight! Go ringside with Guy Gonzales as he joins the outlaws, loan sharks, pimps, drug dealers and other locals who gather at a rough neighborhood titty bar every week to cheer on their favorites brawlers.

CELEBRITY T&A: PENÉLOPE CRUZ & NICOLE KIDMAN

Tom Cruise has been linked to some of the hottest actresses in Hollywood. Lucky for us, Tom's leading ladies all have a tendency to get naked. We take a look back at the most sizzling screen moments of Katie Holmes, Nicole Kidman, Penélope Cruz and Mimi Rogers.

INSIDE AVN 2006 WITH JODY MAXWELL

The annual Adult Entertainment Expo and AVN Awards show in Las Vegas put the sin in Sin City. Seventies porn legend Jody Maxwell has a blast seeing old friends like Ron Jeremy and meeting the XXX stars of today. Plus, Keith Valcourt guides you through the 300,000-square-foot convention floor. Photos by J.R. Reynolds and Jim Shugart.

GUILTY AS SIN!

KINKY SLUT FOUND GUILTY FOR SUCKING BIG DICK DRY!

1-800-669-DICK
3425

BILLED TO YOUR CREDIT CARD $2.98 TO $3.98 PER/MIN

CUM-SUCKING FUN!

1-900-FUN-DICK
3863425

18 + ONLY $2.50-$3.50 PER/MIN.

I'M A TRANSSEXUAL SLUT WITH A JUICY PIECE OF MEAT... HUNGRY?

1-800-TS-SLUTS
8775758877

ALL WE NEED RIGHT NOW IS YOUR BIG HARD COCK!

ADULTS ONLY

1-800-800-6969

ONLY $2.98 PER MIN.

1-800-669-SLUT

THIS SLUT WILL TAKE IT
ANY TIME... ANY PLACE.

MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 PER/MIN. ADULTS ONLY!

1-800-DARK-TWAT

IM DARK, SEXY AND READY.
GIVE IT TO ME... NOW!

MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 PER/MIN. ADULTS ONLY!